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THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

APRIL 1981 $2.75

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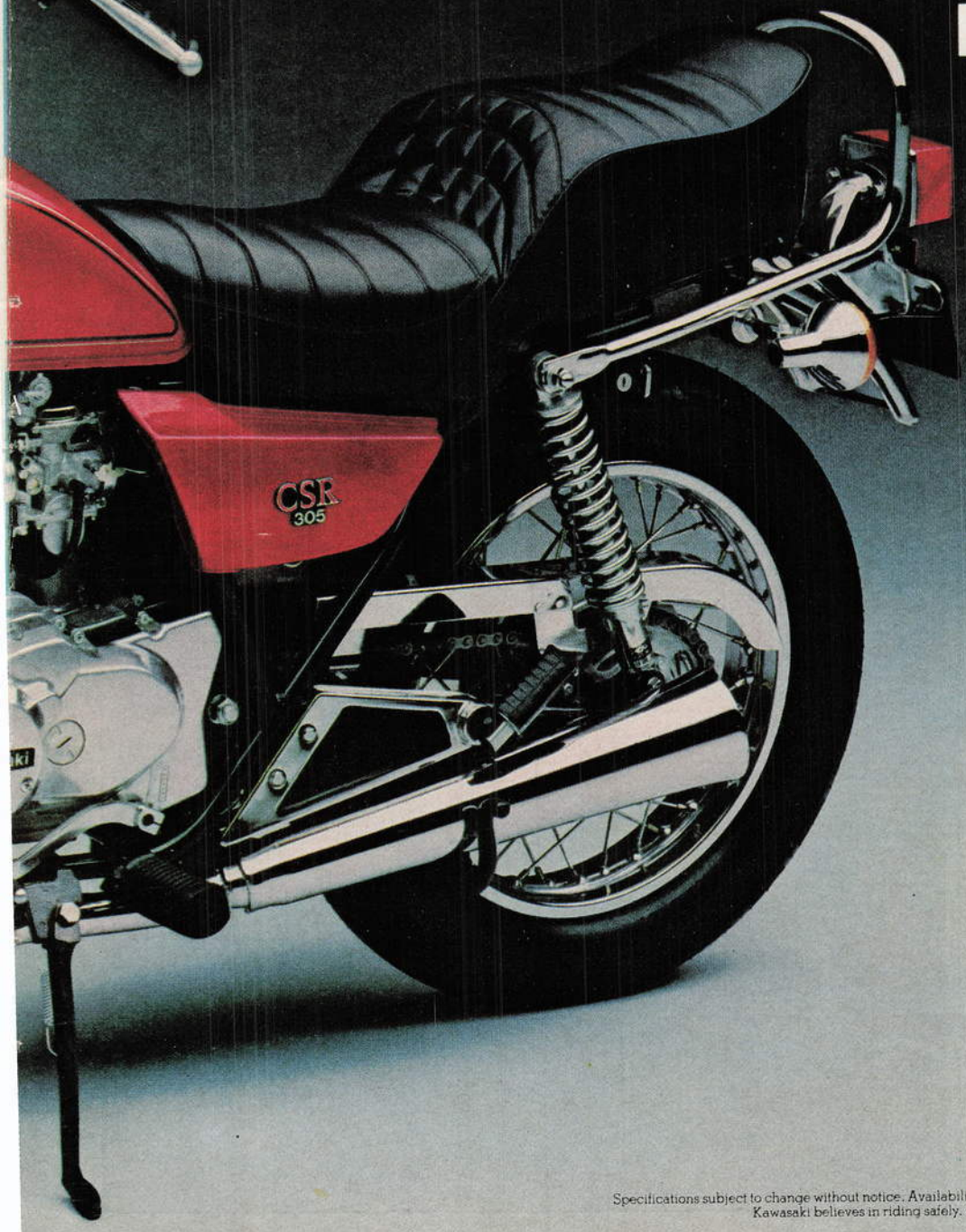

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Worldwide sales: 5,350,000*

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PENTHOUSE (ISSN 00902020), U.S. Volume 12. Number 8.

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Published monthly in the United States and simultaneously in Canada by Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Tel. (212) 593-3301. Printed in the U.S.A. Distributed in the U.S.A., Canada, U.S. territorial possessions, and the world by Curtis Circulation Company, 21 Henderson Drive, West Caldwell, N.J. 07006. U.K. edition published in the United Kingdom by Penthouse Publications Ltd., 2 Bramber Road, West Kensington, London W14 9PB. Tel. 01-385-6181, and distributed by SM Distribution Ltd., 16/18 Trinity Gardens, London SW9. Member, Audit Bureau of Circulations. Controlled circulation postage paid at Des Moines, Iowa. Editorial offices as above. Publisher disclaims all responsibility to return unsolicited editorial matter and all rights in portions published vest in publisher. Letters to Penthouse Magazine or its editors are assumed intended for publication and republication in whole or in part and may therefore be used for such purposes. Letters become the property of Penthouse. Nothing may be reproduced in whole or in part without written permission from the publishers. Any similarity between persons or places mentioned in the fiction or semifiction and real places or persons living or dead is coincidental. **Subscriptions:** U.S., AFO—$26.00 one year; Canada—$32.00 one year; and elsewhere—$32.00 one year. Single copies $2.50 in U.S. and AFO ($3.00 December and January issues), $2.75 in Canada. Address changes, etc., should be mailed to Penthouse, P.O. Box 905, Farmingdale, N.Y. 11737. Postmaster: send form 3579 to Farmingdale address, Tel. (516) 420-1894.

Advertising Offices: *New York:* Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, Tel. (212) 593-3301; *Midwest:* Penthouse International Ltd., 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60601, Tel. (312) 565-0466; *Washington, D.C.:* Penthouse International Ltd., 1707 H St. NW, Suite 807, Washington, D.C. *West Coast:* Penthouse International Ltd., 924 Westwood Blvd., Suite 1002, Los Angeles, California 90024, Tel. (213) 824-9831; *U.K.:* Penthouse Publications Ltd., 68 Upper Berkeley St., London W1H 7DH, Tel. 01-262-0331—Telex 919865. Penthouse and the Penthouse key and Pet of the Year are trademarks of Penthouse International Ltd., N.Y.

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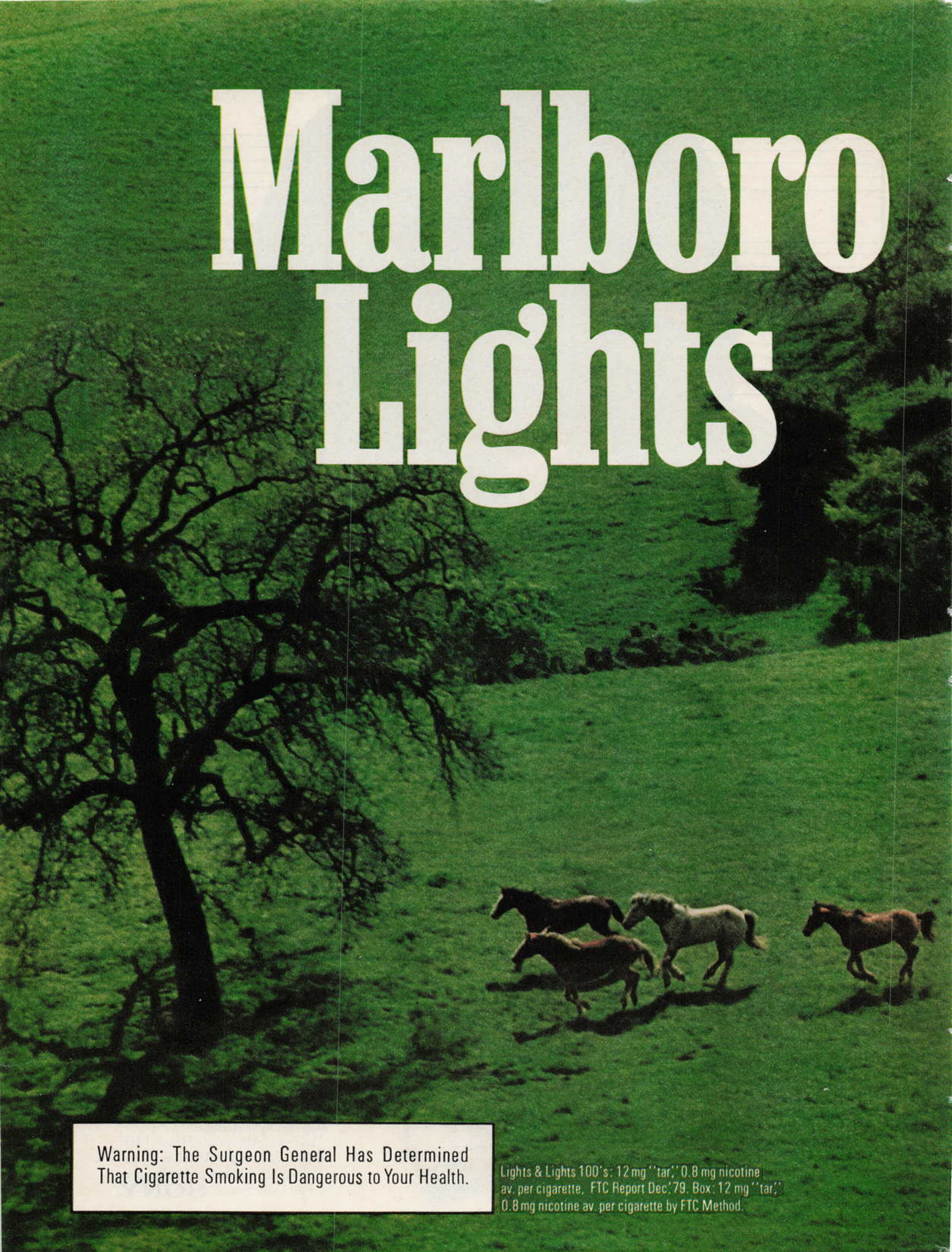

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HOUSECALL

It's that time of year again, when all of us April Fools rush to comply with complex bureaucratic regulations that even accountants cannot understand and then somehow manage to figure out how much more we have to pay a government that every year gives us less in return. When we went to grade school, we were told that this insane behavior was an indication of the greatness of America. But in reality our supine surrender to the "Infernal Revenue Service" (as the late billionaire John D. MacArthur called it) is more a matter of fear than of maturity. The agents of the IRS operate under a subsection of the U.S. Code that basically allows them to do anything they want to.

In "The New American Gestapo" (page 54), **Ernest Volkman** and **John Cummings** write that without court order, the IRS hoods "can seize property for payment of taxes, the only known legal exception to the U.S. Constitution's Fourth Amendment ban against such warrantless seizures." Moreover, report Volkman and Cummings, the IRS consistently ignores major tax-fraud cases and concentrates its terror on ordinary people who often don't even realize that they're in violation of some obscure regulation. As one of President Reagan's closest advisers, Sen. Paul Laxalt of Nevada, says: "The high-handed bureaucratic excesses of the IRS are a national disgrace... We appear to be witnessing an agency totally out of control, running roughshod over taxpayers and making a joke out of our rule of laws." But it remains to be seen whether President Reagan will attempt to rein in this agency whose systematic abuse of civil rights makes the illegal activities of the CIA, the FBI, and the DEA pale by comparison.

As surprising as it sounds, the IRS is the least of the problems of being a young California millionaire. That's what writer **Ben Stein** discovered after he moved to the West Coast. In "Young, Rich, and Miserable" (page 74) Stein profiles four of these wretched creatures, who whine all the way to the bank. Why are they so unhappy? According to a psychiatrist Stein interviewed, "They are all obsessed with their mother's opinion of them. They can have every inch of property in Beverly Hills. If their mothers do not approve, they will be anxious and miserable. The punch line is that their mothers never do approve."

Perhaps the secret of Peter Sprague's success is that he never has time to worry about what anyone thinks. Sprague, writes **Andrew Duncan** in "Crusading Capitalist" (page 110), is a "maverick businessman who owned a chicken farm in Iran, a whiz kid who in his twenties bought National Semiconductor out of receivership and, as chairman, turned it into one of America's 500 largest companies grossing $1 billion a year, an entrepreneur with a $2 million personal overdraft who at that very moment was fearful of going bust...music lover, *agent provocateur*, erstwhile film producer," and, most recently, the savior of the British automotive industry. And that's just a small part of Sprague's unique story. Most refreshing, he scoffs at "all those lovely theories that someone like me must be 'driven.' That doesn't make sense to me. I do what I do because I like it."

Many psychiatrists, unfortunately, do much more than spin out "lovely theories" about the rich and successful. In "Psychiatry Kills" contributing editor **David Rorvik** reports on a hidden national scandal: the increasing number of doctors who are drugging their patients when they discover that traditional methods of treatment have failed. About half of the million Americans who take these drugs *every day*, writes Rorvik, do not need them. Thanks to this unholy alliance between psychiatrists and drug companies, we may be on our way to becoming a nation of zombies.

Russell Means, leader of the American Indian Movement, is fighting mad because many of his people have already been turned into zombies by the American government. In a stinging interview with **Richard Ballad** (page 136), Means points out that "most of the time, an Indian doesn't complain, because he's so used to being oppressed that he thinks it's the normal thing." Means explains how he is going to change that situation, and he concludes quietly but firmly: "If the federal government once again turns a deaf ear and closes its eyes to the Indians, the Indian Wars will start all over again. There will be death. I don't consider that a threat. That's reality."

Another angry revolutionary is **Truong Nhu Tang**, one of the founders of the National Liberation Front, who fought against the American presence in Vietnam and became minister of justice in the new Vietnam government after the fall of Saigon in 1975–only to discover that the Communists had betrayed his people far worse than the Americans or the corrupt Thieu regime. Tang explains how he learned this bitter lesson in this month's "Advise and Dissent" (page 108), which he wrote after reading the *Penthouse* interview last year with the Communist leader of Vietnam, Pham Van Dong. Tang is currently living in Paris, where he is organizing another front to overthrow the Communist oppression of his country.

In "Touring" (page 150), science-fiction writers **Gardner Dozois**, **Jack Dann**, and **Michael Swanwick** bring back three of the greatest legends of rock 'n' roll– Elvis Presley, Janis Joplin, and Buddy Holly– for one last, wonderful concert in Moorhead, Minn., a one-night stand that never happend...or did it? After reading this powerful story you might not be so sure.

Despite the IRS, you'll enjoy **Catherine Hiller**'s satire "The Sex Tax" (page 157)–although we hope she doesn't give anyone in Washington any ideas...And you won't want to miss humor editor **Bill Lee**'s latest investigative cartoon report, "The Moral Majority Gift Catalog"(page 117). Most enjoyable, however, is our special collection of April beauties–a veritable Fort Knox fairly festering with feminine loveliness. A fact that will make your month much less taxing than it might have been. ○+

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APRIL

PENTHOUSE FORUM

In which editors and readers discuss topics arising out of *Penthouse*, its contents, its aspirations, and its areas of interest. **Letters should carry name and address** (in capitals, please), though these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Letters become the property of Penthouse. Send to Penthouse Forum, Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

The last hello

I recently had an experience I would like to share with the *Penthouse* readers. I'm an 18-year-old male and have become pretty well known for my sexual endeavors. As a matter of fact, several of my buddies kid me sometimes by calling me "stud." My story began several months ago, when I started going out with Nina.

Nina is about five feet five inches tall, with small, firm breasts, a gorgeous tight ass, lovely legs, and beautiful facial features she accentuates with just the right amount of makeup.

It was only a few weeks after our high-school graduation, and Nina's family was about to leave for a trip to Europe. They would be gone for almost two months, and by the time she got back, I would have already left for school. Naturally, we were taking every available opportunity to enjoy some of the most fantastic sex we have ever had. Our last night together Nina got her car, a Z28, and picked me up for what I thought would be a quiet, mellow evening for us to say our good-byes. Boy! Was I in for a surprise!

It quickly became evident that we were not heading for any of our usual hangouts as Nina began taking us into a secluded, dark neighborhood. When I realized what she had in mind, I asked innocently, "Where are you taking me?" She just smiled at me and licked her already moist lips.

Soon we were at the end of a dark dead-end road and had moved into the backseat. You may have figured out that a Z28 is a rather small car for lovemaking. However, we had learned to make it easier by moving the bucket seats all the way up and leaning the chairbacks forward.

Once in the back, we wasted no time getting started. We both got out of our clothes, and Nina immediately went down on me. With her lips she playfully tickled my navel and then began teasing my yearning penis with her darting tongue. She moved still lower and began to suck on my come-filled balls.

After what seemed like hours of this, she finally reached up and took my prick in her mouth. Slowly she began to take more and more of my nine inches, lubricating me with her saliva. Soon she was thrusting as much into her mouth as she could take without suffocating. As her hands gently stroked the rest of my penis and massaged my balls, I began to feel the first twinges of impending orgasm. Soon I was exploding into her mouth and down her throat. Nina swallowed as much as she could, losing only a few drops.

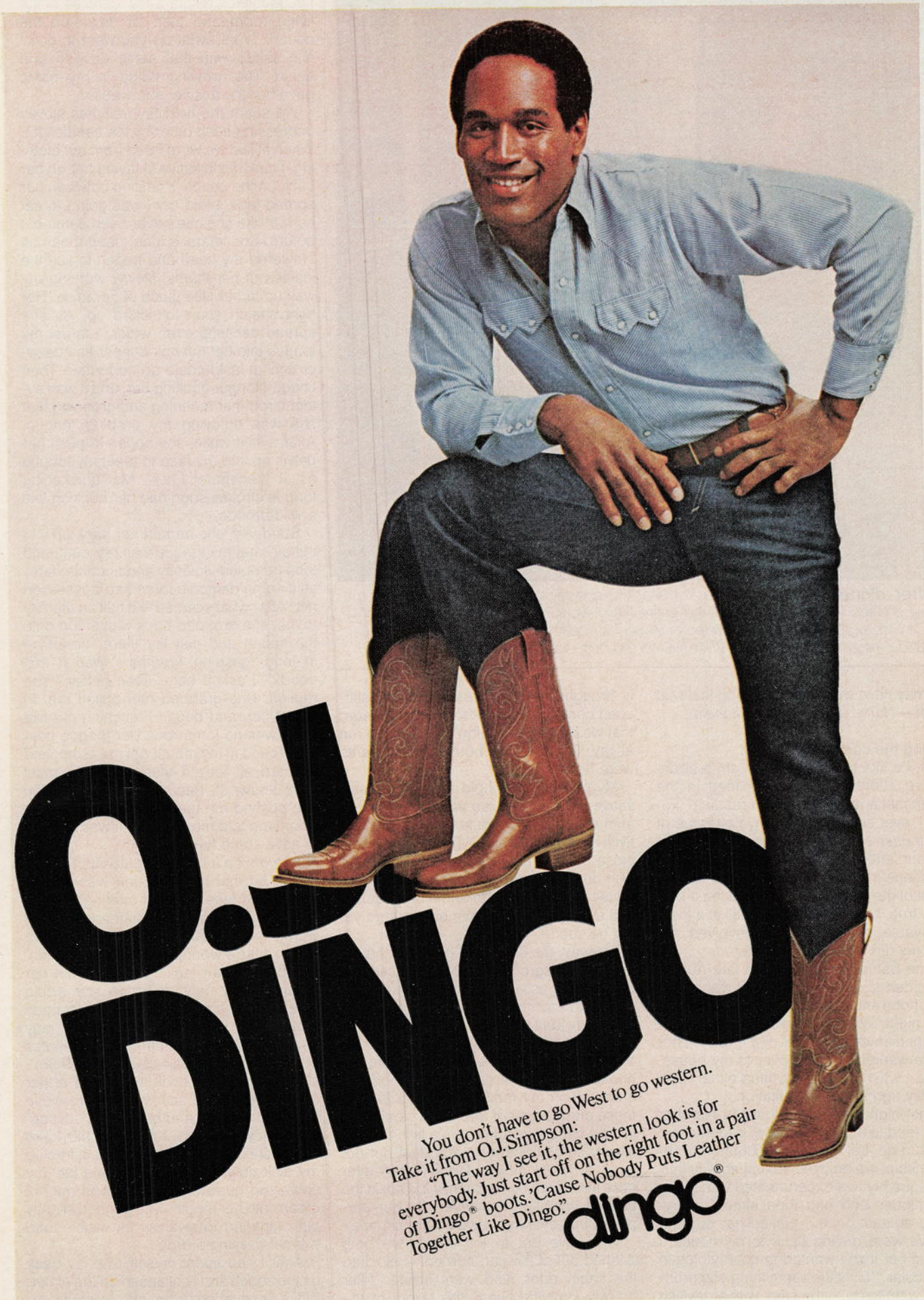
Nina then had me sit facing the back of the car and leaning on the backs of the front seats. She turned around, too, in the backseat, with her ass up in the air. Next she backed her soaking pussy up to my mouth, and I began eating her out for all I was worth. In moments she was moaning and pulling on my now stiffening cock, which was directly below her. A few moments later Nina felt she could take no more and pulled her slippery, hot box away from my experienced tongue. Sliding her dripping pussy down my sweaty chest, she sat down on my now rock-hard cock and began pumping away like there was no tomorrow. Nina was out of control, screaming, "Harder, Phil! Harder!" and I was doing my best to follow directions. In only a matter of minutes we both erupted in massive orgasms that seemed to last forever.

After we were both spent, Nina leaned back on me and I reached around her and massaged her breasts. Several minutes later we prepared ourselves to leave. Instead of putting our clothes on, however, we decided to just leave them in the backseat so we could continue our fun.

I pushed an Electric Light Orchestra tape in and started for home. As I drove, Nina played with my limp organ and slowly it began to rise once again. Once it was hard, Nina again began to give me one of her great blowjobs . . . while I was driving! As we headed back home, my thoughts drifted from the road to the slurping beauty in my lap. As I took one particularly sharp curve, I momentarily lost control of the car and sideswiped another car traveling in the opposite direction.

The driver of the other car happened to be a local sportscaster on his way home from a nearby tavern. The damage to both cars appeared to be about equal, so we decided that we were both at fault and each would pay for his own damage. We then hurried off before the police caught me with my pants down and the other guy with too much alcohol on his breath. Nina and I hustled home after what had become a very eventful last night together.

Fortunately, her parents didn't notice the scratches and dents on Nina's car before they left for the airport the next morning. This also gave her two months to formulate a good story explaining the accident. Since then, Nina and I haven't been able to get together, because we go to schools so far apart. But when we do,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we may have a hard time topping that wild night.—*Name and address withheld*

During the commercial break

First, I'd like to tell you that I am a sophomore attending a state college in the Northeast and have enjoyed reading "Forum" ever since I bought my first issue of *Penthouse* several years ago. While a few of your letters are obviously concocted in someone's fertile imagination, I believe most of the letters are true or at least partially true. Now I would like to tell of a most enjoyable experience that involved me and my girl friend last summer.

One Saturday afternoon in late August I decided to call my girl friend, Ginny, on the phone and ask her what she was doing that night. When she told me she hadn't planned anything for that night, I asked her if she wanted to come over to my house, since I wasn't doing anything either. She readily agreed to my invitation.

That night, as I drove over to pick her up, I tried to think of something for the two of us to do. Let me say that during our relationship, we enjoyed sexual activity fairly frequently; we experimented with many techniques and had tried almost everything at least once. I picked her up, and as we were driving back to my house, I asked her if she wanted to do anything in particular. "Only the same thing you probably want to do," she said, with a devilish grin on her face. Those mere words quickly brought the blood rushing to my stiffened cock. I was quick to tell her, though, that we probably wouldn't have much fun at my house, since both of my parents were home.

My parents both hold a pretty conservative view on sex, so whenever we are at my house, we have to carry on our activities out of their sight. There were a few close calls when we were almost caught with our pants down (literally!), since our house is not very large and it is difficult to find a good place to have our fun and yet not be seen.

Anyway, the closer we got to my house the more disgruntled I got as I faced the prospect of us watching the television all night and having a very boring time. Suddenly an idea hit me, and I could have kicked myself in the ass for not thinking of it sooner. A number of miles from my house is a fairly large tract of woodland area, which my family owns. Located in these many acres of forest is a small cabin. The cabin has a kitchen, a living room, a very small bathroom, and, last but not least, a bedroom! Our family barely ever uses the cabin; consequently it is not in the best of condition. However, for our purposes that evening, it would do just fine.

When we got to the cabin, we both dashed out of the car, hurriedly unlocked the cabin door, and went inside. After quickly showing Ginny the layout of the place (she had never been there before), I suggested we light a few candles in the living room and then sit down on the couch. "Well, what do you want to do?" she asked with that same devilish grin again. The growing bulge in my pants gave her the answer she wanted.

We spent the next few minutes slowly undressing each other by the candlelight. When at last we were freed from our clothing, I took the initiative in laying her on her back on the couch. Kneeling between her spread legs, I told her I was going to eat her out like she had never been eaten out before. She let out a long, deep moan as I lowered my head and began to lick the insides of her thighs, slowly working my way up to her little piece of paradise. Her tight snatch soon loosened up. As she spread her legs even wider, I thrust my tongue into her hot box deeper and deeper until at last I could go no further. Then I began tongue-fucking her, and it was evident from her moaning and groaning that she was enjoying my probing tongue. After a little while, she began to push her pelvis up into my face to meet my tongue as it penetrated her. My quickening tongue strokes soon had her bucking like a wild bronco.

Suddenly, she arched her back up into the air, met my tongue with her cunt, and then trembled violently and uncontrollably as if some demonic force had possessed her. After what seemed like half an eternity to me, she dropped back with a flop onto the couch and just lay there, breathing in long, gasping breaths. "Was it *that* good?" I asked her. "Even better," she replied. She grabbed me, pulled me on top of her, and began Frenching me like there was no tomorrow! Her tongue poking around in my mouth got me as hot and as hard as forged steel, and she must have known it, because all of a sudden she pushed me back into a kneeling position and told me that now it was my turn to have some fun.

She got up into a sitting position on the couch so that my love gun was aiming right at her face. Without uttering another word, she grabbed my shaft and slid her warm, moist mouth down over its entire length. Like a woodpecker in slow motion, she then began jacking me off with her mouth. Every now and then she would take a small time-out to swirl her tongue around the purplish head, which only heightened my excitement. A few minutes of this was about all I could take. Soon I was pumping my cock in and out of her mouth faster than she was able to move her head forward and backward. Just before I blew my wad, I grabbed her head and pushed it up against my waist, forcing my dick down her throat. I could feel my entire rod quivering as I emptied my hot cream into her mouth. She gagged slightly but managed to swallow the whole load without missing a drop.

After I had spent myself, she lay back on the couch and I collapsed on top of her. While recovering from my powerful orgasm, I began to French-kiss her as she

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had done to me. She reciprocated by also Frenching me, and in no time at all we were both hot and horny and ready for what I thought would be the final act.

I instructed her to get on top and straddle me (I was lying on my back) and then to lower herself onto me. She did as she was told and impaled herself on my spike. We both soon realized, though, that the couch was too confining for us, so she suggested using the bedroom. I quickly agreed, and within seconds we were in the bedroom. Not bothering to use the bed, we got down on the floor like two dogs. This reminded me of something, and I told her that I wanted to try it doggy-style, since we hadn't tried it that way yet. She obliged by getting on her hands and knees and parting her legs.

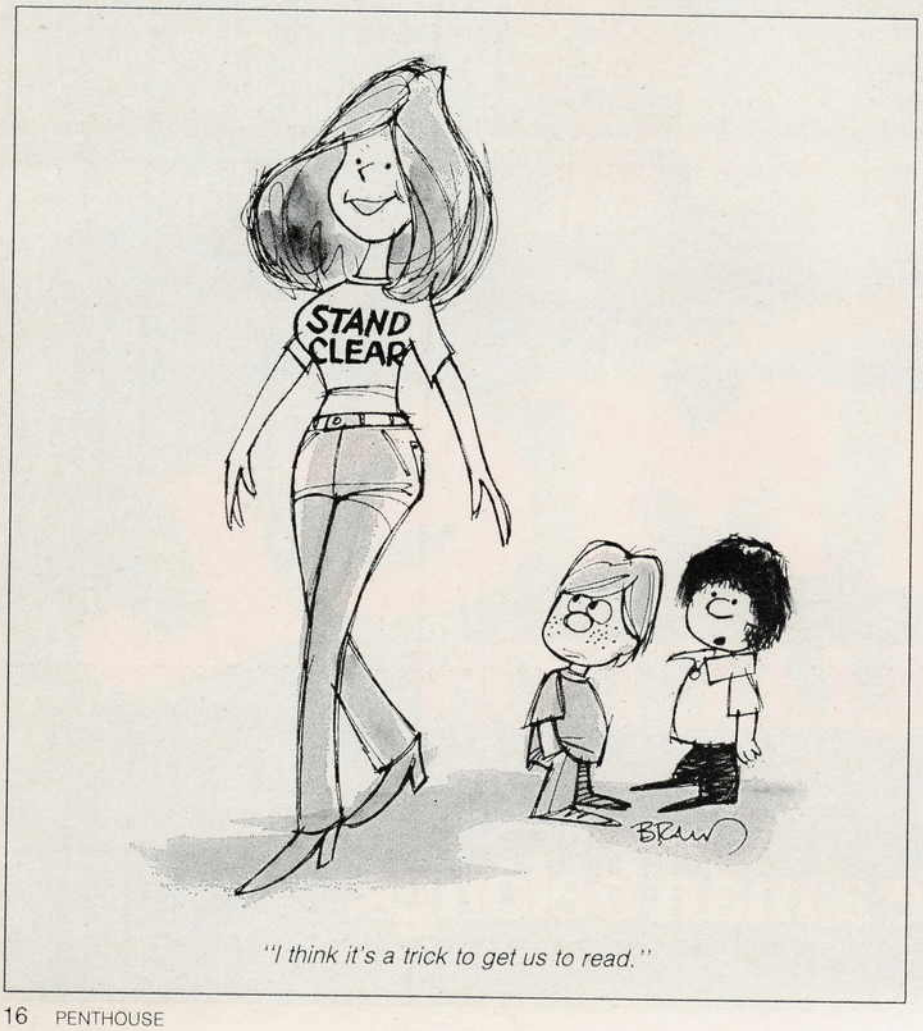
I couldn't help myself; overcome with lust, I rammed my prick in as far as it would go. She gasped as I began pumping away like a jackhammer. Soon she also was caught up with desire, and as I pumped forward, she pushed backward, allowing for maximum penetration. On one certain thrust forward I felt her vaginal walls tighten around my cock and hold it in a viselike grip. She must have climaxed, because I felt her shuddering and shaking for a while, and then without warning she just dropped to the floor on her stomach. Since I wasn't finished yet, I begged her to get up on her hands and knees and let me fulfill my desires. She slowly got up, and I easily slid into her. Again I started pumping up a storm, and as I felt my orgasm approaching, I slipped out of her snatch and slowly inserted myself into her anus. The friction of my dick sliding in this tight hole caused me to erupt just as I got all the way in. The sensation seemed to send me around the world!

After cleaning ouselves off a little bit in the kitchen, we returned to the couch in the living room. I sat down and spread my legs so that Ginny could sit between my legs. She leaned back against me as I reached around to caress her breasts, which I had totally ignored until that time. While lightly pinching her nipples, I gently blew warm air into her ear and licked around her earlobe and down the side of her neck. She was getting incredibly turned on by all of this, as I noticed her squirming hips. I knew what she wanted. Lifting her up slightly allowed my straining pecker some breathing room, but this was short-lived, for I immediately lowered her on top of it and it disappeared from view, becoming lost in her love canal. This seemed to set her on fire, because she began humping up and down at a frenzied pace and not long after had what she described as a "wonderful orgasm."

After this I positioned myself lying down on the couch, with her crotch above my face and my meat underneath her waiting mouth. I then pulled her down to my level, and we both began giving each other fantastic head. Needless to say, I blew my cork for the third time that night.

When our 69 session was over, I glanced at the small electric clock (which somehow manages to keep the correct time) and noticed that it was getting pretty late. "We'd better get dressed and get you home, or you'll get royal hell from your parents," I told her. She agreed, and we reluctantly put our clothes back on, blew out the candles, locked the door, and left.

Later, when I got home, I found both of my parents still awake, watching television. They wondered why I hadn't come back with Ginny to watch some television like I'd said I would. I told them we'd decided to stay at her house and watch it there instead. Little did they realize!—*Name and address withheld*



"I think it's a trick to get us to read."

On the Moonlight Ramble

As long as I have been reading *Penthouse,* I cannot remember reading a letter from anyone having a "really nasty" experience while riding their bicycle. It has to be the easiest way to meet people of the opposite sex.

Last month, here in Kansas City, we had our annual Moonlight Ramble. It is an early-morning bike ride that stretches through the quiet city streets at two o'clock on a Sunday morning. There were about 6,500 riders, so you really have a good selection to pick from. Riding with five friends, I struck up a conversation with three girls. Two of them were riding a tandem, and the third was alone on a ten-speed. They were all quite attractive, and they were all wearing extrashort nylon shorts and T-shirts.

The one on the ten-speed (I'll call her Lonnie) had a great pair of legs and a first-class ass to match. I think every guy on the tour wished he was her bicycle seat. Before shoving off, we agreed that we would all meet at a park just before the finish to check signals and to make sure everyone was making it with no bike trouble or accidents. For most of the ride, I was riding with Lonnie, the one on the ten-speed. I didn't quite know if I should ride with her to gaze at those tits jiggling underneath that T-shirt, or if I should ride behind her to watch that ass and legs in motion on that bicycle. At the halfway mark, we stopped at the designated rest area to get a drink and take a walk to stretch our legs a bit.

We were in my neighborhood, so I knew of a few places along the way and in the park to get away from the crowd of people. Sitting at the softball diamond away from the people, I started to rub her nice legs up and down. Lonnie came as close as she could and put her arms around me, sticking that hot tongue down my throat, in and out like a piston. My hands found their way under her shirt, and I squeezed her tits gently. They were tight and so soft, and her nipples stood out like cherries just below her tan line. They were like perfect softballs. After my five-minute exercise in squeezing and biting those tits, she lay back on the bench with her legs spread

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very seductively on the ground.

As my fingers found their way between her tight shorts, her hands slid under her shirt and she rubbed her tits and squeezed her nipples. By this time she was starting to heat up so much that she pulled her shorts over with one hand to give me plenty of room to slide three fingers up that hot pussy. The noises of my fingers moving in and out and her juices running out of her hot box were amplified in such a quiet part of the park. Finally, she stood up and held onto my shoulders as she squatted up and down on my fingers until she came, holding me around the neck so tight I thought I would die. I rubbed the juices out of her cunt over her thighs, trying to dry her off a bit, but it was a few minutes before we resumed the rest of the ride. Needless to say, my dick was harder than a big dog's.

While on the route, we heard a rider behind us say, "Boy, that Lonnie is good-lookin'." It was my buddy, Don, and Pete. Pete said, "Yeah, she sure has a nice ass." Lonnie lifted herself off the seat, balancing on her pedals and handlebars, giving everyone a nice view of her ass. Don said to do it again so he could get a picture. Lonnie lifted her sweet ass and shook it amidst the whistles and catcalls. Pete said, "I'll give you a half hour to cut that out." This was certainly turning into quite a bike ride. Twenty-six miles seemed like two blocks.

Finally, we came to our designated meeting spot. Pete and Don, myself, and Lonnie. We saw Tim and Lee sitting with Lonnie's friend, Donna, in the grass. Our other friend, Clark, was walking somewhere in the park with Gwen, the other half of the tandem. We called a quick huddle and decided we would chuck the rest of the ride and head over to Pete's for a few beers.

After a few beers and a few joints, it was into the living room, where we turned on the television and Betamax. Pete has quite a library of tapes and quickly put in his best one. Donna was watching "Dallas" on the tube, and I got the feeling six horny bike riders were going to get it, too. The lights were dimmed, and everyone was feeling good and horny. Looking over at Lee, I saw this chick had her hand in her pants while Lee was sucking her tits. With a little coaxing, I took Lonnie's shirt off and was squeezing her tits "just like in the movies." After 20 minutes nobody even cared about the movies, as it was all happening right in the living room. Lonnie was straddling me on the chair and fuckin' me to tears. Don and Gwen were in a 69 on the recliner, while Tim and Pete and Lee were taking turns cramming as much cock as they could in this broad Donna's ass, mouth, and cunt. Triple-dick city.

As the sun was coming up at about six in the morning, we finally all collapsed, a pile of naked bodies. We took the girls back downtown, throwing their bikes in a van, and promised we would have to do it more often. I wonder why every time I ride my bike now I get a hard-on.—*Name and address withheld*

"Well, if the boys keep calling you a sissy, stop giving them blowjobs."

Beyond and back

Hi! My name is Phil. I'm in the air force, and I'm from Virginia. I always adore your magazine for the models and great cartoons but even more for "Forum." I'm 18 and well built, with a small ass, broad shoulders, brown curly hair, and shiny eyes. I'm writing because I've just experienced the most significant act of love in my life. The girl I'm writing about is blonde—long, flowing hair hanging down to the small of her back—tiny almost, but sexually obtrusive, with silver-dollar nipples that point upward on medium breasts.

I was in a bar, just having a few beers and playing pool. I wasn't expecting to pick up any chicks. Just gettin' drunk. Well, anyway, there I was, just getting ready to leave, and wham! the barroom door swings open and the most precious thing I've ever seen in my life comes floating in with a smile, comes up to me, puts her mouth to my ear, and says, "I want you to make love to me." I was in shock. But I somehow stuttered out a yes. She took me outside, and we started walking. She led us to a field next to a building. She stopped and gave me a well-here-we-are look and repeated the fact that she wanted me to make love to her. My reply was "Where?" Certainly not next to a populated dormitory with people walking around us. I knew she had to be on cloud nine when she said, "Right here," and slid down her jeans. When I saw that moist pinkness surrounded by blonde, fluffy goodness, I knew what had to be done.

Regardless of the people walking by, looking out their windows, etc., I had my proud eight-incher ready for action. I guided her body in my direction and eased myself onto the grass on my back. I can recall her beautiful body on me. I was enveloped by her beauty. I was physically and spiritually inside her. I was her. She was whole. I told myself to love her with all my potential. I never thought of stopping. On and on I came, many times. She came endlessly. I could feel the come soaking my balls and pubic hair. I could feel the come running through the crack of my ass like a sloppy mouth. I remember the laughs of our peers who were so far away, so unaware of my newfound euphoric heaven—no less, I assure you.

Maybe it was 30 minutes, maybe an hour. Moan after moan, sigh after sigh, I guess she had her fill. She raised her head. She was beyond fulfilled. She was drained. She wasn't even there. She raised herself, pressing my chest with her hand as she slid back. I was still hard as a rock. After all that. My cock is proud. Don't fool yourself: she had to suck me. She had to. She was in debt. She had to clamp her little mouth on me and pull with

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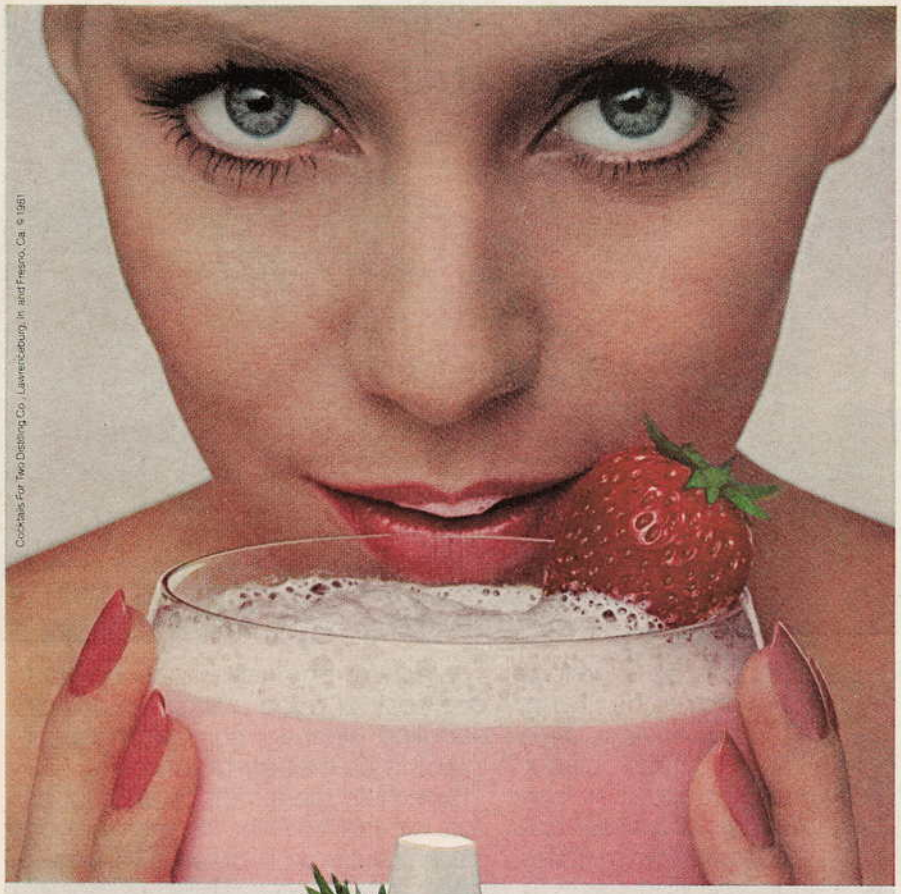

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what strength she had left. She had to draw my rich, sticky spunk into her mouth, her hair—it was all over; it was crawling all over my body. I heaved. She sucked so hard I thought I would bleed.

But it was over. She had had her meal. She was destroyed. I understood she was beaten. She tucked her head under my arm and cried. I didn't sympathize. I just existed. It was my moment. I stood up and turned to walk away. But her sobbing increased. She looked like a lost child at the fair. I smiled and kissed her. I tasted my sperm with my tongue. She smiled and walked away.

I wonder if I'll ever feel real love again. After that, I don't think it's possible. That was Beyond and Back.—*Name and address withheld*

Completed pass

I had an experience late last summer that I felt had to be submitted to "Penthouse Forum."

One midsummer evening my best friend, Clara, and I headed toward our usual peanut bar with the intent of taking two voluptuous studs home. Well, much to my surprise, I was introduced to an ex-pro football player. We hit it off extremely well, and after an evening of dancing, we went home to an evening of erotic lovemaking. After several weeks of this affair, I mentioned I would love the star quarterback of our pro team. Well, no sooner said than done, I had his phone number and the evening was planned. Clara was going to join me and catch passes from the middle linebacker, this gorgeous quarterback's roommate. Well, it came time to leave, and my poor, unfortunate girl friend couldn't make it. If only she could have known what she was missing . . .

I got over to their hotel room (the night before the season opener) and found two well-built, willing men in two beds. Much to Mr. Linebacker's disappointment, I was alone. I was already wet with passion as I envisioned the inevitable. I crawled in bed with my quarterback and found him nude with an eight-inch, hard-as-rock dick. Before I knew what was happening, my clothes were being literally stripped from my trembling body. I immediately felt another hand on my ass. I looked and found the linebacker playing with my swollen pussy. Needless to say, I was becoming very excited with these two gorgeous football stars playing with my incredibly sensual body.

I'm not too bad at five feet seven inches, 37-24-35, so I felt fairly comfortable with this ménage à trois. I was entering seventh heaven. I had two well-hung men licking and kissing me over my entire body! Being so unfortunate having only one cunt, I had to use various other orifices. I grabbed my quarterback's long, swollen rod and fondled, licked, and sucked him off. All this time his roommate was making me come and come again with his hot tongue on my throbbing clit. I was in ecstasy when each took one of my hard nipples in his mouth

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and fought over who would finger me. Of course they both found a place to play! I was the meat of this wonderful sandwich and loving every minute of it!

I began passionately kissing one of them when I realized I was in a perfect position to be humped doggy-style. With my probing tongue, I began licking my way down toward my quarterback's balls and dick as I was being violently fucked from behind by this immense linebacker. As I heard the quarterback moan and cry out in an ecstatic orgasm, he shot a load of hot come down my throat. I swear I have never tasted such sweet-tasting come in my life! After we had all experienced our exquisite orgasms, we watched my two stars on the news. I soon felt a new wave of lust enter my body as I viewed these men on the tube. With my two hands I began to massage their dicks to their massive size. We instantly assumed our positions, and I pulled my quarterback's rock-hard cock down until it found its way into my juicy pussy. Until then my ass had been a virgin, but with a small amount of coaxing (a finger here, a tongue there) I was willing to envelop them both with my generous and voluptuous interior. I was viciously fucking my quarterback as the linebacker slowly entered my virgin ass hole. It was wonderful as I kissed the man nearest my hot lips and felt two men pounding me from both sides. After we were all sexually satiated, we took a hot shower and I left quietly and went home.

The next afternoon I sat at the stadium, watching my two lovers win one of the most exciting games I've seen, with the exception, of course, of the previous evening's game! I can't help getting wet every Sunday afternoon watching these two well-hung men cream their opponents!—*Name and address withheld*

Flying high

I've been reading "Forum" for some time and always enjoy reading about the escapades of others. My sex life seems awfully dreary alongside some of your correspondence; however, the following description ended forever my doubts regarding possibilities in my own behalf.

One beautiful Saturday morning I arrived at our local airport to do some polishing and cleaning on my 210 plane. It had been heavily rained on and windblown the past week, and I knew some soap suds and vacuuming would definitely be in order.

I opened up the doors to air out the musty interior and then quite thoroughly cleaned up my plane inside and out. I decided to reward myself for my housekeeping chores well done by flying to another airport, some 50 miles distant, for lunch. In seemingly no time I was in the Red Baron, ordering a great-sounding hamburger.

My waitress, Carol, was the prettiest girl I'd seen in some time, and I found it difficult to keep from staring at her. She was wearing a white nurse-type dress, and I could easily discern her bra and panties under the opaque white. Carol was quite pleasant and cheerful while suggesting various options for my lunch. I normally don't make my lecherous thoughts known to strangers, but in this case I just took a chance.

I asked Carol if she'd like to fly or whether she had ever flown in a small airplane. She answered that she had not, but ever since she'd begun to work at the restaurant, at a heavily used airport, her greatest desire had been to go for a ride in the sky. I asked when her shift ended. Her reply was that she got off work in one hour. When asked if she would truly like to go for a ride in my plane, she almost jumped up and down with excitement in answering yes.

I dragged out lunch to coincide with the end of her shift. On precisely the stroke of the hour she appeared at my table, handbag in hand and ready to go. We walked toward the parking area hand in hand. Carol was five feet six inches tall, thin, with beautiful boobs being dutifully restrained under the white uniform. I love tits, and I had already fallen in love with Carol's.

We walked around my plane to make sure no critter had begun nesting anywhere. I opened the right side door and explained to Carol that she would have to take the large steps from the single-foot plate into the cockpit. Carol pulled her skirt up to her beautiful ass to make the step and made it into the seat. She did not pull her skirt back down. Instead she sat there facing me with her little white panty patch glaring at me. I explained that she had to face front so I could adjust the seat belt to her body. She swung to the front by shifting her left leg first, completely exposing her covered pussy and the blonde hairs sticking out on both sides of the white vee. I noticed that I already had a hard-on pushing the front of my denims out, and I also noticed that Carol had seen it.

I stepped up onto the first plate and kissed her wet lips, and she took me completely into her arms and stuck her tongue right to my tonsils. I was in heaven. I closed her door, walked around the bird to the left seat, got in, and locked both of our doors. As my hand passed in front of her to grab the door-handle lock, I brushed her left tit. Immediately her left nipple started pointing straight ahead, tantalizing me even more. I explained each and every thing I did as I prepared to start the engine while Carol sat there, interested and devastating.

I told her that on hot days like that day we would leave my window open until takeoff, and if she wanted, we could open her door to allow more breeze into the cockpit. Her reply was that she was awfully hot. I suggested we take our shirts off, with a twinkle in my eye, and before I could pull my shirt over my head, Carol had her

"Oh, for goodness' sake, Harvey, for once why can't you bury your nose in a book!"

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dress off and was sitting there in bra and panties. Her body was magnificent! I taxied out for takeoff, trying to remember that I had to handle the machinery at hand before I could handle that beautiful body next to me.

We received the go-ahead to take off, and in a very few minutes we were passing over Big Bear Lake. Carol wanted to know what each landmark was, and all I wanted was her beautiful body! I suggested to her that she really didn't need that bra on in this warm weather, and without hesitation both her bra and panties were in the backseat with her dress. Her tits were even better than I had expected, and her pussy was thinly covered with blonde cunt hair. Carol mentioned that she would rather be naked all the time if she had a choice. Carol also asked if I needed my pants on to fly. Quickly my denims were in the backseat, and my cock stood pointing straight up. Carol reached over and held my staff and proceeded to push the skin up and down in a very pleasing manner. I reached over and pushed her left nipple until it again pointed straight ahead.

By this time I had pointed old "50-X-ray" toward Vegas and set the autopilot to hold course. I again unbuckled my seat belt and reached across Carol for the lever next to her seat. All of a sudden Carol was lying flat on her back, and I was kissing her red-tipped tits. My left hand found her cunt, and I opened her pussy by running my middle fingers up and down her pink crack. Carol was making noises akin to purring while she stroked my cock. I told her that she excited me so much that I would probably come very quickly. Carol said she wanted my cock in her mouth when I came. I leaned back in my seat and lowered it to the same level as hers. Carol took my cock all the way down her throat in one swallow. She pumped her hand up and down the remaining shaft while she gave me the finest head I'd ever had. When I came, it felt like my toenails were coming up as well. Carol licked me clean. My cock stayed hard while she kissed me, and my one hand played with her wet, juicy cunt, and the other massaged her great tits.

Carol asked if we dare fuck while the plane flew itself. I checked my position, controls, and fuel flow and found everything in the green arc and without another word rolled above her. I held her knees up high to her fantastic chest and sank my cock into the most luscious cunt I could ever remember. Carol kept saying, "Fuck me . . . more cock . . . pound my cunt . . . ram it home, baby," and I did my damndest to flat fuck the shit right out of this fantastic lady. We fucked each other beautifully. I could see and hear that she was near her peak, and I pounded her harder. When she came, she creamed and hissed. Her motions and intense heat got to me as well, and I emptied my nuts so far up into her I expected her to choke. Before I could pull out of her, she reached between us and stroked my balls as well

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as tweaked her swollen clit. She told me she was going to come again, and again she trembled and screamed out her climax. This girl was a fuck machine like most of us only dream about. We settled into our again upright seats, me with a most satisfied glow on and Carol with a broad, beautiful smile, while she dabbed at her battle-fatigued honey pot with my handkerchief.

I asked her if she had ever been to Las Vegas. Her negative answer brought visions of my showing this super lady all of Vegas's sights—including the nearest king-size bed. I contacted McCarren tower, entered the pattern, and in no time was on final approach. Carol asked if she needed to put all of her clothes back on. I told her the dress was all she needed. I couldn't put my pants back on until we parked the bird in a designated place. The line boy probably thought we were slightly crazy with the gyrations we were going through inside the cockpit. When I came around to help Carol out, I opened the door and was looking right at her luscious pussy, which was winking at me. Carol giggled and jumped to the ground. I sure wanted to fuck her standing right there alongside the plane, but we had bigger and better things to do. That, of course, is another story. However, I will never forget my first shot (and hers) at winning our "mile-high pin"! I loved every air mile of it!—*Name and address withheld*

Hills and mountains

I am a 21-year-old from the Great Plains of the Midwest. Unfortunately, the land isn't the only thing that is flat around here. Upon hearing that the peaks are higher in Colorado, I decided to attend one of its renowned universities.

Because of a grueling fall schedule, my mountain climbing seemed destined for temporary idleness. Luckily, I was having so much trouble in my chemistry class, I asked a girl named Sandy if we might study together some night. As it turned out, she called me the night before our midterm and asked me to study with her at the library. I obliged.

When I arrived at the library, I was surprised to see Sandy sitting alone. I had assumed that she would also invite all her chemistry friends, but instead she sat alone in a secluded corner of the first floor.

"Sit down, big boy," she said, smiling.

I was fortunate just to find a chair. Sandy was gorgeous. Her gold-velvet-trimmed blouse accentuated her full, large breasts to the utmost. Her silky brunette hair matched her dark eyes to perfection as they sparkled in the brightly lit room. All I could find myself doing was staring at her.

"Cat got your tongue?" she whispered.

"Uh . . . you look nice tonight," I blurted.

Before I could think of something intelligent to say, Sandy began reviewing her notes. After almost two hours of studying, we agreed to go to the snack bar for a bite. When we came back, Sandy and I began to ask each other personal questions. Before long the subject turned to sex. She then told me what kind of man she liked.

"My idea of a perfect 'ten' is a guy with a ten-inch dick."

Although somewhat stunned, I calmly said in all seriousness, "I guess I'll have to cut off a couple inches then."

At that moment Sandy asked me to take her to my apartment. Once we were there, I turned on some music and we sat down on the couch and began to French. It wasn't long before I had her sexy blouse fully unbuttoned. While I played with her mounds, Sandy quickly unzipped my jeans and out sprang my erect flagpole.

Before long, we undressed and headed for my bed. Sandy bunny-hopped on top of me and buried her lips around my massive member. I came within seconds, and Sandy devoured every drop of the flaming-hot semen.

Soon it was my turn to show my expertise. I gently laid her down on the bed and began to suck her large yet soft Everests. Her nipples became hard as pebbles as I nibbled expertly. It wasn't long before my face worked its way toward her steaming cockpit. After my tongue did quite a number on her clitoris, my face was drenched with cunt juice from her wild, sensuous orgasm.

I could no longer resist fucking her sweet love hole, so I entered her with full thrust. Sandy was great. Her large, soft tits pressing against my chest transmitted a sensation so unbearable that I lost my load within seconds. She came again as I released my orgasm into her drenched, fiery kettle.

Without hesitation, I withdrew my rod and buried my tongue into her sweet, juicy crevice. I sucked up her love juices while fingering her wonderful, puckered ass hole. My taste buds could no longer resist her hot anus. Now, I'm no expert in the art of analingus, but with Sandy, I was an eager learner. We hopped into a 69 position, and she mustered the most wonderful blowjob ever as I acquainted myself with butt licking. We then kissed and rested for a few minutes.

Soon, we were ready for some more action. Sandy lay down on the bed and pulled me on top of her. My erogenous penis thrust wildly into her steaming love box, pumping and extending all the way to the outer walls as my nuts slapped against her ass. Just before I was about to lose my load, I pulled my fuck-stick out of her cunt. She instinctively grabbed my knob and inserted it into her mouth. She violently began to milk my mighty masterpiece until it was completely pasteurized.

Suddenly, around 11:30 P.M., there was a knock on the door, but I had no intention of answering it. The knocks got louder, however, so I slipped on a robe and closed the bedroom door and answered the door.

It was my landlady, Mrs. Johnson. She

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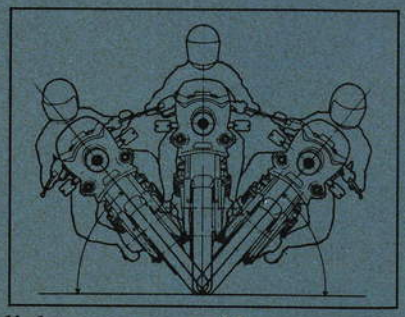

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stormed in and began complaining about my overdue rent. After a few minutes she calmed down and sat me down on the couch.

"You know, if you play your cards right, I just might drop your first payment entirely," she whispered in a very sexy tone.

Now, Mrs. Johnson is a rather good-looking woman of 33 with dark hair and an ass that looks like two hemispheres of heaven. Not being one to pass down such an offer, I gently placed my arms around her and began to kiss her sensuous lips.

Noticing Sandy's clothes on the floor, she said, "I see you have a visitor."

"Well, yeah, I guess so," I answered with a sheepish grin. "But, uh, Mrs. Johnson . . ."

"Call me Lil," she whispered, smiling slyly.

With that I led her into the bedroom, my meat standing fully at attention. Sandy looked up and flashed a big, bright smile, obviously delighted to see our new guest. Lil stripped off her blouse rather quickly as I helped with her bra. As the bra dropped to the floor, Lil exposed her small yet firm tits. As she undid her tight jeans, I mounted a lip on her erect nipple and gently laid her onto the bed.

From there, Sandy took over. She went down on Lil's hot, dripping pussy. My two lady friends then reversed into a 69 position and tongued each other ferociously. I had never though too much about lesbian lovemaking before, but it all seemed so natural right then.

Not exactly enjoying the role of a mere bystander, I decided to join in. I greased my member with a fine film of Vaseline petroleum jelly and then greased Lil's tight ass hole with the erotic love lotion. Lil then got down on all fours, and my perfect "ten" entered her puckered cave. As I was making my move from the rear, Sandy approached Lil from the front. She then began to fondle Lil's petite tits. Judging from the moans and groans coming from my lovely friends, I sensed that Sandy was every bit as effective on a woman as she was on a man. It wasn't long before I shot my wad deep into Lil's butt, and I could tell she was being sent to heaven.

Soon I withdrew my tired cock from Lil's hot anal orifice. The two girls then got on top of me and rode me into paradise. After a brief rest, Lil planted a kiss on my red love muscle and got dressed. She said that I played my cards well, and she would be over tomorrow to discuss a new contract. Lil then kissed Sandy and left.

At about 2:00 A.M., Sandy and I got dressed, and I drove her home. I kissed her good-night and wished her luck on the chemistry exam. Upon entering the classroom the next morning, Sandy sat next to me and whispered, "I'll see you in the library the night before our final." I can hardly wait!—*Name and address withheld*

"One of your enemies had it in for you."

Cabaret plus some

I'm a freshman at a western Canadian university and would like to describe a mind-blowing sexual experience that occurred last weekend.

A buddy of mine, who also attends this university, suggested we catch the cabaret held weekly on campus. We arrived late on this particular Saturday night and found a shortage of seats because of the popularity of the cabaret. We were seated at a table with several other people, three of whom were gorgeous females. A slight bulge in the crotch of my jeans resulted.

My buddy, Howard, immediately took to the dance floor with Katy, a long-legged blonde with sensual blue eyes and cute, bouncy tits, while Meg, a luscious brunette with dark brown eyes, firm round tits, and a beautiful ass, offered to buy me a drink. Andrea, the third member of the trio, had sandy brown hair and huge boobs and seemed quite occupied with staring at the increasing bulge in my pants.

After a dance and some brew, Meg suggested we go smoke a joint up in their place. They lived in a residence at the university, so the walk was short. Upon arrival, we sat on the living-room floor, passed around a few joints, and drank some good old Canadian beer. I nearly spilled my beer all over when I looked over and saw Katy massaging Howard's prick. To our delight, Andrea stood up and removed her shirt and bra and began feeling herself all over. Slowly, Meg slid down her jeans and exposed her juicy cunt, quickly unzipped my jeans, and tugged out my throbbing cock. I started to eat Meg right through her panties, and her delicious juices soaked the material I was sucking on. I glanced up to see Andrea furiously sucking Howard, while Katy was whispering obscenities and grinding her cunt into Howard's face. Meg was near orgasm as I tenderly chewed her inner lips and clitoris.

Howard came in an exploding climax and rolled over to recover, while Katy and Andrea greedily went to work on my prick. Katy started licking my balls and worked her tongue up my shaft, while Andrea sucked on my rock-hard head. Howard slipped away and returned with his cock gleaming with Vaseline. He sank to his knees, spread Katy's cheeks, and revealed a beautiful pink ass hole. Gently, he worked his way in as I shot my load all over Andrea's tits and Katy's face.

As Katy enjoyed Howard's thick rod up her tight hole, Meg intensely ate Andrea's throbbing pussy while I fucked her big breasts. Lining Meg up, I slid down and shoved my aching cock into her pulsating pussy, while shouts of ecstasy came from Katy and Howard as they reached climax. Only seconds later Meg and I reached a simultaneous climax and collapsed in each other's arms. Soon all five of us had fallen asleep.

Howard and I awakened the next morning to an empty apartment. We dressed and left, both hoping to relive this expe-

rience in the near future.—*Name and address withheld*

The new navy

I'm 19 years old, single, male, currently serving in the U.S. Navy. I am in training to become a jet mechanic and live in dormitory-style housing. I live on the first deck, which is the only way this sacred event I am about to tell could have taken place.

One night myself (PJ) and my roommates, David and a guy we'll call Chip (native New Yorkers), headed down to the enlisted club to get shit-faced, just like on any other payday. However, this particular night was a different story. We entered the dance room and had a few drinks. Watching all that bush shake on the dance floor was enough to get my blood circulating, and before too long my cock was as hard as a rock, just looking for a chance to blow my load. I started to take another drink when this gorgeous little brunette grabbed my hand and asked me to slow-dance. I quickly agreed, and we began to dance slowly and closely. She kept rubbing against my already hot rod. After the song was over, I asked her over to our table and bought her a drink. She said her name was Tonia, and she was new on the base. Before I had the chance to ask her to dance, my roommate Chip had already made his move.

Then Chip offered to buy her a drink. When he returned, she was gone. Chip and I didn't have to look too far, for she was slow-dancing with David. I could tell this little sexpot had not only turned me on but my roommates also. After a couple of hours I could tell she was pretty drunk, because she was moving really smoothly and seductively and swaying like a cat in heat. Chip, David, and myself were all ready for a good fuck.

Finally, when we were all seated by our table, I suggested that we go smoke a few joints in our room. We all agreed, but Tonia frowned, because she wanted to go but didn't realize how she could get into our room. So I explained to her that we live on the first deck, and sneaking her in through the window would be no problem. After a few more drinks the boys and myself talked her into trying it. We walked back to the barracks and opened the window. She crawled in, and I rolled up three joints. After the first two were gone, I could tell she was getting smashed and told David and Chip my plan. They had the same idea I had. When the third joint was gone, she lay back on the bed, closing her eyes. I knew now was the time to make my move. I thrust my tongue deep into her mouth, and started caressing her nicely shaped tits, pausing once in a while to squeeze her nipples and roll them between my fingers. I could feel Tonia's nipples hardening, while David was massaging her already juicy cunt. When I looked up, I saw Chip had already disrobed himself and was unbuttoning Tonia's top.

Once I uncovered them, I lapped at her firm mounds, stroking her hard nipples with my tongue. She started moaning quietly, so to cover up the noise, I took off my jeans and straddled her face with my legs. My exploding love log couldn't wait to enter her moist, hot mouth. I ran my thick dick across her lips, and suddenly she took my stiff member and began sucking me off like crazy. David had removed her pants and was doing the biggest muff dive I've ever seen. Not to be left out, Chip put his hot pillar into her eager hands. She started stroking him slowly, moving her hand over his cock and building up more and more speed every moment.

After about 20 minutes of this sex session, we changed places. Tonia was on her stomach, ass in the air, as I prepared for a wild butt-fuck. David had moved up front and was getting the blowjob of his life; Chip worked his way underneath Tonia and was fucking her steaming pussy like a maniac. I rammed my eight inches of government-owned prick into her ass. I could feel myself getting dizzy and realized I would climax very soon. Each time I pumped Tonia's snatch, I could feel Chip hitting from the other direction (which really turned me on).

Finally I could see David's come running down the side of Tonia's face and re-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 196

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PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

is a serious dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of *Penthouse*—its aspirations and its areas of interest. **Letters for publication should carry name and address** (in capitals, please), although these will be withheld, on request, by the Editor. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Amen

After reading "The God Biz," by James A. Haught, in your December 1980 issue, I was amazed at the numbers in the millions, or even billions, that these God salesmen milk from the born-again suckers in the United States alone. It's just phenomenal! So, only for the entertainment value, I turned on the local cable station just in time to see Jim Bakker selling the new "World Outreach Center" building. The toll-free pledge number remained constant on the screen as Jim called for pledges, saying that if you'd just give up soda pop and send him that money you'd use for the soda, well, praise God, you'd lose weight while serving the Lord! Isn't that wonderful?

The camera then flashed to a table full of the gifts you would receive. According to the amount of your donation, you could receive anything from a lapel pin to bumper stickers and Bibles. For a pledge of just $1,000, you'd get a really nice wood carving. Of course, salvation was thrown in for the kicker.

I couldn't help noticing the beautiful model of the building. There were even singers with great costumes and nice harmony. Then, almost as if your article were the script for this comedy, on flashed a call for money for the evangelical college that this club sponsors or runs or whatever it is it does to claim its gifts.

I don't feel threatened as yet by these groups of con men or big-bucks swindlers, but I wonder how long they'll remain content to pick off a few senators or congressmen before they take up arms (literally) against nonbelievers and cleanse the world in mass vigilance committees that go from door to door. It doesn't seem impossible after one reads your article. My main point in writing is to praise *Penthouse* and Mr. Haught for a very factual and right-on article. Keep up the good work. Maybe someone will be saved from being saved. —*Gary Offet, Sioux Falls, S.Dak.*

The article "The God Biz" was very informative. As a person who loves money, I see the television evangelists as playing the ultimate "confidence game." All it takes is a wholesome appearance, a glib tongue, and a cold heart. In all good confidence games, the person has to look and act the part in order to be successful.

I was listening to the "Praise the Lord Club" broadcast a few weeks ago. Jim Bakker was giving his pitch on how contributors could get money to him without the government knowing what it was to be used for. First, he went into how the money is needed for all his programs, naming a dozen or more. Then he went into how the government is snooping into his life and the P.T.L. Club activities and how pitiful it is to be subject to such scrutiny and cast in such doubt. But, he said, he could get around this problem if his contributors would send money without saying what it is to be spent on. He added, "If you want your money to go into any certain program, just let us know." A good confidence game has to give the victim a choice, even if it is one-sided.

This is such a cold-blooded game Bakker and others are playing as they take advantage of the millions of people who believe in old-time religion. It is very rare that a person in this country is not exposed to some sort of religious teaching. It is ingrained in our culture to believe in God. The regular guy on the street will defend the belief in God as much as he will belief in "country." This "God biz" confidence game has built-in victims.

We are at a time now when people need to believe in something. Our economy could hardly be worse, and it is very frustrating coping day-to-day with an ever-increasing cost-of-living index. Our trusted government officials are getting caught with their hands in the till. The people want to escape these things and are turning to religion for escape. The men who run these games give the people what they think they want, playing on emotions and needs.

I'm in prison because of my love of money, and I have to give Jim Bakker and the other money-making evangelists a pat on the back. They are running one of the best money-making schemes I've ever seen.—*N. Rolland, Leavenworth, Kans.*

Big Bro

The editorial staff of *Penthouse* has done more in recent years than any other mass-market publication to help preserve our rights and freedoms. January's "Government of the Living Dead," by Robert Sherrill, is but the most recent example. In November—between the lovely pictorials—was an interview with Ed Clark of the Libertarian party; an article by Craig S. Karpel on the follies of Carter, Reagan, and Anderson; an essay by Pulitzer Prize–winning Harrison Salisbury on the abuses of the National Security Agency; and a thoughtful piece by columnist Nicholas von Hoffman on the doublethink of the whole political process. No other national publication with a circulation approaching that of *Penthouse* has gone to such

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lengths to educate its readership about what has been happening to America.

Are your readers aware that one out of every four dollars spent in America is spent by "Big Brother"? That there is one government employee for every four in the private sector? That, on average, nearly $800 of your federal tax payments are simply *lost* to theft and corruption? If not, then you have not been *reading Penthouse,* and that's a shame, because the articles containing that information are at least as interesting as any best-selling novel. It's more of a shame because unless a lot of us start speaking up about these outrages, they will keep getting worse.

Come on, readers! Read these articles and let other people (like your newspaper and your elected "representatives") know that you're tired of the way the American government rapes its citizens. If the "moral majority" can speak up, so, I hope, can the rest of us.—*Glen Allport, Berkeley, Calif.*

Today's army

I never reply in writing to articles I read in magazines, as I feel that most are by people who are usually professional writers in their field and do an extensive amount of research on the subject beforehand. If there is a point they overlook or leave out, it is surely commented on by someone in the next issue, in such columns as your "Feedback."

However, I could not sit still after reading a letter in your November "Feedback" by a Sp5c. Dan Aforismo, stationed in West Germany. To begin with, Specialist Fifth Class Aforismo is *not* a noncommissioned officer in the United States Army but a specialist in a particular field, as his rank title SP5c. indicates. He is also not as familiar with current problems facing the military as he would try to seem.

As an (E7) sergeant first class, with 19 years and 4 months in the army, I believe I can, with some authority and experience, disagree that the problems with the army are not what the specialist fifth class describes.

Doctors are *not* hard to come by; just look at any small-town-U.S.A., and you will find more doctors than the population warrants. Doctors *are* hard to find in the army and for very obvious reasons. The army today is no place for a doctor who wants to excel or advance. The army doctor is on a fixed income, the same as any other officer of equal rank, whether that officer be a member of the infantry, an engineer, or a brain surgeon. He is placed on a duty roster, as are some *lower* enlisted grades, to perform "on-call" duty for weekends, holidays, etc. He is not given the incentive to excel in any particular field of medicine, as he will most likely spend much of his time seeing patients who go on sick call with everything from a fake back pain to a serious illness. Whether the doctor is seeing a patient who is overweight by army standards or diagnosing

a very serious illness, he will receive the same pay at the end of the month. It's a hell of a way to spend his residency.

Those trained personnel that the specialist speaks of *are* in short supply in the army. All slots in the army are—the entire military is short of personnel, equipment, and weapons. The military will get even worse so long as we are under this "volunteer army" concept. Let's just take a look at this farce that has created the present below-par state of affairs.

Not enough volunteers are enlisting in today's army because the present reputation of our fighting force is substandard; the pay never keeps up with the cost-of-living index; our entitlements are constantly on the decrease; our retirement benefits are being cut or messed with in some way with every session of Congress, which helps kill the desire for a career; our equipment is either worn out or in a very low state of readiness, thanks to lack of proper maintenance (we couldn't even get the helicopters in for the hostage rescue operation). Our equipment needs to be modernized, and we need to increase our weaponry almost 200 percent.

We are constantly being assigned to places without having any say-so where or when. We aren't allowed to stay long in one place without being classified as "homesteaders." So taxpayers' money is used so that we can be rotated every so often all over the world.

All in all, the situation is ample proof that the volunteer army stinks. Training is available in the army, but only for those who will seek it or who have a desire to advance. Unlike training in some of the civilian educational institutions, which is coupled with a party life, military training has to do with weapons, equipment, and maintaining military bearing and appearance and conducting oneself during off-duty time according to standards of conduct higher than those prevailing in most of today's civilian communities.

What we need in today's military is a budget large enough to support the national defense by increasing our weaponry. We should improve the status of present equipment, get a large enough force by reinstituting the draft, and restore discipline to the military. Make it a requirement that *all* be required to serve their country or leave it. If you don't want to believe in America and support it, get out! For us to *lower* the standards for entering the military or qualifying for specialized training would be an act of suicide. The current level of our specialized and properly trained personnel is already bad enough.

When the government admits that the volunteer army will not work and restores the draft and puts some of our taxpayers' money toward a stronger defense, then the military will improve. I, too, will fight until the bitter end, for what's left of it, but I shudder at the thought of having to train or fight alongside of someone who has the gall to demand less. Have mercy on us.—*Name and address withheld.*

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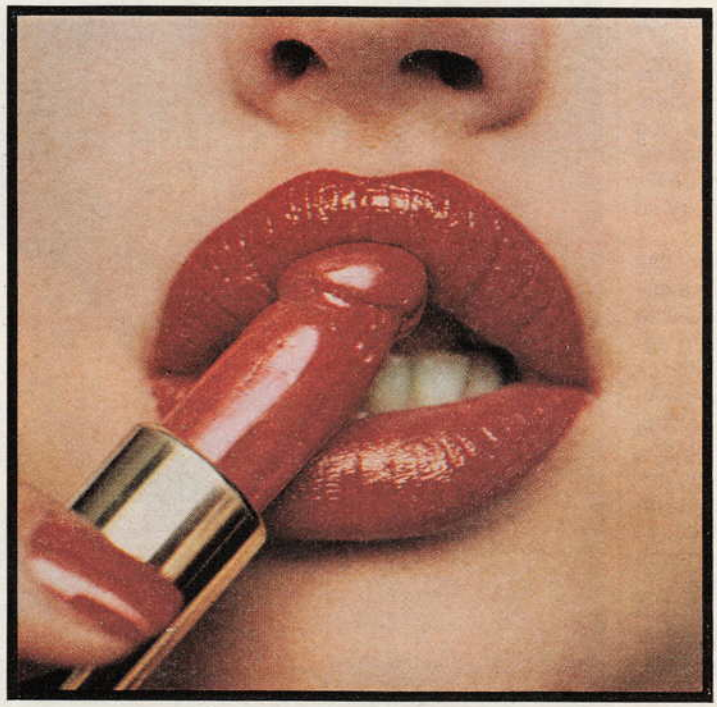
LETTER OF THE MONTH

I'd like to share an experience that happened to me last week—an experience that still seems like a dream. It was something that I had fantasized about for 15 years but never in my wildest imagination thought could happen. Looking back, I realize that if I had been more aggressive, it might well have happened a good deal sooner.



Back when my wife and I were dating, her sister was a very nubile 18, with a body that just wouldn't quit. She never wore a bra, and she made it a point to let me see her tits whenever possible. They were at least 36-inchers, with two large brown nipples that, when hard, must have added at least another two inches to her measurements.

I remember one time when we visited an amusement park, and I was climbing behind her up a ladder to a slide. When I looked up, I saw her pink panties under her shorts, and as she climbed they rode up into her slit and her blonde cunt hairs poked out. Then, as we neared the top, she reached down to pull them loose, exposing her pink pussy. She glanced over her shoulder and caught me looking and gave me a big smile.

Rose has since married, and our families get together quite often. Twice in the last year she has walked in on me by "accident" just after I had gotten out of the shower. The last time this happened, her robe was open, and seeing her body gave me an instant hard-on, on which she commented, "Oh, that looks nice!" I've been fantasizing a lot lately about making it with her, and I've had visions of her beneath me while I'm fucking my wife—and it has really given me some instant orgasms.

Last week I got back from a four-day business trip and was really horny. My wife was leaving for a meeting and wouldn't be home until about midnight. Rose was in the kitchen, cleaning. I went upstairs to change and then went down to read the paper. About a half hour later I sensed, rather than heard, Rose standing in front of me. I looked up to see her wearing a very sheer dress, and I could tell that she had nothing at all on underneath it. She started gathering the material of her dress in her hands and pulling the dress higher. First I saw that blonde pussy, already dripping with her sex juices. Then those glorious mounds. And finally she was completely nude.

My cock was ready to explode, and as she took a step forward, I couldn't help myself. I knelt in front of her to kiss her pussy and fondle her ass. She spread her legs so that I could have easy access to that delicious cunt. My tongue sank deep inside her as she started to move up and down, and I picked up her movements. She pulled my head forward so that I could lick her clit. When she started to come, she purred like a contented kitten. Her knees gave out, and she fell to the floor, pulling me down with her.

Finally she relaxed her grip, and I reached down to remove my pants. My cock was aching as I sat on the couch to take my shoes and socks off. Rose stood up, walked over to me, and slowly lowered herself onto my waiting prick. The combination of her tits right in front of my face and her hot pussy squeezing my cock was putting me in ecstasy! Once I started to come, it seemed as if the contractions would never stop.

My cock slowly softened and slipped out of her cunt, and as soon as it was free, she slid off my lap and buried her face between my thighs. She began to lick and caress my limp cock and soon had the whole thing in her mouth. What pleasure! Her tongue was driving me wild, and her playful bites were creating a strange pleasure-pain combination. As soon as she sensed I was getting

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close, her mouth seemed to turn into a tight pussy and my bucking hips felt as if I was really fucking her—with the added pleasure of a tongue inside. I pulled her tight against me as I exploded, and she sucked even harder until I couldn't take it any more.

Once I had caught my breath, I laid her on her back so that I could return the favor. Her cunt and thighs were soaking with come and juices. I tantalized her for a long time before taking her over the peak. I was really turned on by the pleasure I was giving her.

My cock got hard again—not the "rock-hard" state that my wife demands, *but hard enough to enter Rose one more time. She threw her legs over my shoulders and let me pump deep inside her. It seemed like forever, but I finally came and collapsed on top of her.*

A little later we rolled apart and decided to take a shower. Her breasts received minute attention, and a few well-placed caresses on her clit ended Rose's pleasure for the day. She went right up to bed in the guest room, and I was still up reading when my wife came home. I could tell that she was horny and expecting some satisfaction. Unfortunately, all I could do was give her some heavy tongue play and some fucking with a semihard cock. I claimed "extreme tiredness" from the trip. She didn't get as much sex as she usually craves, but by the next night things were back to normal. Xaviera, what can I do so that my sexual capacity will last long enough to satisfy both my wife and her sister?—D.L.K.

Pace yourself. If your wife is going to want it in the evening, do her sister in the morning or early afternoon. However long it takes you to get really hard again after one session is just how long you'll have to wait before you take on your wife.

Unfair as it may seem, it's a fact of nature: 99 percent of men can't keep it hard after having an orgasm. If a man rests a while, though, he is as good as new. A bit of a breather gives him a real quicker-pecker-upper.

What about that other one percent? Well, maybe my male readership can help me out here, although I don't think there are any helpful hints to be given. Those who can come and keep it up just have a natural and very rare gift. D. H. Lawrence in *Lady Chatterley's Lover* wrote about such a man. This character—fictional, mind you—could orgasm and keep his cock hard until the lady also came. The novel is very erotic, but I'm afraid you won't learn much from it—at least, not about keeping hard. Lawrence gives no hints as to how his character developed such longevity and strength. Obviously the author was just writing off the top of his head, without paying much attention to the one between his legs.

NASTY WORDS

I like to make love, and I am "a good fuck." But I'm having a problem. My lover likes to hear me use the vulgar synonyms for all the body parts and the activities we engage in when fucking. I know all the words, and so far I have been able to use them at the appropriate times, and convincingly. It turns him on, and for that reason alone I am able to do it. But it is a turn-off for me, because I associate those words with toilet walls, cheapness (easy to get), and, most of all, abandonment of the emotional and physical heights (when combined) of pleasure that can be reached. I am a romantic. I like tenderness. I fully enjoy the delightful, erotic sensations my mind and body experience when we are making love. I feel that I am cheap when I use these words, and it is only through willpower that I have been able to suppress those feelings.

Add to this that looking at male bodies and their penises in general does not turn me on. My lover doesn't understand this. His body and his penis turn me on. Males who exhibit their "superior" bodies and the attitude that I am missing something make me want to get away fast. How could they possibly share the pleasure of lovemaking when there is no room in their minds for anyone but themselves? My sexuality exists to give pleasure and to have pleasure.—F.R.

This letter reeks of puritanism and a women's-lib mentality combined. Good heavens, even the Ivory Snow girl Marilyn Chambers turned out to be a porn actress, thus shattering the illusions of thousands of people like you. The purity and properness of love lie not within the words you use or in the ways in which you get excited—be this with or without what you call "vulgar words," dirty pictures, or porno films. Two people can love each other fully, and yet each partner may have a totally different desire or fantasy life as to what really matters in sex. I know several people who dig the humiliating scene either mentally or physically, and yet there is tremendous love for the other partner.

Purity does not lie within clean sheets or clean, old-fashioned love phrases like "Darling, what divine perfume you are wearing tonight!" or "You are the only one in the world I will ever love." If you only knew how many men love to hear their women scream, "Honey, shove that big, hard cock all the way inside my hot, wet cunt . . . I am so juicy for your cock," or "Squeeze my tits," or "Bite my neck," or "Please suck my pussy from front to back," or "I love to see your great ass when you wear those tight pants," or "Did you see that girl watching you when we were shopping at the supermarket?"

Well, my dear, this is only the tip of the iceberg as far as phraseology is concerned. Men may be selfish at times, but there are many of them who do honestly appreciate us women, and though they lust after our bodies, there may well be a

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genuine mental connection with our female "inner selves" as well.

MODERN MATURITY

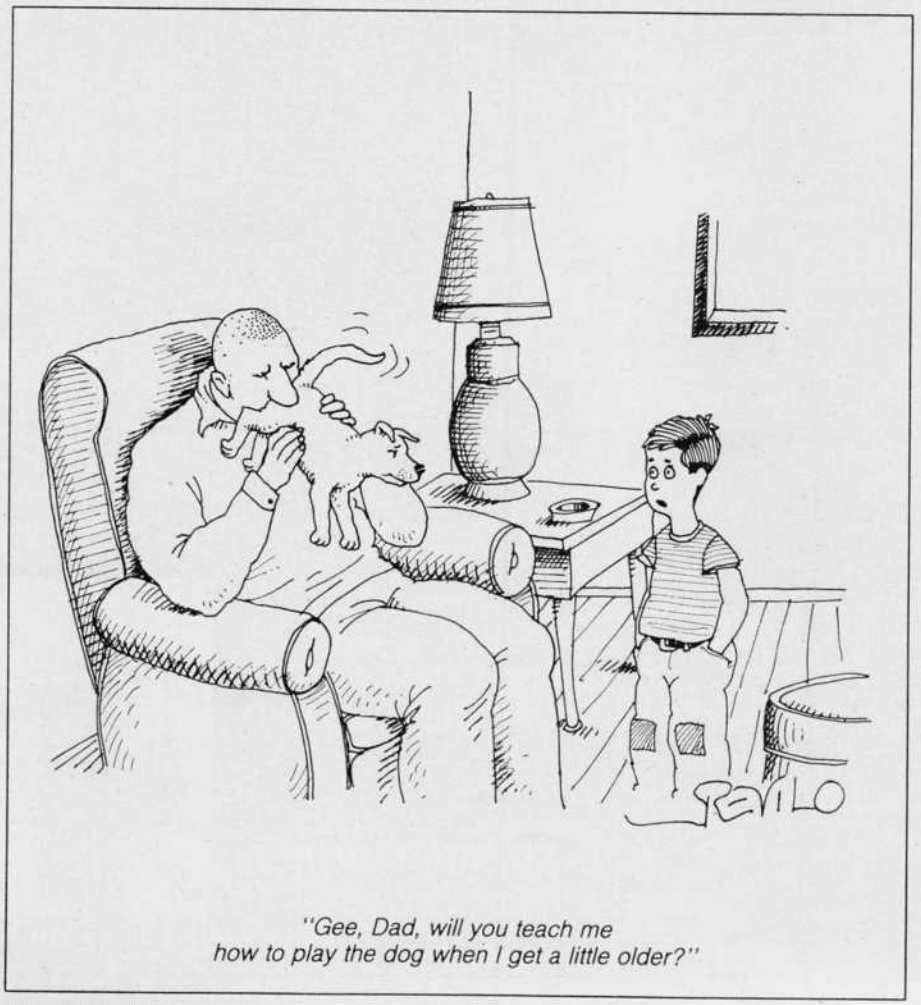
I am a 37-year-old man and a widower of two years. After settling my wife's estate, I decided to go to an adult mobile park to live. I found a new park that had two pools, a sauna, and a beautiful clubhouse. The only nice home that was available was located among a group of elderly ladies who had been living there since the park had opened. I was introduced to some of them at the clubhouse and found their company pleasant enough, although not what I had been hoping for.

One Saturday morning the doorbell rang, and I opened the door to find the woman who lived across the way from me standing there. She is a petite lady, 60 years young. She asked if I could check her car, because she could not get it to start. Later she offered to pay me, but I told her no thanks and got a sexy kiss.

A couple of weeks later she told me that she would be away for a few weeks and asked if I would please look after her home for her. She offered me a drink, and when we had finished she came over and thrust her warm tongue in and out of my mouth. Soon my hand went to her small titties, then on down between her legs. Her juices were flowing heavy and sweet. She unzipped my pants to release a hungry cock that was straining at the material. I tried to enter her pussy and found a very small, tight, hot hole. After a little work from both of us, I was able to drive my cock in to the hilt. After a beautiful fuck, I shot one of the biggest loads that I have ever given to a woman. She told me that it was still coming out the next day.

This was supposed to be a secret between the two of us. But one weekend while she was away, one of the other ladies who lives just a couple of houses away asked me to check something out for her in her home. I wouldn't accept any pay from her, and she, too, gave me a very passionate kiss. From there we went right to her couch. I knew immediately what she wanted. When my mouth reached her pussy, the juice was so sweet that it almost drove me out of my mind. Her pussy was so tight it was just like fucking a teenager. She came on the first deep stroke and kept on coming while I shot my hot load of come deep inside her. It was a beautiful fuck, and we decided that we should rest and have a drink and then go at it again.

I have now been with four of the ladies who live around my home. I know that my fifth is coming up soon. I will never turn down an older lady, for they are kind, considerate, clean, and very horny. One must forget about the wrinkles in their faces. They have beautiful pussies that do not age. They treat me like a king. I have also found that after repeated screwing, their pussies are still tight, which I find an exciting phenomenon.—M.S.



"Gee, Dad, will you teach me how to play the dog when I get a little older?"

It is not uncommon for older people to show rejuvenating signs in their sexuality. They seem to develop a big appetite for sex and often have very wicked ways to get what they want. Some young men find this very exciting, particularly because they realize that it may have been years since those older people last had sex.

Often children of older people are shocked when their widowed parents announce an engagement. Somehow sex seems to coincide in most people's minds with youth. But they are wrong. By the way, I have seen older women who have better bodies than many overweight young Americans.

I don't think tightness of a pussy has anything to do with age. I find that when I have not been penetrated for a week (which seldom happens), my vagina gets tighter. There are men, similarly, who show "widow's symptoms" when they have abstained from women and masturbation for a long time. They will often find themselves either temporarily impotent or less endowed than they once were. Fortunately, practice makes perfect again.

YOU LIGHT UP MY LIFE

I may be pushing 40, and I have a slight bay window, but let me tell you something—ol' Sherman can still cut the mustard! I am sick of reading about those seat-sniffing weirdos who can't even get a hard-on with a leather suit and a seven-foot whip. Let's hear it from the red-necked, beer-drinking macho men who still know which hole to put it in and don't have to smoke any funny-smelling weeds to "get it on." What's wrong with having dirty fingernails and a hairy ass, anyhow?

Just when I thought I had heard everything there was to hear about sex, I made a novel discovery. I tell you, my wife and I have only begun to fuck! A friend of mine gave me this new product, a bioluminescent light stick. The principle is the same as that of a lightning bug. The light stick is a hollow plastic tube that is filled with a yellow-green liquid. There is a capsule inside that, when broken, gives off a pleasant glow that lasts about 24 hours.

But here's the kicker. One night, when I was experimenting with the night-light stick, I cut it open and extracted some of the glowing fluid. I spilled some on my hand, and in the dark I noticed that it glowed brightly. I put some more on and rubbed it around, and the effect was spectacular! That night, after taking a shower, I applied the fluid from two night-light sticks all over my body. (It feels like baby oil and in the daylight is not visible.) I told my wife to turn off the lights and to close her eyes. When she opened them, there I was in all my glory—Luke Starfucker—*the bioluminescent being from the future, complete with light dagger.*

After the initial shock, I assured her that I wasn't radioactive. She looked at my cir-

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cumcised dong hungrily and said, "Glow, little glowworm. You light up my life, Sherman." Needless to say, since then, our sex life has taken on a new glow. We're truly burning with passion, like two horny fireflies. My wife can't even look at the stars without getting passionate and soaking her panties (when she wears them). I've even considered taking a nude photo of myself so that all of your readers can see what a real macho man looks like.—C.S.K.

It seems you have all a macho man needs to impress a lady! Dirty fingernails, hairy ass, and smelly armpits. How about your feet? I am sure you must never change your socks. Add to all those fabulous attributes the fluorescent liquid, and you must really be a winner. I hope the liquid also has a pleasant odor so it takes away all the already existing smells (or should I say stench) from this all-American Hero. Who is kidding whom?

One thing's for sure—you can never light my fire, honey. But let's hear it from the other readers. Shall we start a Luke Starfucker Fan Club? Just give me dope, a whip, and whatever else, but most important, a clean, good-sized cock that does not need to be lit up to be located.

GARDEN OF DELIGHT

I am a 30-year-old housewife, married to a man 20 years my senior who has enormous wealth. He is extremely dedicated to his job, which demands 12 hours of his time a day and occasional business trips. I consider myself attractive, and I've kept my 35-23-34 figure in shape with frequent exercise. I find myself craving more and more physical attention and receiving less and less from my husband. I guess I was ripe for the picking.

We live on a large estate in the back country, and we have a landscaper, whose men take care of our property. It just so happens that the landscaper, Chauncey, is a beautiful piece of man, with big muscles and a smile that makes me just melt. I recently decided that the next time he came to care for the property I was going to get him to take care of me.

The long-awaited day came, and while his men were off trimming the lawn he was nearby working on the bushes. I had a drink to muster up my courage and then went out by the pool in my skimpiest bikini, leaving nothing to the imagination. I had another drink, and after what seemed an eternity Chauncey came over to where I was sitting. We started with some small talk, and then I blurted out that with his looks he could start a stud service. Well, he took the hint and immediately pulled out his cock. I guess I must have looked real horny, because he started getting real bossy, telling me to get on my knees and suck his cock. No sooner had he said it than I was sucking away at his cock, not giving any thought to the other workers who were still around. I was enjoying my mouthful of meat when I realized that the other men had left their lawnmowers and were now standing around by the pool. Chauncey shot a load in my mouth.

Chauncey told me to strip. I seductively took off my bikini while his companions looked as if they were going to come in their pants. Chauncey told me to lie on my back and masturbate. I felt foolish but was really turned on by it. He then told me to get on my hands and knees. One of his men entered my cunt, which by now was on fire, while someone else entered my warm and willing mouth. Both studs came quickly, and the next time Chauncey entered my cunt and the other worker stuck his cock in my mouth. To say I had enough sex that day is an understatement.

I look forward each week to having the men work in my garden.—K.L.G.

You better take care that your husband doesn't catch you in the act, or you might lose your gardeners and your estate along with it. I am glad that you have found an outlet for all that built-up sexual energy. But seriously, don't you think your husband might like to join in the fun? Maybe he just needs to try something daring and out of the ordinary to get his interest back. Maybe you can convince him to go with you for a midnight swim with you in that pool you mentioned. And in the fall there might be some nice piles of leaves to roll around in. Why don't you try that sexy bathing suit out on him? What attracts all those other men should work on him, too.

DREAM LOVER

As I fell asleep thinking of you last night, I had a dream. Boy, what a dream! I dreamt that you and I were engaging in sexual encounters of every kind . . .

I went to Hollywood for my vacation. I arose from bed, my sweaty, naked body drooling for a cool, refreshing swim in the pool. I put on bikini bathing trunks and entered the pool area. My eyes playfully viewed a lovely lady. She was wearing a skimpy yellow bikini, and her soft, golden blonde hair danced around her firm, massive breasts. As I sat down beside her, I realized that this sweet, sexy woman was none other than my dream girl, Xaviera Hollander! We talked about your column in Penthouse, *and as evening approached you asked me if I'd "like to come to your room for a few drinks." I gleamed at your lovely tanned body and replied, "Yes, my beautiful, sexy lady."*

As we approached your room, I knew I was in for an experience that I would never forget. You guided me gently to the couch and told me to sit down. You asked me if I wanted a drink, to which I replied, "Sure." My eyes followed your beautifully shaped ass to the bar as my massive, swollen cock began to explode through the seams of my bikini.

As you planted your ass down beside me, you rolled your lovely, deep-blue eyes

over my muscular, tanned body until they came to rest on my massive bulge. You lowered your hot, burning mouth onto mine, your tongue driving me into wild ecstasy. As I could sense that you were a woman with sexual experience, my nervousness was soon under control. You playfully began to lower my trunks and grabbed my throbbing cock in your hand. I, in turn, rolled my tongue around your pink, erect nipples as my hands caressed your warm, milky breasts. I could feel your ruby red lips swallow my cock as you gently maneuvered your mouth, until I exploded a white lust of semen down your throat, while my hands fondled your tits.

You lowered your sopping wet bikini, and my still-thirsty lips slowly searched lower and lower until they found the object of their desire, your own sweet-smelling inner lips, inducing in you a long flow of orgasms. I gently fell on top of you as I thrust my sperm-filled, throbbing cock into your burning-hot and very fleshy twat. You grabbed onto me and in your sweet, innocent voice begged, "Fuck me until your massive prick becomes so sore that all your sperm has entered me." With those words I emitted a huge gush of thick, white sperm into your body. You responded with another flow of love juice, which dripped slowly over my balls.

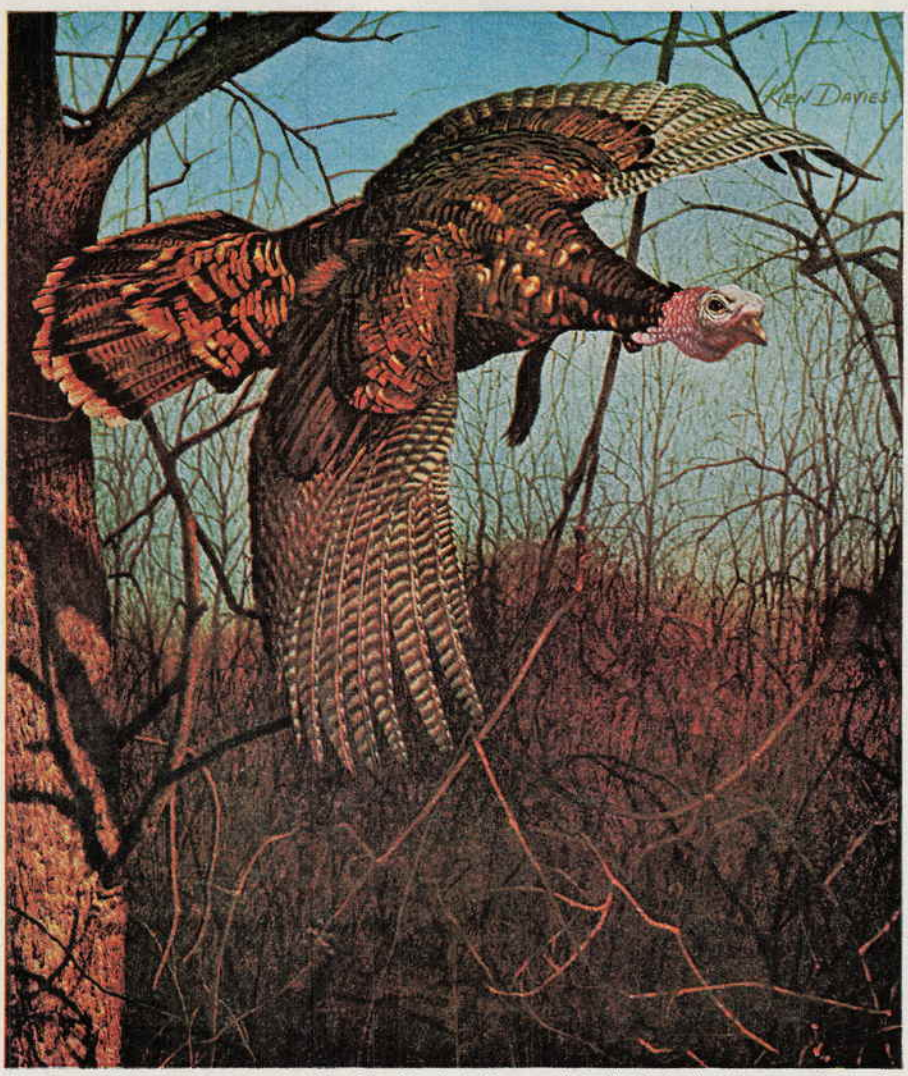
That was one dream I never wanted to wake up from!—Jim

Even though I very rarely meet any of the men and women who read my column, I occasionally find myself dreaming about them after I edit their hot letters.

For instance, imagine reading a number of letters with men who either have or want big cocks. If I happen to work on the column right before I got to bed—usually I do it *in* bed—I dream of nothing but big cocks, and even of strapping on a huge dildo and screwing my lovers with it.

Of course, men's wanting to see their wives have sex with other men seems to be the big turn-on of the eighties. Lately in my dreams I find myself playing the part of the voyeur. I'm peeking in windows, watching strangers have sex. Or I've just finished having sex with a woman and watch one of my young male lovers lead her to yet another terrific climax. I didn't use to have these voyeur dreams; only recently, since all you wild readers have been sending me these voyeur letters.

Dreams can be used constructively, too, to improve your sex life, and not just as fantasy material. Many people are afraid to follow their impulses. Sometimes they're so afraid they don't even know what their impulses are. If this is the case, start remembering your dreams. If you are a woman and you dream about having sex with another woman, well, give it a try. It doesn't mean you're a lesbian or even bisexual, but the inclination just might be there. Oral sex is another thing some people perform often in their dreams but never during their waking hours. So what are you waiting for?



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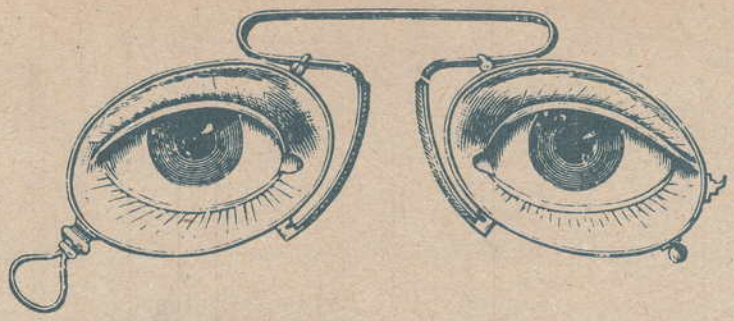


VIEW FROM THE TOP

TELEVISION AS SIN

BY EMILY PRAGER

A teenage girl, bruised and half-clothed, runs screaming from a sleazy motel room. "Come back here, you slut! I paid for you!" shouts a sweaty fat man after her. Scene from a porno movie or from prime-time television? You decide . . . Give up? Getting harder and harder to tell the difference, you say? Well, you're right. The answer is prime-time television, specifically "Vegas," one of the many episodes they've had on runaway teenage prostitutes, a tricky subject but one that, when the ratings are down, it never hurts to rehash.

Fascinating, isn't it, how far the boundaries of sex can be stretched without bumping or grinding into the boundaries of what the networks consider good taste? Extraordinary, when you consider that the networks set themselves up as guardians of public decency and protectors of the moral fiber of American children. Supposedly, programming is submitted to the scathingly judgmental eyes of the network censors before it ever reaches the airwaves. So how do they make their decisions? On what basis are they judging? By what strange code of human interest and adult responsibility are the breasts of Loni Anderson and Suzanne Somers the foci of an evening's humor?

Part of the answer is, clearly, money. The amount of money at stake often determines the light in which the networks view a show. For this reason the "jiggle" shows—"Three's Company," etc.—which some may see as the Let's-Make-Fun-of-Women area of television, are hundreds of thousands of dollars of good, clean fun to program execs. On the other hand, local programming, in which the stakes are lower, is more raunchy than the national fare, presumably because of the lower revenue and narrowed audience as well as a feeling that as long as the rest of the country doesn't see it, it's okay. Thus, we in the East have been lucky enough to catch "The $1.98 Beauty Pageant" and the Calvin Klein jeans ads featuring Brooke Shields's crotch, both programming achievements in the dispelling of human stereotypes.

Commercials follow no man's law for obvious monetary reasons unless or until the product they are advertising loses money because of them. Hence, one still sees the Goldiggers jeans ads, in which small children entice each other sexually; the Harvey's Bristol Cream ad, which promises your man will get a big erection if you feed him Bristol Cream ("It's downright upright"); and Mr. Whipple, a projection of the male psyche, who is obsessed with squeezing his own feces. We have all seen commercials for toilet bowl cleaner in which a spiritual presence cleans the bowl in seconds without fuss. God-in-the-dumper is okay, too, if money's good enough.

The television news used to be above such questions of moral turpitude. But nowadays, with the new journalists-in-name-only and their thirst-for-blood attitude toward life, one never knows what to believe. Anchorpeople often comment on the news by using blatantly insinuating and judgmental tones of voice as well as by exclaiming outright, "That's terrible!" and the like after reading news stories. Tragic events are enhanced and helped along. The crash of a Staten Island ferryboat in which no one was hurt was a much more eye-catching story when they added to it footage of the crash of a ferryboat last year in which many people were hurt. Is this objective journalism, or is it fiction? Television news imitates Capote. It all has the ring of gossip.

Money isn't the only thing that dictates the networks' taste. There is some sort of value system at work here, and where it is most evident is in the area of special programming, TV movies, docu-dramas, and the like. Here, there is more time to effect television's peculiar form of censorship, because ratings are a statistic of the future and taste is actually determined by the individual whose job it is to determine it. For a change, the show's income is not the deciding factor.

The intent of television censorship, when you finally do see it, is not, as you might think, to protect against the dissemination of irresponsible ideas or immoral behavior. The driving value behind all judgments of taste is, rather, to keep the network out of trouble with the public, the stockholders, and whatever special-interest groups might be protesting heavily this week. It is this avoidance behavior that accounts for television's odd combination of violence and blandness.

David Gambale

Take, for example, "Guyana Tragedy," a TV movie about Jim Jones and the mass suicide at Jonestown. This is a perfect subject for television: lurid and true to life, a fascinating event and one that, if explored, must go some way toward explaining why it occurred. The central question is obviously why. Why would 900 people drink poisoned Kool-Aid and feed it to their kids?

The first half of the movie seems a pretty fair (for television) and human portrayal of Jones's early life, showing his good works as well as his kinks. But in the second and more important half, in which Jones leads his followers to their death, the character of Jones becomes totally incomprehensible, and by the climactic end a babbling, incoherent addict. At home one said to oneself, "I would never commit suicide for that asshole. How could I?" thus

nullifying any insights one might have gained. What was left of the movie, without any central point, was the bloody violence of the deaths surrounding it.

From the network's point of view, however, the more evil Jones is by the end of the film, the more innocent they look for giving him the time of day, much less two hours of precious air time. No one could possibly accuse them of siding with Jones or, for that matter, of even dealing with Jones. No nuances, nothing to complain about. The network takes the money and runs.

In "Playing for Time," the controversial TV movie based on the life of Fania Fanelon, the censor was up against the Nazis, always an intricate problem. It isn't easy to make such a situation pat, but with Arthur Miller's help they managed. So, although for the first time on television one saw five women looking really bad-sick and hairless—which was in and of itself moving—the plot reeked of ill-conceived soap opera. A young woman who uses sex to get food in Auschwitz becomes a martyr to the television cause. What a thing is made of this! Because she gives a blowjob for bread, at the end of the movie she actually puts herself on the truck with the Nazis. Now, you know that plenty of women gave blowjobs to survive during the war, and that is probably the least of it. And it's so shallow and ugly to make some pathetic moral point of it, so careless, above all, but also so predictable.

There has been one bright change in the TV morality picture, and that is the recent acceptance of male anal gang rape onto the roster of hideous, violent experiences that can be discussed. Yes, thanks to Mary Tyler Moore and Paul Newman and the other Hollywood luminaries who brought us "Scared Straight," teenage boys can now be brutally raped as well as teenage girls, and a dent has been made in the double standard. Look for Scott Baio to be skewered on "Taxi" or perhaps a sitcom of "The John Wayne Gayce Story." It's about time.

Inge Morath/Magnum

Arthur Miller: exploring the morality of a Nazi prostitute.

How do they get away with such blatant sexual vulgarity? you ask. Why can the new "Saturday Night Live" feature Rosalynn Carter spread-eagled on a desk in the Oval Office while on the same network nursing mothers must be covered up? Well, aside from monetary gains and keeping the company out of trouble and those ratings up, there is, I think, quite a simple explanation for the big-tits jokes and the sexual innuendo that pass for humor: they think it's funny. They—the network, the censors, the guys and gals who work for and make up the network—are being seen on the news now with their plastic hair and brains, reporting on world situations they have no hope of understanding, and you watch them chitchat to each other around the tragedies of others, and you just know they think it's funny.

SCENES

UNTYING THE TUBES

Commercial television is based on the ridiculous myth that the best things in life are free. When was the last time you tuned into losers like "Here's Boomer," "The Misadventures of Sheriff Lobo," "Speak Up, America," or Bonnie Franklin? Well, even garbage heaps have their peaks.

It's gotten so bad, of course, that today people are willing to do the unthinkable: they're paying for television.

After a somewhat sluggish debut, cable television has successfully infiltrated the home market. It has loosened the networks' stranglehold on what we see, and thanks to the prospects of windfall profits, the big conglomerates like Time-Life and Getty Oil are financing cable sitcoms and other forms of alternative programming. Even the established subscription movie channels are dumping their endless cycle of Jan-Michael Vincent films in favor of more worthwhile fare.

This is all part of the great "pay television revolution" that is now threatening to overthrow the networks' virtual dictatorship. Refusing at first to take any of this seriously, Freddie Silverman and Bill Paley scoffed at the cable upstarts' plot—which provides an ironic twist to the 1940s version of this drama, in which television stalked the movie industry. Now, however, their backs are to the wall, and former allies like Norman Lear are predicting the demise of a major network. Cable television, Lear contends, is the Geritol of the 1980s. Who can argue after suffering through so many years of visual insomnia?

This has also touched off a gold rush on television's dormant production lines. An estimated $40 million will be spent this year on developing original programs for

Joan Rivers on Showtime: will cable bring CBS to its knees?

the fledgling companies, most of it going for what cable honchos describe as blockbusters—shows that can knock ABC, CBS, and NBC out of the ratings box.

Foremost on their schedules are variety specials. Home Box Office's **"Country Music Concerts"** throws the spotlight on a number of C&W festivals around the country. Coming up soon is one concert that was filmed at Independence, Kansas, starring Merle Haggard, Roy Clark, and Charlie Rich. ON-TV has planned one-hour specials with the likes of Gilda Radner, Judy Collins, and Spyro Gyra. While Showtime's **"Hot Ticket,"** which formerly resembled a lead-in for Lawrence Welk with its line-up of Liberace, Wayne Newton, and Tom Jones, has apparently caught fire with such upcoming shows as "Joan Rivers' Comedy Hour," "Tanya Tucker . . . Hot!," and "Gallagher." The Grateful Dead are also scheduled for a Showtime go-around, along with a "Bottom's Up" burlesque review, which is to premier sometime in the near future.

Warner-Amex has made perhaps the biggest splash in this market by investing $1 million-plus into a popular music channel to be called **"Pop Clips."** Broadcasting 24 hours a day, 7 days a week by midyear, the company describes the new venture as a teen-oriented video version of the pop music radio format, complete with "video records" and an in-studio disc jockey. Henderson-Crowe Productions, a Los Angeles–based firm, has countered their move with an entry called **"Video Concert Hall,"** which will be leased to participating cable services in local markets.

Comedy has always reigned supreme on pay television, especially since America's funnymen aren't always forced to clean up their blue acts. Subsequently, the laughs are a dime a dozen, and at subscription television rates that's not a bad deal. HBO appears to be the leader in this field, having in the past showcased such newcomers as Robin Williams, Andy Kaufman, and Steve Martin. They hope to repeat that success with **"Comedy Teams,"** featuring twosomes performing at clubs in and around the New York area.

The one to keep your eye on, however, is Showtime's **"Bizarre,"** a half-hour series starring John Byner and produced by veterans Allan Blye and Bob Einstein. According to an industry insider, the show was originally financed by ABC-TV to challenge "Saturday Night Live," but the pilot was "so risqué that the network panicked." Cable has kept it alive.

Another Showtime probable is **"The Big Laff Off,"** part of a series showcasing stand-up comics around the country in "laugh-off" competitions. These will be staggered throughout the year, all of it leading up to the announcement and performance of a final winner.

In the past, drama has been represented on pay television solely in the form of feature film reruns. Now, however, in an attempt to lure away a substantial percentage of free-television viewers, cable services are devoting more time to original series. ON-TV has dropped a bundle into **"The Professionals,"** a blood-and-guts action yarn produced by the same people who did "The Avengers." HBO has a potpourri of mystery/detective puzzles to run under the tentative title of **"Supersleuths."** Showtime has big plans for its **"Broadway on Showtime"** and lists such upcoming presentations as a revival of **Look Back in Anger**, starring Malcolm McDowell under the direction of Lindsay Anderson, and **Hold Me**, by Jules Feiffer, starring Paul Dooley.

Shortly after Showtime announced its theatrical acquisitions, HBO announced it had hired Broadway producer Arthur Whitelaw to develop both revivals and new properties in order to head off the competition. Their first effort under Whitelaw's charge will be **Vanities**, which features Annette O'Toole, Meredith Baxter Birney, and Shelly Hack, taped in Los Angeles.

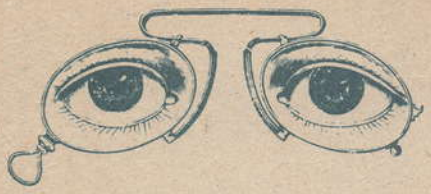
In what appeared to be the first cable swipe at Hollywood, HBO produced a series of sequels to the Academy Award–winning "Who Are the DeBolts?" entitled **"Stepping Out: The DeBolts Grow Up."** Host Kris Kristofferson traced five years in the life of the family that adopted 19 handicapped children and committed itself to raising them. Along this line, Showtime debuts **"Carousel,"** a series which will feature family-oriented movies, including 15 half-hour films for children sponsored by the Learning Corporation of America.

Wives repeatedly blame failed marriages on the glut of sportscasts. That being the case, divorce statistics can be expected to spiral on the heels of an announcement that ESPN (Entertainment and Sports Programming Network) will expand coverage to 24 hours a day. This will include National Hockey League action, Top Rank Boxing, World Championship Tennis, NCAA basketball, and over 400 hours of college football.

To make marital matters worse, Showtime has **"The World Roller Disco Championship"** on its schedule, featuring ten of the top roller-skating couples from around the world competing for the crown. And Home Box Office continues its sports-world updates with

Drama in the living room: Look Back in Anger *with McDowell.*

John Byner on "Bizarre": "so risqué that the network panicked."



"Race for the Pennant."

A curious development has been brewing at CBS—which, incidentally, was the first of the power brokers to publicly denounce cable as a flash in the pan. It seems they've finally come to their senses and planned a cable network of their own, scheduled to go into operation sometime in the summer. A CBS spokesperson, quick to qualify the plunge, insists, "This shouldn't be thought of as something *instead of* commercial television. Our cable service is for the type of person who watches "Dallas" on Friday night and wants to wake up Saturday morning to Twyla Tharp." That being the case, "the other CBS" (as it's being called) is sticking exclusively to original drama and television shows that are of cultural interest, dealing with the performing arts, to offset their colorless lineup of freebies.

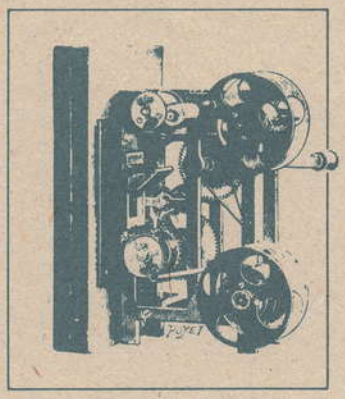
Bill Lulow

Collins: spotlight on specials.

Unfortunately, time-killers are standard fare even on cable television, and so there are borderline listings like **"Ralph Nader for the People,"** which is Showtime's consumer-oriented foray into the mundane; and a sleeper (literally) from Home Box Office called **"Remember When,"** starring Dick Cavett on a weekly trip down memory lane.

Add to those such watered-down entries as **"David Sheehan's Hollywood"** and **"Burlesque USA,"** and it's got to pose a few questions about the future of the cashbox. Which goes to show that with cable, as with free television, you often get what you pay for.—*Robert Spitz*

FILMS



TIME SCHEMES

Against all the frantic, cynical, or merely helpless comic-strip adaptations—touching bottom, I hope, with *Popeye*—there's been only one recent movie with the instincts and appeal that the comics have. Clint Eastwood's ***Any Which Way You Can*** isn't an adaptation of anything I'm aware of, but in its unpretentious vitality it does for film what the comics do for literature. And it shares with the better comic strips an attractive, confident assumption that you've seen the last installment. And so there is some chance of your knowing who's doing what to whom, and why, in this one.

Any Which Way You Can begins about two months after the end of *Every Which Way But Loose*—long enough for Philo Beddoe (Clint Eastwood) to have gotten over being jilted by his pop-singer girl friend, Lynne Halsey-Taylor (Sondra Locke). This makes it reasonable for Lynne and Philo to be getting together again, because in fact *Any Which Way* picks up from *Every Which Way* without missing a beat. Philo still tops the West Coast illegal, impromptu, bare-fisted fight circuit. His brother Orville (Geoffrey Lewis) still ekes out a living from wrecked cars. The overage and overweight Hell's Angel Fat Zack (Barry Corbin) continues leading his merry band of bikers in fruitless vendettas against Philo. And good old Ma (Ruth Gordon) remains locked in angry competition with Philo's pet orangutan, Clyde. "That goddamn banana head" is what Ma has to say about Clyde. The *Every Which Way/Any Which Way* movies have never suffered, of course, from too much good taste.

A film critic I admire has said she prefers this movie to the earlier one because, among other things, it offers comparatively less of Ruth Gordon and more of Clyde. I'd grant her point, but as for the general preference, I'm not so sure. In some ways, *Any Which Way* represents an institutionalizing of the characters and attitudes of *Every Which Way*. And while those characters and attitudes are still attractive, at least part of the attraction must lie in our feeling them to be free and uncalculated. One sequel and many millions of box-office dollars later, you can detect a certain loss of freedom and a gain in calculation. The genuinely complex attraction-repulsion relationship between Lynne and Philo has given way to a simpler, straightforward love affair. And Clyde, a clever idea in the first place, has become too much of a cute thing. Clyde's repertory—totaling automobiles, outwitting Ma, burping, relieving himself in the front seats of police cars—might not win him stardom in a Disney picture, but by *Any Which Way* standards he remains cute. He even presides over the film's first climax—a motel orgy coupling Philo with Lynne, a running-gag tourist with his wife, Clyde with an ardent girl orangutan from a nearby zoo, and even Ma with the motel keeper—"the first live one," she notes, "in twenty years." This may be less offensive in the telling than it is in practice—where it seems not so much a wildly outrageous idea as almost no idea at all.

Sondra Locke: a simpler love.

Any Which Way You Can: *a blue-collar vision of how we ought to be.*

Tess: *sinking under the dark tones of its own natural grandeur.*

The film's second climax, the one that the story—so to speak—is all about, concerns a major fist-fight that eastern gambling interests arrange between Philo and another champion (William Smith), to take place in Jackson, Wyo. Since Philo makes friends with his rival early on, the actual combat proves nothing except the triumph of personal trust over publicly advertised aggression.

Buddy Van Horn, a newcomer, is director of *Any Which Way You Can*. But the guiding spirit must be Clint Eastwood, whose filmmaking enterprise for years now has been to promote good feelings rather than the tight-lipped violence for which he's famous. When you've said everything you can against the movie, the good feelings remain—as part of a beer-guzzling, hard-fighting, free-fucking, benign blue-collar vision of how we ought to be. Only an idiot would believe we are that way. But only a bigger idiot wouldn't wish we were.

Compared with the late and overpublicized three-and-one-half-hour disaster of *Heaven's Gate*, the three-hour Roman Polanski version of Thomas Hardy's 1891 novel *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* represents a much more interesting and more hopeful misdirection of talent. Lacking Hardy's vision of cosmic coincidence and human doom, Polanski has opted instead for a relatively muted story that emphasizes the gloriously somber countryside of the novelist's mythical Wessex (essentially Dorset, in southern England, though in fact the film was shot in the towns and fields of Normandy).

The story is difficult and arbitrary in its straining to find tragedy in the material of nineteenth-century bourgeois melodrama: a poor and proud young country woman is mishandled by her wealthy lover and her narrowly idealistic husband until she kills the lover in a vain attempt at union with the husband. Nevertheless, the melodrama, and not the setting, carries the interest. And Polanski's ***Tess*** tends to sink under the lovely dark tones of its own natural grandeur.

Tess becomes impressive every time it gets unabashedly close to its people, especially Tess herself, played by a largely untried 19-year-old German-born actress, Nastassia Kinski. It's not that she is so great (though she is very good and beautiful and sufficiently self-contained to keep part of herself secret from the scrutiny of the camera), but that she is inherently more interesting than the landscape. I can imagine a *Tess* shot by some genius of austere storytelling, like the late Roberto Rossellini, which could have been a masterpiece. Even Polanski, of *Repulsion, Rosemary's Baby,* or his underrated *Macbeth*, might have taken a different, more intensive tack.

As it stands, Tess is neither disreputable nor, through most of its slow three hours, really boring. But it seems to me only half an achievement—a motion picture that is caught between the potential of the tale and the tradition of dramatic landscape painting that the director seems to prefer.

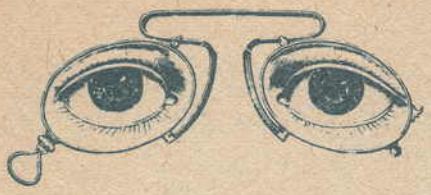
For a lesson in how to set people in landscape—or on an island, in a theater, or in their own houses or apartments—you could not do better than ***Mon Oncle d'Amérique***, by the French director Alain Resnais. His feeling for the enchantment of place may be unique in current films.

Resnais belongs to a fairly specialized intellectual tradition in French cinema, one developing largely out of his own work (*Hiroshima Mon Amour, Muriel,* etc.) of the 1950s and 1960s. His new movie includes a lecture-demonstration in behavioral psychology, complete with laboratory rats in cages, running right alongside the human drama it comments on. But Resnais manages to root his thinking in a context so dense that it, too, becomes part of the drama, and we understand it with our senses—the way we understand expectation, remembrance, and whatever else pertains to the recurring subject of all his films: the passage of time.

Mon Oncle d'Amérique deals mainly with three characters whose lives sometimes intertwine. Jean Le Gall (Roger-Pierre) is a middle-aged literary intellectual who for a while becomes news director of the French radio system in Paris. During that time he leaves his wife and takes as his mistress Janine Garnier (Nicole Garcia), a handsome young actress who enjoys a brief success in one production of a Left Bank theater. When Jean and Janine break up, she changes careers, enters textile design, and in that connection becomes instrumental in deciding the fate of René Ragueneau (Gerard Depardieu), a plant manager whose small weaving mill is taken over by the conglomerate for which Janine works.

A lot happens in the course of the movie, much of it quite funny, but nothing is really resolved. The American uncle of the title—somebody mysterious and successful, to whom each character makes reference—never appears. When, unexpectedly, we do see America, in a curious photograph-

German actress Nastassia Kinski as Thomas Hardy's doomed heroine.



ic essay at the end, what we see—perhaps the South Bronx—is in total ruins. But on one tenement wall is painted a leafy forest scene—reminiscent of France's Brittany countryside, where *Mon Oncle d'Amérique* began. I'm sure the circularity is intended. It's a game, but full of lovely resonance, as if the film were adding to our store of memories each time it takes us into the mazes of its people's lives.

By way of several superb performances, the elaborate and humane psychology lecture, a whole system of old feature-film clips, and the precise and evocative images incorporating the history of three lives, we experience a kind of layering—as if we were always looking into the distance, no matter how engrossing the action immediately at hand. *Mon Oncle d'Amérique* thus becomes a meditation, fascinating in its stories, but not limited by those stories. The people, of course, resemble the laboratory animals in their patterns of behavior. Too simple. The animals don't "explain" the people. They prefigure them, as aspects of an evolutionary process that the film keeps present before our eyes. But, like the images of any movie, that process is always passing out of view. So you may find yourself, as I do, left with a pang of nostalgia for each moment of this elegant, ravishingly intelligent film.—*Roger Greenspun*

The lab rats in Mon Oncle.

WORDS

THE TERROR WITHIN

Aside from *Hansel and Gretel,* which practically paralyzed me at age four, the scariest book I've ever read is Anthony Summers's ***Conspiracy*** (McGraw-Hill). Taking off from the recent conclusion of the House Select Committee on Assassinations that Lee Harvey Oswald was not the sole assassin of President Kennedy, Summers presents a compelling case for an assassination conspiracy. It involves Cuban nationalists, the Mafia, U.S. military intelligence, the Soviet KGB, and in the thick of it all, the CIA—which Kennedy himself once said he would like "to splinter into a thousand pieces and scatter to the winds."

The second-scariest book on my nightmare list is Cord Meyer's ***Facing Reality*** (Harper & Row). Written by the CIA officer who headed up the Directorate for Operations (translation: the Department of Dirty Tricks) during Watergate, the book is an elaborate but totally transparent whitewash of the Agency. Unconvincing in its defenses and denials of (publicly documented) CIA skullduggery, the book is terrifying for its serene philosophy that the CIA is an untouchable entity, with a God-given license to do whatever it damned well pleases.

If that isn't scary enough, let me refer you to Mr. J. William Middendorf II, head of the transition-team panel that recently studied the organization and operations of the nation's intelligence programs. Middendorf's recommendations to the new president: more money and more power for the CIA, with a special increase in covert counterintelligence activity abroad.

Before anybody accuses me of paranoia, let me hide behind a bunch of recently published novels about secret conspiracies and foreign intrigue. Fictional thrillers are always a solid guide for people's private fears. And if the level of paranoia reflected in these books is at all valid on a national scare-scale, this entire country could be committed to a nuthouse.

To be sure, thrillers have always depended on a natural fear of an outside threat: the Russians, the Chinese, the Martians. But there's been a dramatic reversal in spy fiction lately. The threat and the fear still operate, but the outside force now comes from within. In today's thrillers the villain is far more likely to be the CIA, the secretary of state, or your mother than Russia. The real enemy, you see, is Us, not Them.

Take David Wise's ***Spectrum*** (Viking). Written by a journalist who has become obsessed about the CIA (see such earlier books about the Agency as *The Invisible Government, The U-2 Affair, The Espionage Establishment,* and *The Politics of Lying*), this brisk tale of international intrigue inspires pure paranoia. The villain of the piece is the director of the CIA, hell-bent on destroying his own station head in London. Unluckily for this pigeon, he has all the dope on his superior's secret stockpile of stolen nuclear bombs—the unscrupulous director's personal insurance that the president won't dismantle the agency and get his ass.

Like a lot of books hooked on the notion that you can't trust anybody these days, *Spectrum* subjects the most commonplace phenomena to intense scrutiny—under Wise's obsessively wary eye, even the hero's preparation of a veal piccata seems mysterious, faintly menacing. This descriptively detailed technique pays off best in some scenes set in the CIA's laboratories, where Wise lovingly examines some of the Agency's more ingenious and outlandish murder toys.

A CIA rotten apple is also the villain of Robert Footman's ***Once a Spy*** (Dodd, Mead), a potboiler which really should not be mentioned in the same breath with Wise's class act. Footman's hero is a minor-league spy who comes in from the cold just long enough to get sent off by his enemy on some dicey mission in the Far East. (In today's atmosphere of high paranoia, he should know that the last person to trust is a friend.) But the real centerpiece of this hack novel is the hero's sidekick, a ludicrously drawn creature

Stanley Tretick

David Wise: CIA murder toys.

of the female gender who looks "like a Charlie's Angel" and walks "like a leopard." This walking wet dream is not only a crack shot; she also flies planes, races cars, and screws like the pro she used to be. Unfortunately, it takes our tired hero all the way to page 187 to make it in the sack with this paragon, and then in such chaste literary style that the event becomes as boring as the rest of the book.

Women also figure centrally in Dwight Martin's ***The Triad Imperative*** (Congdon and Lattes). This dud directs us to focus our paranoia on a sinister terrorist organization that dates back to seventeenth-century China. But we are easily distracted from the activities of this nefarious society by the

hordes of women Martin introduces to goose his pokey plot. A regular United Nations assemblage (the ladies come from Thailand, China, France, Vietnam, Burma, and Ceylon), these mistresses come in assorted colors but are uniformly gorgeous and technically proficient. Actually, Martin handles the between-the-sheets action a lot more conscientiously than his story about a threatened Indochina War. Making at least one reader wonder what this foreign correspondent actually did in Asia when he was supposed to be covering seven wars and revolutions for *Newsweek*.

In addition to the CIA and naked women wearing carbine belts between their breasts, all kinds of machines figure large as objects of the paranoia we're picking up in current spy fiction. Ethan I. Shedley's ***The Medusa Conspiracy*** (Viking) makes a good read for all those nervous people who have long suspected that computers are taking over the world.

Medusa is this supercomputer that seems to be running the affairs of the entire U.S. government until it has some kind of nervous breakdown and mysteriously starts screwing up our international affairs. Aside from being anti-Semitic (most of its misinformation is mischievously directed at the state of Israel), the renegade computer also seems to have acquired a yen for global warfare. The hero (a computer programmer, would you believe it!) must determine whether Medusa has independently achieved a malevolent intelligence. But I don't have to tell you that the CIA is behind the whole megillah. He tries hard, this computer chap, but he's a bit of a drip as a hero. I prefer this Israeli general who fixes his car engine with a fountain pen—proving that the pen is still mighty enough for something in this dehumanized world.

A computer gizmo also has a leading role in Alfred Coppel's ***The Hastings Conspiracy*** (Holt, Rinehart & Winston), another slick international-intrigue caper. This sophisticated war toy belongs to the Russkies and is advising them to kick the U.S.A. out of England so they can launch a powerful thrust across Europe. The beautiful part is that the Soviets are only implementing an evil scheme concocted by (you guessed it!) the director of the CIA. Once alerted that its dirty linen is being aired, the Agency initiates a cover-up so complicated that it makes Watergate look like a *Daily News* headline.

Anyway, no citizen of either Russia, England, or the U.S.A.—if he buys Coppel's paranoid vision of wholesale conspiracy—will ever trust his government as far as he could throw it. No head of state ever seems to know what his intelligence network is up to, and the snooping, spying, and undercover track-work in this book are trickier to crack than your IRS form.

Jean Francois Allaux

Aside from your very own government, the paranoia merchants are sending out strong signals not to trust your friends or family, either. Two rather decent fear-mongers—Reginald Hill's ***The Spy's Wife*** (Pantheon) and Richard Jessup's ***Threat*** (Viking)—examine the paranoia factor from within.

The Hill number is a British entrant, and its stiff-chin brand of emotion might send you crawling, but it's a neat psychological study. All the spy work has been done before the novel opens, leaving the author free to probe the chaotic thoughts and feelings of a woman who discovers that her husband has long been a traitor, spying on his country for the Soviets. There's an unconvincing rendezvous in Bucharest with old Sam, the sneak, and heavy breathing from British Intelligence and the ever itchy CIA. (The British obviously share our paranoia.) But Hill gets his best effects from quietly penetrating his subject's mind.

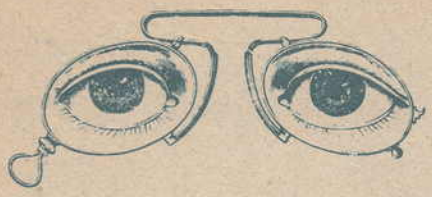
Threat scares us with the ultimate fear: ourselves. The oddball hero-villain is a Vietnam vet, the product and reflection of his native country. ("Most of what he knew came from the traditional mid-American-establishment thinking. . . . Nearly all of what he had learned about life stemmed from a military, or paramilitary, environment.") In a generously nervous-making plot (sure to be lifted for a Major Motion Ripoff), the Threat executes an ingenious scheme for terrorizing that most typical of American establishment monuments: the luxury hotel. Apart from its mechanical thrills and scrupulous attention to all the obsessive details of bomb construction, the book also pays off with its nicely cynical philosophy of modern paranoia—fear that's real, because we ourselves have created the Threat and allowed it to flower inside our society.—*Marilyn Stasio*

SOUNDS

SAXOPHONE COLOSSUS

Arthur Blythe is a big man. His alto saxophone looks like a shiny new toy when he picks it up and sounds like it's met its master when he plays it. Sometimes Blythe leads a swinging quartet with a pianist, bassist, and drummer, a group he calls In The Tradition. Sometimes he leads a bizarre funk band that steams along in a dance groove, but then he uses tuba instead of bass and an amplified cello as a second melody instrument. No matter who he's playing with, Blythe spins out sparkling streams of melody and punches hard at the beat with consummate authority. He was practically unknown back in 1974 when he left his native Los Angeles for New York City. Now, with three Columbia albums under his belt, he's widely recognized as the contemporary colossus of the alto saxophone.

Blythe's saxophone sings of wide-open spaces, a circumstance he attributes to his upbringing. "In California," he said recently, "I had the time and space to develop a personality, to get my perspective clear on who I was. The poorest people out there have a garage, a backyard, a little garden or something. When I was about four years old, my family moved from Los Angeles down to San Diego, and there we lived in an uncultivated area with a lot of canyons—a place to go fishing, with crawdad holes and things. That kind of space was good; it was a little touch of the city, but it



was like the country, too."

By 1950, when he was ten years old, Blythe was already playing the saxophone. The first music that attracted his attention was the rhythm-and-blues that was then popular among blacks, and he was playing in blues bands as early as 1952 or 1953. His playing still has a bluesy edge to it, and it has what he calls "that boody thing," as in "shake your boody." When he was 18 or 19, Blythe left home and supported himself at a variety of jobs while continuing to play the saxophone and learning more about jazz. "When I heard Charlie Parker," he says, "I didn't understand him, not at first. The first person I really heard and understood was Thelonious Monk, and then I was able to connect with Cannonball Adderly and Parker and John Coltrane. Coltrane stimulated me more at the time, but as I got older I was able to find out who gave who what gifts and was able to put everything in a better perspective. Trane inspired me, but Bird inspired him, and it goes on back to Louis Armstrong, Buddy Bolden, all the way back. It's all one common language, and everyone has a personal thing to do with it."

Blythe developed his "personal thing" in the company of a group of musicians who chose to work mostly within their community, the black ghetto of Los Angeles, and have never enjoyed national reputations. Among them were Horace Tapscott, a pianist and a bandleader whose groups included Blythe through most of the sixties, and the drummer and writer Stanley Crouch. Both men played important roles in the saxophonist's career. When Tapscott made his first album, *The Giant Is Awakened* (Flying Dutchman, 1969), he featured Blythe. The record didn't sell well, but it did introduce the saxophonist to jazz fans outside Los Angeles. Crouch, who also led bands that included Blythe, became his most vocal champion in print. Crouch moved to New York City shortly before Blythe and became a writer for the *Village Voice* and other publications. During the mid-seventies, when Arthur was building a reputation and work was scarce, Crouch wrote about him and badgered critics into going to hear him.

By 1974, when he arrived in Manhattan, Blythe was an accomplished musician with an approach that was all his own. He was 34, an advanced age for a jazz musician whose career is effectively just beginning, but he'd developed confidence and control during his years in Los Angeles. "If I'd been in New York at an earlier age, I think I might have been bombarded with so many heavy dudes that I wouldn't have been able to pick my own direction," he says. "The pace was slower in California; it gave a person a chance to develop more at his own discretion rather than his being forced into something. In New York you're under pressure; you've got to *hit it*."

David Gahr

Arthur Blythe on alto sax: the best modern jazz has to offer.

Blythe hit it. He was a family man, not a carefree young turk with a horn; so he took jobs that would pay the rent, principally as a sideman (and, almost immediately, a star soloist) with bands led by Chico Hamilton and Gil Evans. The conventional wisdom among younger jazz musicians was that a man should play his own music, no matter what the economic sacrifice, but by working in established bands Blythe played for fans who would never have heard him if he'd confined himself to the avant-garde scene in Greenwich Village and SoHo. He also took day jobs, including a stint as a watchman at a porno theater. And he played, even if the job was in a loft and might attract only 10 or 20 people. The word began to spread. Here was a player with an awesome command of his horn, an original style that built on foundations laid down by Parker, Coltrane, and Eric Dolphy, and a natural lyricism capable of charming experienced jazz fans and neophytes alike.

Blythe made audacious albums for the India Navigation and Adelphi labels soon after he moved to New York. He was experimenting with unusual band instrumentation, trying, he said, "to analyze the elements that were involved in the music from a historical point of view—the African elements, the European elements, and this thing we're doing here in America." Thus Blythe's trio on the Adelphi album *Bush Baby* included conga drums (the African element) and tuba (European-American) in addition to his alto saxophone, and his group on *The Grip* and *Metamorphosis* (India Navigation) added trumpet, cello, and a drummer to this basic unit. But it was with the release of his first Columbia album, *Lenox Avenue Breakdown* (1979), that Blythe came into his own. Using drums, percussion, bass, tuba, the advanced electric-guitar stylings of James ("Blood") Ulmer, and the remarkable virtuosity of the young flutist James Newton, the saxophonist fashioned a bright, colorful, hip-shaking new sound that was danceable but left room for serious jazz improvisations. Blythe feels the unusual instrumentation isn't that important. "I think the music works mainly because of the players," he says. "The cats could've been playing pots and pans, anything, as long as they had the musical perceptiveness."

As if to prove his point, Blythe next recorded an album of jazz standards and tradition-oriented originals with a more mainstream lineup of piano, bass, and drums. "I try to adhere to some of the traditional aspects of various periods of the music," he notes. "My experience in various traditional idioms might be limited, but I hear those things in my head and relate to them when I'm doing what I do." The music on his 1979 *In The Tradition* album reflected that orientation. Blythe played Duke Ellington, Fats Waller, and John Coltrane with a sumptuous tone and singing sense of melody; the performances gave listeners who'd considered him to be an avant-gardist plenty of food for thought. But *In The Tradition* was a careful, refined piece of work that lacked the fire of the saxophonist's live concerts. An album that captured his extraordinary range of styles *and* his unquenchable fire was the next order of business, and *Illusions* filled the bill.

In fact, *Illusions* is the most impressive new jazz LP of 1980. On three tracks Blythe fronts his In The Tradition quartet, and he plays hotter than on any of his previous recordings. On the other three tracks, the band includes drums, tuba, cello, and guitarist "Blood" Ulmer, and the music shakes and finger-pops. All the tunes are Blythe originals, and they're an attractive bunch; several were recorded earlier, on *The Grip* and *Bush Baby*, but the new versions are definitive. Instead of editing himself, as he seemed to be doing on earlier albums, Blythe lets himself go, and while his solos aren't any longer, they're more satisfying for being both outgoing and handsomely constructed. This is modern jazz at its best, and proof positive that Blythe is going to be one of the trendsetters of the 1980s.—*Robert Palmer*

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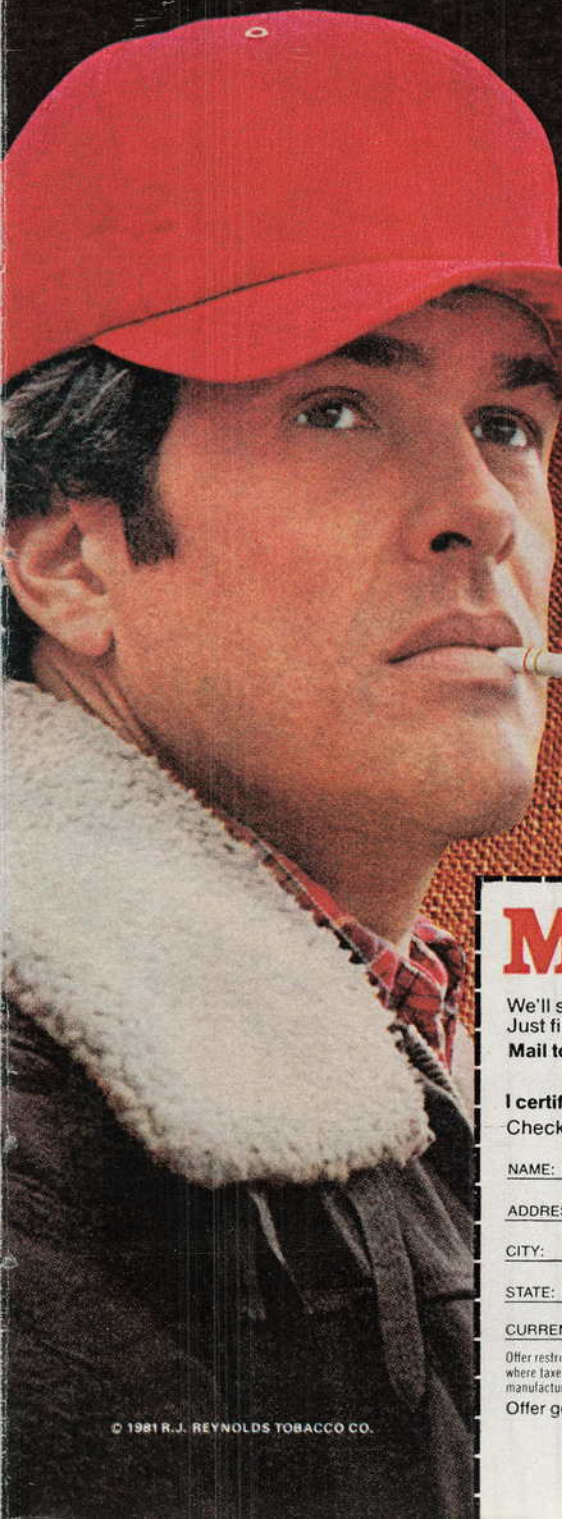

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The systematic abuse of civil liberties by the Internal Revenue Service makes the illegal activities of the CIA, the FBI, and the DEA pale by comparison.

THE NEW AMERICAN GESTAPO

BY ERNEST VOLKMAN AND JOHN CUMMINGS

On August 2, 1979, the mighty power of the United States government, in all its resplendent majesty, stood outside the battered 1970 Volkswagen of Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Oliver of Fairbanks, Alaska.

The government's might stood in the form of a half-dozen agents of the Internal Revenue Service, its most feared agency. They demanded that the Olivers remove themselves from the vehicle so that the IRS could seize it in partial satisfaction of a tax lien of $3,300. The Olivers refused, insisting that the IRS (or any other government agency) had no right to seize anyone's property without a court order.

The Olivers were wrong—the law specifically gives the IRS "power of distraint and seizure by any means" without regard to such things as court orders. So, balked in their attempt to get the Olivers out of their car, the IRS agents then smashed in the car's windows with nightsticks and bodily dragged out the automobile's former owners.

The case of the Olivers is only one of a growing number that have occurred all over this country during the past few years. What neither the Olivers nor the other targets in hundreds of similar cases do not know is that they are the victims of an official IRS policy to abandon its pursuit of big-time tax cheats in favor of a war against the ordinary taxpayers of this country.

As the sight of six IRS agents smashing out the windows of a car as part of a $3,300 tax case shows, the unleashing of the awesome power of the IRS against what amounts to penny-ante tax collections is a gross misuse of agency power. Worse, while the IRS agents are harassing small-time taxpayers, the people they're supposed to be pursuing are getting away with murder. Here are a few examples:

- In Los Angeles police stopped a suspicious armored car and used specially trained dogs to sniff the inside of the truck for narcotics. The dogs detected traces of heroin, but in the course of the search, police struck paydirt: more than $4 million in cash, apparently on its way to the bank after a lucrative narcotics deal. Police notified the IRS, but the agency evinced no interest whatsoever in the case.
- In San Francisco a major Drug Enforcement Administration investigation drew up a list of major drug dealers who were subject to IRS prosecution for failing to pay taxes on millions

PAINTING BY GOTTFRIED HELNWEIN

of dollars in profits on illegal drug sales. The list was turned over to the IRS, but when DEA agents tried to get it back, they were told that the list was now a "confidential tax matter" and could not be returned.

• In New York a major drug trafficker named Nicky Barnes was finally convicted on narcotics charges after a long investigation by federal prosecutors. It was not until after his trial that they discovered that Barnes had brazenly listed $250,000 from narcotics sales on his income tax return. IRS agents never bothered to inform other federal agencies of that critical fact and showed no interest in prosecuting Barnes, called by drug agents one of the biggest narcotics dealers in the United States.

• In Miami, crossroads for most of the estimated $40 billion annual narcotics business in this country, federal agents have had a difficult time trying to nail crooked bankers, lawyers, and accountants who have been hiding most of that money without paying taxes. But the IRS has given only minimal cooperation, despite mounting evidence of hundreds of millions of dollars in untaxed money lying around in Florida banks (the drug pushers have become so open that they arrive at banks with large cardboard boxes stuffed with cash for deposit). At the moment there is an incredible $5 billion cash surplus in the Federal Reserve System in Florida, most of it narcotics money.

Such examples are now nearly endless. They all amount to one thing: the narcotics kingpins, organized-crime leaders, and major white-collar criminals who once feared the IRS and its considerable powers—beginning with Al Capone, the IRS was for decades the scourge of major criminals, white-collar and otherwise—now have little to fear. The IRS is currently after very different targets. What kind? The most defenseless targets in America, the small taxpayers. Consider a few recent targets:

• A major campaign against casino and restaurant workers in Las Vegas, apparently part of an attempt to "make an example," as one IRS official put it, of such workers in order to intimidate the rest. There are in this country an estimated 2 million hotel and restaurant workers whose income is divided between salary and tips they are supposed to declare. The IRS suspects widespread cheating on declaration of tips by such employees, hence the campaign. But even assuming for a moment that all such workers cheat a little—and there is no evidence that they do—such a massive campaign hardly seems worth the potential return.

• Another major campaign to crack down on independent contractors, especially fishermen, independent truckers, small farmers, and other similar entrepreneurs. As part of the drive, justified by what the IRS claims is significant underreporting of income by such workers (a claim disputed by the federal Office of Management and Budget), the agency wants to subject all self-employed persons to withholding. The IRS attempt is nearly insane: the cost of doing business will increase significantly for such workers without any corresponding increase of tax monies to the Treasury.

• Strong efforts to harass middle-class taxpayers, especially those the IRS considers gross violators. Special targets seem to be mom-and-pop operations, certain doctors and dentists, and small businesses. The harassment has sometimes taken gestapo connotations: until finally stopped, IRS agents in Idaho were putting chains and padlocks on businesses that didn't pay their taxes on time and, in other instances, chained cars of recalcitrant taxpayers to utility poles.

• As a means of forestalling a growing tax protest movement, IRS agents have begun a major drive to infiltrate and otherwise harass a number of taxpayer protest groups. All those attending such meetings can expect tax trouble.

All things considered, it's no wonder that, according to an FBI report last year, 74 percent of all threats and 41 percent of all assaults on federal workers were directed at IRS employees.

> The official IRS policy is to abandon its pursuit of big-time tax cheats in favor of a war against the ordinary taxpayers of this country.

"The high-handed bureaucratic excesses of the IRS are a national disgrace," says Sen. Paul Laxalt of Nevada. "Evidence reveals that the IRS singles out areas of the country for special enforcement. It will go completely against congressional intent and thirty years of past policy by changing its rules to squeeze out more revenue. We appear to be witnessing an agency totally out of control, running roughshod over taxpayers and making a joke out of our rule of laws. The cases of abuse are easy to document and too numerous to count."

Laxalt was especially exercised about the obsessive IRS campaign against workers in Las Vegas. Last year he and Sen. Harrison Schmitt of New Mexico convened special hearings of the Appropriations Subcommittee on the Treasury to review a lengthening list of taxpayer complaints about the IRS. Among other things, Laxalt was shocked to learn that the IRS had assigned 170 full-time employees to its Las Vegas office, including 26 special agents (Los Angeles has 11 special agents to oversee a taxpayer population ten times as large). As Laxalt discovered, all that IRS manpower wasn't in Las Vegas to look into the millions earned by casinos or to investigate possible organized-crime connections with the gaming industry or even the activities of rich gamblers. No, all that manpower has been used to investigate busboys, waitresses, casino dealers, and hotel chambermaids, whose combined salaries wouldn't even put a dent in the money raked up by one big casino in just one night of heavy action.

IRS agents themselves admit privately that Laxalt and other critics are right: they have been ordered to withdraw from the war against big-time criminals and spend their time tracking down what they call "the penny cases," those involving small claims against mostly middle-class taxpayers, who lack the resources to tackle the IRS. In almost all cases those taxpayers quietly pay what the IRS tells them they owe Uncle Sam.

There is an increasing amount of congressional criticism over IRS operations, and that, coupled with increasing taxpayer resistance, could eventually lead to an overhauling of the present system. But the new Reagan administration seems not to be headed in that direction: despite the clout of so bitter an IRS critic as Laxalt in the new administration, its plan seems to center on keeping the system as presently constituted but sharply reducing tax rates to defuse taxpayer opposition. In the view of most of Reagan's economists, such reductions will also end the so-called underground economy, the proliferating system under which many taxpayers simply overlook paying taxes on their income as a means of quiet protest against the system. That economy, now estimated at somewhere between $40 billion and $70 billion a year (not including criminal profits that escape the tax collector), will be reduced, the economists argue, by merely reducing the tax rates that force middle-income taxpayers into such a sub-rosa system.

Perhaps, but the fact is that for the taxpayers of this country, none of whom *like* to pay taxes, after all, the IRS represents an autocratic, jerry-built agency that appears to be in a constant state of fury against the people from whom it is voluntarily collecting taxes. No amount of tinkering with tax rates will obscure the fact that the taxpayers are fed up with a system that is at once confiscatory, impossible to fathom, and arbitrary. Soaring tax rates are only part of the reason why so many taxpayers are defecting from the system and working in a vast, tax-free underground economy.

Taxpayer confidence in the system is hardly enhanced by the sight of the IRS spending its time moving against small fry while the big fish remain undisturbed. Where are the IRS drives against the organized crime leaders, the big white-collar criminals, the crooked big business-

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men, and the major drug dealers?

They hardly exist, which is why federal law enforcement officials and former and present IRS agents nearly unanimously say that the agency is in danger of losing what credibility it has left because of its refusal to take on major tax violators.

"Right now," says Robert Rust, a former U.S. attorney noted for his prosecution of tax cases during his tenure in Florida a few years ago (he's now in private practice), "the IRS is harassing the middle-class businessman and the mom-and-pop grocery stores. It is not putting forth the major effort it should be with regard to those individuals involved in the trafficking of money and narcotics, cases which other police agencies have great difficulty in making. The IRS is involved in rinky-dink cases."

Some former and present IRS agents are even more blunt. "They've shot all the tigers and put the rabbits in charge," says Richard Jaffe, a former IRS field supervisor for its Intelligence Division, now called the Criminal Investigation Division. "It's a joke." An IRS agent working on the West Coast says privately, "Talk to any IRS men anyplace in the country, and they'll all tell you the same thing: we've been told to stay away from the big organized-crime and drug cases. We're told to make the little cases—you know, the traditional small-time cheaters, like small businessmen, doctors, and others in the middle class. Those cases are easy to make, and the statistics look good; we nailed so-and-so many cases. But it's a farce: just last week I saw the IRS make a big deal out of nailing some doctor for twelve hundred dollars. Can you imagine? That's pennies, compared to what's really out there."

True: taking even the IRS's own figures, there is an estimated $35 billion in unreported illegal income each year from narcotics and other criminal activities—and some authorities consider that figure much too low. That still means at least $9 billion in taxes is denied Uncle Sam each year from unreported income on criminal activities alone. Just to cite one example, a major narcotics dealer, recently arrested on the West Coast, was found to have $32 million stashed in a Mexican bank. The IRS seemed uninterested in the disclosure and made no effort to get at any of the money.

Officials of federal anticrime strike forces throughout the country complain privately that lack of IRS involvement in their major cases means, in many instances, there are no major cases. Traditionally, cases against major crime figures or big-time white-collar criminals are difficult to prosecute, mainly because big-time crooks are careful to cover their tracks. But everybody who earns money has to fill out a tax return, and that fact has become an Achilles heel to a long list of big fish that were ultimately nailed on tax charges, ranging from Al Capone to Spiro Agnew. Why isn't the Internal Revenue Service pursuing such cases today?

"Two reasons," says an IRS special agent, one of the men who are supposed to prepare major tax-evasion cases. "First, major tax cases are very difficult to make; they take a long while and are extremely difficult to prosecute. Figure that to prosecute a maior tax-evasion case will cost about fiftv thousand dollars. The second reason is that most of your major tax violators are politically well connected. You take a look at some of the really big tax-evasion operations: they can't work without the connivance and help of lawyers and tax accountants, and well-paid ones, too. The IRS doesn't want to touch politically sensitive cases; so that's why it likes to move against middle-class targets; these people aren't so well connected, and you can squeeze them pretty good. On the other hand, a big tax-evasion operation will have layers of legal protection, and the kind of money they have buys a lot of political influence. The big thing today is drugs. I've seen big, legitimate businesses which were actually founded by money earned from cocaine smuggling—millions of dollars. That's hard to fight, especially when all that money is spread around in political contributions. Let's face it: these days money spent in the right circles will buy you immunity from tax prosecutions; there's no doubt about it."

> Narcotics kingpins, organized-crime leaders, and major white-collar criminals who once feared the IRS and its considerable powers . . . now have very little to fear.

Ironically, the IRS is uniquely equipped to handle such major cases—in fact, some civil libertarians have argued for years, *too* well equipped. Most American taxpayers, if they have any face-to-face dealings with the IRS, almost always deal with its Audit Division. The mere notice of an audit to the average taxpayer is enough to make his or her brow break out in a sweat, because as anyone who has undergone an auditing experience knows, the IRS is usually holding all the aces in the deck. It is the IRS which decides what interpretation of the increasingly complicated tax laws is correct, precisely where you erred; and how much it will cost you to get back in the federal government's good graces.

Unless you're prepared to fight the IRS interpretation up to the Tax Court—that is to say, willing to lay out the required legal fees to do so—you'll probably pay what the IRS says, arbitrarily, you owe it. Much more rarely, the IRS will say that you're an outright tax evader. In other words, you didn't mistakenly forget to include extra income when filling out your tax return or overstate your deductions—you *deliberately* set out to deprive the IRS of its rightful due.

In that event, you will become involved with the tender mercies of a much less known division of the IRS—its Criminal Investigation Division. At one time the division was one of the most powerful, awe-inspiring agencies in the federal government, an agency whose powers still dwarf any of the powers held by such agencies as the FBI and the CIA.

Consider: to begin with, the IRS has an unparalleled source of intelligence information, namely, your tax return. A tax return will tell anybody everything there is to know about you—how much money you have, how you spent it, the size of your family, your religion, what illnesses your family had, where you worked, where you live, whether you sought psychiatric help, what your political affiliation is. Each year the people of the United States voluntarily—or perhaps not so voluntarily—reveal to the IRS the most private and personal aspects of their lives.

What they reveal is the heart of a vast data bank on 80 million American taxpayers. It lies in giant computers in the IRS main data bank, retrievable in seconds by linked computer terminals at IRS offices throughout the country. These offices administer the collection of $142 billion in taxes annually on about $1.073 trillion of income, an estimated 92 percent of all income—legal and illegal—earned every year in this country. At one time information from those data banks was about as freely available throughout the federal government as that in a daily newspaper. So available, in fact, that in the wake of the Nixon scandals, new laws passed in 1976 severely restricted the dissemination of taxpayer data. But the law has turned out to be too restrictive in that it blocks other federal law enforcement groups from obtaining facts about major criminals. There is pending legislation to strike a new balance.

At any rate, the data banks are only the beginning of the IRS power, best exemplified by the weapons available to its Criminal Investigation Division. The CID, as it's known at the IRS, has powers not even approached by those of any other law enforcement or intelligence agency. The CID can obtain detailed financial information from any taxpayer on demand, without subpoena. It can conduct audits of anyone's finances, again, without subpoena. It has unlimited powers to collect intelligence information on anyone suspected of tax fraud. (The IRS itself decides who the suspects are.) It is accountable to no one but the IRS. Without a court order it can seize property for payment of

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taxes, the only known legal exception to the U.S. Constitution's Fourth Amendment ban against such warrantless seizures.

That being the case, why isn't this vast power being used against major violators? The answer is complicated, composed of equal parts of high-level politics, a list of 309 names, a man who wrote in green ink, another man known as TW-24, and a conservative midwestern tax lawyer who became a noted civil libertarian.

To understand how all these pieces fit together, it is necessary to go back to 1951. In that year, following the highly publicized Kefauver hearings on organized crime, the federal law enforcement establishment realized that the hearings had revealed a major flaw in the government's drive against such crime: there was no real, concerted federal action against the major criminals. Most important, there was little effort to use the broad powers of the IRS against leaders of organized crime, the classic case being the one built against Al Capone years before.

The realization led to the creation of the Intelligence Division in the IRS, a unit designed to coordinate tax cases against major criminals who had escaped prosecution on other charges. The new agency, known as IRSID, set to work with a vengeance, in the process making a series of bad mistakes that were later to form the seeds of disaster. Basically, since IRSID was involved in an officially sanctioned "crusade" where no holds were barred, the agency began to walk roughshod over the Constitution. Under high-level pressure to collect evidence that Mafia criminals were evading taxes, IRSID went too far, using warrantless wiretaps, illegal searches and seizures, and tainted testimony from informants, many of whom were criminals themselves (in one case, the agency had a New York informant who ran extortion rackets himself; in another case, in Alabama, it had an informant who ran gambling rackets).

But since IRSID was embarked on a crusade, nobody questioned whether its actions were as criminal as those of the criminals it was trying to destroy. And that failure to oversee its actions led to a second and even greater mistake: IRSID became involved in politics.

The culprit this time was President Kennedy, who in 1961 got the IRS to apply what he called "tax pressure" against a number of right-wing groups he considered to be growing dangerously in influence. IRSID, given the job, created something called the Ideological Organizations Project, a euphemism for what amounted to a secret-police force. The tactics used by this project later became standard fare during the paranoia of the Johnson and Nixon administrations: auditing harassment against "enemies" of the White House, infiltration of informants into groups of political dissidents, and revocation of tax-exempt status for those groups whose policies the incumbent administration didn't happen to like.

Clearly, this was an outrageous abuse of IRS powers, and it reached a pinnacle of sorts with Nixon's famous "enemies list," a compilation of perceived "enemies" of Nixon's policies who were to be crushed by the one power few Americans are in a position to resist: the power to tax. During this period IRSID's approach to constitutional rights was very nearly cavalier; with official sanction, IRSID felt it had nearly unlimited power to do just about anything it wanted. But it was only a matter of time before the worm turned. And when it did, the whole structure came tumbling down, ironically destroying IRSID's one impressive achievement.

That achievement was IRSID's growing success with uncovering the assorted and increasingly sophisticated schemes tax evaders were using to hide their money from Uncle Sam. Among such schemes was the complicated Mafia money-laundering operation, under which organized crime moved the proceeds of prostitution, gambling, and other activities through an incredibly complicated series of money-transfer operations and pumped them into legitimate businesses. The businesses paid their taxes on time and filled out tax returns with meticulous care. The idea was to defeat IRSID's ability to trace illegal money through complicated networks.

> IRS harassment has sometimes taken gestapo connotations: until finally stopped, agents in Idaho were putting chains and padlocks on businesses that didn't pay taxes on time.

The other major target of IRSID was the so-called overseas tax havens, such as Swiss bank accounts and an even more sophisticated hiding place: offshore tax havens in the Caribbean. These havens became a particular target of IRSID in the early 1970s because of a growing realization that there were literally hundreds of millions of dollars being squirreled away from tax collectors. One such haven in particular drew IRSID's attention, an interesting little bank called Castle Bank and Trust, Ltd., located in the Bahamas.

Here's how the Castle Bank scheme—the model for all such schemes in the Caribbean—worked: Castle Bank had no tellers and no cash; indeed, it looked like a simple business office. But that simple little office was a gold mine. Rich clients of the bank, using American connections, "transferred" their funds from the United States to Castle, thereby domiciling them in Nassau, outside the reach of the IRS. In most cases, however, the money never left the United States but was used as tax-free income to be invested in this country (Castle took a hefty fee on such transactions). Simple, but very effective, especially since places like Castle Bank guaranteed client confidentiality, thus making IRS prosecution virtually impossible: without access to bank records, how could a case be prosecuted?

To IRSID, the situation was challenging but not insurmountable, considering the fact that the agency's impressive list of scalps included such convictions as those of Frank Costello, Bobby Baker, ex-Illinois Gov. Otto Kerner, and former Vice-President Spiro Agnew, all of them involving complicated tax-evasion cases. IRSID decided to mount a major operation to uncover the secrets of the offshore tax havens and enlisted an undercover operative known in its files as TW-24—actually, a man named Norman Casper.

Casper, a former private investigator and security adviser for a major airline, had helped out IRSID from time to time in its tracking of organized-crime leaders. Considered one of the best-connected investigators in the Southeast United States, Casper was enlisted for IRSID as a paid undercover operative in 1971 as part of the attack on the offshore tax havens.

Called Operation Tradewinds (and, later, Operation Haven), the IRSID attack centered on obtaining information: how many well-heeled Americans were using the havens? How much money were they hiding there? How did they do it? Who were they?

As things turned out, IRSID badly underestimated how much was involved in the offshore havens. Working under various disguises, including that of narcotics investigator for Interpol, Casper gradually uncovered the secrets of the havens. What he turned up was astounding: hundreds of prominent Americans, including famous politicians, entertainers, and businessmen, were involved in the scam. The money ran into the hundreds of millions. Moreover, organized crime was using the havens, and there was a whole series of subsidiary connections involving gambling casinos and prominent figures who were using the havens to launder campaign contributions.

Casper, who worked three years on Operation Tradewinds/Haven, received about $40,000 for his work, and to IRSID it was a bargain. Casper not only provided a stream of reports on a stunning range of illegal financial activities occurring in the Bahamas but also was able to pin down exactly which Americans were hiding money there. His best operation involved the seduction of a Castle Bank courier on a trip to this country by a woman friend of Casper's, giving Casper and IRSID agents time to photograph important documents in the courier's briefcase—which just happened to contain a

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complete list of million-dollar clients of Castle Bank. The list ran to 309 names.

In effect, IRSID had hit the mother lode and got the legal wheels moving to open a series of prosecutions it was convinced would ultimately become the biggest tax case in American history, one that would get millions of dollars returned to the U.S. Treasury. But what IRSID did not know was that another operation, this one taking place in Florida, was about to halt everything.

That operation was known as Operation Leprechaun. Briefly, it was designed to uncover tax-evasion aspects in a series of political corruption cases emerging in Florida during the early 1970s. The prospect seemed promising, but then IRSID made a number of bad mistakes. Mostly, they centered on one key agent who ran the program and urged his network of informants to collect not only any possible tax information on 30 Florida public officials but also any dirt they could on the sexual and drinking habits of the targets. The informants did just that, in the process collecting such useless trivia as a photograph of a prominent Florida judge performing fellatio on another man. None of this, of course, had anything to do with tax violations, but it was duly collected anyway and entered in dossiers with green handwriting (hence, the name Operation Leprechaun). Such snooping made any prosecution impossible because of constitutional violations.

Enter the key character in this course of events, Donald Alexander, a conservative tax lawyer appointed as the new commissioner of internal revenue in May, 1973. He wasn't in office a week when he set off an earthquake: he ordered Leprechaun ended, Tradewinds/Haven closed down, and a full-scale in-house investigation of those and other similar operations. He then transferred or forced to retire dozens of agents and wrote a new set of regulations strictly limiting IRSID's investigatory role; this entailed the removal of IRSID agents from various federal organized-crime strike forces, the innovative and highly successful coordinated attack by federal law enforcement agencies against major organized-crime figures.

Alexander's purge, virtually unnoticed during the Watergate scandal, came before congressional committees began digging into the abuses of intelligence agencies, including those of IRSID. In congressional testimony in 1975, Alexander said he took his actions because of what he considered clear violations of constitutional rights by IRSID. Alexander was warmly congratulated by the committees for taking such action, and they pronounced themselves satisfied that IRSID had been brought "under control." In the process, of course, the committees overlooked the fact that the new regulations were just that—regulations—without the binding force of federal law; there was nothing to stop a future commissioner of internal revenue from ripping up those regulations and unleashing the Intelligence Division once more.

Less congratulatory about Alexander's actions are a number of present and former IRS agents, who insist that the purge in the IRS had less to do with civil liberties than it did with political influence.

"It was all bullshit," says one former agent. "Really, what happened was that Haven was much too successful; it turned up an awful lot of people who were, shall we say, very well connected. No way in the world they were going to be prosecuted, no way. See, if you can show that somebody was using a tax haven like Castle Bank, that's a large part of your case for tax evasion right there, because if he didn't declare it on his tax return, you can show *willfulness*, that he *intended* to evade right from the beginning. Let me tell you something: a lot of important people were sweating bullets when the word got around that the IRS was about to prosecute people connected with Castle Bank." (Actually, the investigation may not be dead: agents say that they are attempting to revive it before the seven-year statute of limitations on tax evasion runs out in May of this year.)

"The high-handed bureaucratic excesses of the IRS are a national disgrace," says Reagan adviser Sen. Paul Laxalt. "We appear to be witnessing an agency totally out of control."

Feelings among IRS agents still run so deep about the Haven episode that some agents hint that among the tax cheats uncovered in Casper's investigation was the name of Alexander's old Cincinnati law firm. (There is no evidence to support this assertion.) Alexander himself, who left office in 1977 when Carter came to power, has called such talk "scurrilous dung." Some congressional investigators say that Alexander probably was telling the truth when he told investigating committees of his concern over "abuses" by his intelligence agency, although they concede that there has been a long-standing unwillingness on the part of Congress to delve too deeply into IRS investigative matters, since a number of members of Congress themselves have tax skeletons to hide.

In any event, when all the dust settled, the IRS found itself, in effect, with an emasculated intelligence agency. True, it still had its considerable powers, but they had been curbed, especially with regard to its major targets: organized crime, major criminals, and the rich and powerful tax evaders. When the Criminal Investigation Division—née the Intelligence Division—picked itself up from the wreckage of the Alexander purge, it found itself in the position of a heavyweight fighter barred from fighting opponents his own size. That left only one possible kind of opponent: a much smaller and weaker one. Thus far, it's been no contest, but the inequality of the match—and recurring horror stories from around the country about the IRS moving against penny-ante tax cheats—is beginning to stir some resentment in Congress. New congressional investigations of IRS practices are about to open, and some congressional critics of the IRS are beginning to stir. One of the leading critics, Rep. Don Young, the Republican from Alaska, has introduced a bill requiring the IRS to obtain a court order before seizing a taxpayer's property. Young is among a vanguard of congressmen who think that present laws governing the IRS are too broad and vague, a position seconded by civil-liberties organizations.

It is also seconded by many federal prosecutors and IRS agents themselves, who concede that congressional committees made a bad mistake in not including the IRS in the proposed charters for such agencies as the FBI and the CIA.

Without such guidelines, the Criminal Investigation Division is a mess. IRS agents at the moment are barred from taking part in federal strike-force raids, are not supposed to make any arrests, cannot release information of IRS activities to other federal agencies, and cannot use any form of electronic surveillance. These restrictions make prosecution of major cases impossible, agents argue, noting that among the victims of the 1975 purge were investigations involving Nixon financial backer C. Arnholt Smith and a major probe of the Central States Teamsters Pension Fund. That amounts to a disgrace, but without a major push from either Congress or the White House, there does not seem to be too much hope that the IRS will get straightened out. As a number of federal prosecutors admit, the situation is critically overdue for change.

"There's no question," says one former prominent U.S. attorney in a major eastern city who prosecuted a number of tax cases during his tenure, "that the major emphasis now [by the IRS] is on the doctor who cheats fifteen hundred dollars one year, two thousand dollars the next. And twenty thousand dollars over four or five years is a big case, the IRS feels. I recall IRS agents as totally demoralized. They were being sent back on the street to work the doctor and dentist cases. These guys had been working the big people, the big connections. Once you've gotten close to the big people, the big violators, you are really doing something. But to be stonewalled, especially by your own agency—you just give up."

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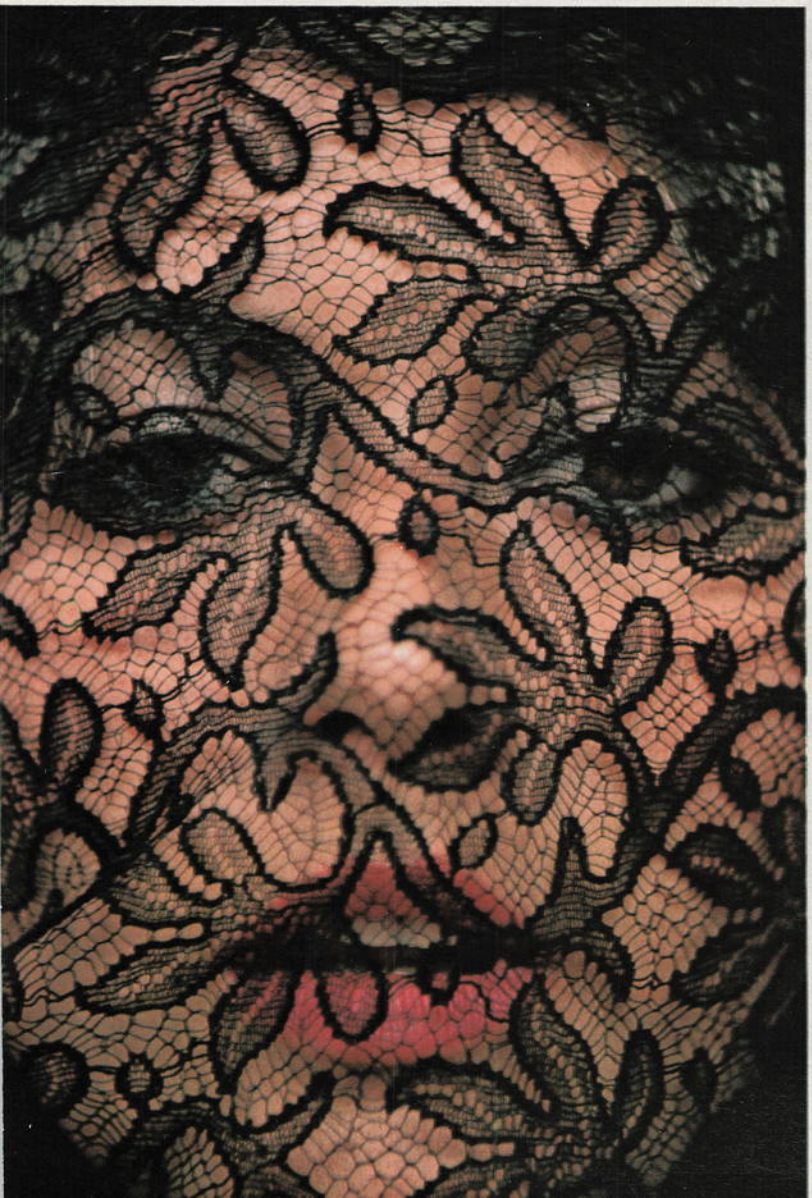

BARE ESSENTIALS

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EDDIE ADAMS

"I'm so in love with the past," confesses Michelle Murchison, our Canadian import, "that when people say there's no time like the present, I just tell them they don't know what they're missing! Our so-called modern improvements ruin everything. I don't like additives in my food any more than I like streakers and punk rockers disparaging love and sex."

House courtesy of Helen Erdos, Liberty, New York.

"So I consider myself a conservationist, helping to preserve the feminine mystique...." She succeeds sublimely. Michelle's tawny 36-25-36-inch body, coquettishly obscured by parasols and shadows, makes us want to know—well, what the shadow knows!

"When I first meet a man, I try not to tell
him too much about myself all at once. I've also
learned that wearing billowing skirts
and gowns leaves a lot to his imagination
and arouses him more than skintight Spandex...."

"That way, when I finally undress, the act and the experience are all the more precious to both of us." Michelle's old-fashioned, ornate surroundings reflect her refreshing attitude. "Give me a feather bed over a water bed any day," she quips. "I want to drown in love, not H_2O!"

Naturally, Michelle prefers men who also embody traditional values. "Men who have lovely manners, who would still go to war to defend me, who can be strong fathers and tender lovers...." All in all, living in the past with a woman like Michelle would promise a wonderfully rewarding future!

Antiques courtesy of Mini Park Auction, Liberty, New York.

DH 37

There are 50,000 American millionaires under the age of 35. They are not necessarily happy.

YOUNG, RICH, AND MISERABLE

BY BEN STEIN

About two years ago, a new circle of friends came into my life. Partly, it was because of Jennie L., the wife of a television mogul of the highest order. Jennie L. insisted that I came from a wealthy family who have the same last name as mine. No matter how often I told her that I was not from that family, she insisted that I was. She told everyone that my family were hugely rich investment bankers in New York City. The more I denied it, the more people were certain that it was true. As this false identity attached itself to me, people whom I knew to be young millionaires began sharing their problems with me.

Car wash kings in their mid-twenties would take me aside at parties above the Sunset Strip. Heirs of the founders of television networks would call me up, invite me for an afternoon of swimming and dope, and confide their anxieties. Producers whose first pictures had grossed in the high eight figures would tell me how rough their lives were.

As I struggled to make my way up in Hollywood, more of this new circle of friends accumulated. Agents who handled the deal for George Lucas when he made *Star Wars*, songwriters who happened to meet Donna Summer when she was just starting and needed a friend, writers who had happened to get eight and a half net points in the profits of *A Star Is Born*—they came into my booth at restaurants, took me with them on their airplanes, and told me their stories.

From this group of young millionaires,

ILLUSTRATION BY WILSON McLEAN

mostly under 30, all under 35, I have learned a few things about the rich. They are, as F. Scott Fitzgerald said, different from you and me. But different apparently does not mean better or happier. Take a look into their lives.

AN ACTOR IN PAIN

"This is the happiest day of my life," my friend T. told me from her palace in Bel-Air. "The very biggest day of my life."

"What's happened?" I asked.

"Finally, I have found a decorator that both Tom and I can appreciate," she said. "A decorator who understands where we're coming from. You cannot imagine what a burden it's been to live here for these last two years without a decorator."

Tom, her husband, is a hustling guy in his early thirties. About four years ago, he started a company in Boston that sold shares in a semiconductor company to groups of investors, who then got all kinds of write-offs. Doctors and lawyers flocked to plunk down their $50,000 each. The only problem from their standpoint is that Tom sold them little certificates that had cost him fifty cents and charged them $100,000. There were no semiconductors.That's no problem for Tom, because he made over $10 million in a year. If the IRS ever catches onto the scam, Tom's going to federal prison and the doctors and lawyers will go broke from back taxes. But for now, that's no problem. Tom and his wife, T., a former model, have a 20-room house, three live-in servants, and two Rolls-Royce sedans. They spend most of their days feeling agitated.

After T. tells me about her decorator, she adds that she is now free to pursue the most important things in her life.

"What're they?" I ask.

"Becoming a complete slut and a trashy broad," she says ferociously.

A few days later, I ran into her husband, Tom, hiding behind his beard at a yogurt store in Beverly Hills. He grasped my shoulders and stared into my eyes like the ancient mariner sighting land.

"My God," he said, "am I glad to see you. You're my only friend."

"I am?" I asked.

"Come here," he said, gesturing me to his small table in a corner behind a hanging fern. "Would you like a yogurt? Go ahead. It's on me."

A few minutes later, Tom told me about his life. It was a fascinating story. "You see this yogurt?" Tom asked, pointing at a gooey mass of chocolate in a paper bowl. "It could be poisoned. It really could be. There are a lot of people out there who are mad at me."

"I can believe that," I said.

"They think it's wrong for someone my age to make the kind of money I've made. They think it's somehow evil or dirty or something," he said. "They don't know. People write stories about me in magazines. They talk about me as if I were a robber or something."

"Wait a minute," I said. "Didn't you hire a publicist to get you in those magazines?"

"Of course," he said. "But I didn't know what they were going to write about me, did I?" He looked around himself wildly. "Now I don't have any friends, and people are trying to kill me." He shook his head in a melancholy way. "Let's get out of here."

Soon, we were riding down Santa Monica Boulevard in Tom's Silver Shadow. Tom grasped the steering wheel so tightly that I could see his knuckles turning white. The steering wheel was literally bent out of shape. "What happened to that?" I asked.

"Listen," he said. "You think it's easy making ten million dollars in a year? The last car I had before this one was a little green Pinto. You know, once I was on my way to pitch a bunch of investors on a deal, and it could either make or break me. I was driving along the Palisades Parkway in Jersey. I was so jacked up I pulled the steering wheel off the column of the Pinto. Luckily, I was at an exit when it happened or else I'd be a dead duck."

"That was lucky," I said. The Rolls glided up to a McDonald's.

"You want anything? A Big Mac? Quarter-pounder? Anything at all. It's on me," Tom said.

"No, thanks," I said.

We drove on. "You know how much time I spend in bed?" Tom asked. "Neuralgia. A fused disk caused *entirely* by anxiety. Sometimes I hurt so much I have to take three or four codeine, and I still can't sleep," Tom said. "I'm in traction most of the day on most days. You think that's fun?"

"No, I don't think that's fun," I said.

"I would give back the whole shooting match for a week without being in pain and not having anybody try to kill me. You see that corner?" he said, pointing at the intersection of Santa Monica Boulevard and Westwood Boulevard. "A Mack truck could come around that corner and squash me like a cockroach *at any moment*. I'd give back the money for a day with some peace of mind."

"You would?" I asked. "Really?"

"Well, I'd give back some of it; that's for sure," Tom said, pulling himself together.

"Listen," I said, "all that stuff about how you hurt all the time, and people are trying to kill you—that's all bullshit, right?"

"Well, in a way," Tom said as we passed by a Jack In the Box. "See, I do hurt all the time, and I did once pull the steering wheel off my Pinto, but I'm not sure that people are trying to kill me. I was just trying on that part to see what it must have been like to be Howard Hughes." He gestured expansively over at the Jack In the Box. "By the way," he said, "would you like anything? Jumbo Jack? Hot ham-'n'-cheese supreme? Super taco? We'll split it, like adults, okay?"

"No, thanks," I said.

"See, my doctor says that my parents—like Mom and Pop—weren't really happy with my personality when I was a little kid, so I tried on all kinds of other personalities, and now that I have the leisure to do it, I'm really trying for some far-out personalities," Tom said.

I could sense his personality changing again, right before my eyes, changing into a Hollywood laid-back type. Tom is a smart fellow. He picked up what I saw immediately.

"You don't like that one, huh?" he asked.

"I liked Howard Hughes better," I said.

"The only problem is," he said, "I really do hurt all the time. I wonder when that's going to stop."

"If you don't have your own plane," he said with the sigh of a 30-year-old millionaire who has been wounded down to the quick, "then what's the point of it all?"

A SPORTY GUY

If there is a dream house in Bel-Air, the house that I would kill to own, it is Billy W.'s house. It sits well back from the road, brooding and magnificent behind a high wall of gray and black fieldstone, solid in its red-brick majesty in a world of fiberboard and sprayed stucco. Every room is a little gem of artistic brilliance, with beautiful furniture, lucite fixtures, and a never-ending stream of maids setting out dishes of cheese and caviar.

Billy W. came to Los Angeles to write songs. While he was waiting to get a gig, he signed on to sell office equipment part-time over the telephone. He was a star at it. He sold Xerox toner and millions of fake Bics to orphanages and old-age homes. Pretty as a picture, he used to say about the operation. "It just manufactures money. Why the hell should I write and get kicked all over town by schmucks?" Of course, the operation was pure boiler room, illegal as murder, constantly under investigation by the Federal Trade Commission. That didn't slow Billy W. down at all. "It just makes it more exciting," he says.

After two years, when Billy W. was 29 years old, he bought out the owners of the operation. He ran it for a year at the office. Now he stays home most of the time and reads the want ads. "See, I try to imagine what it would be like to have to look for a job. That gives me an insight into the mind of the common man, which is very

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helpful so that I don't lose my touch, if you get what I mean," he says as I sip on Puligny Montrachet '71, which Billy W. buys by the case. A case costs about $4,000. "Do you get what I mean?"

"No," I said. "I don't get what you mean."

We both looked out the window at the elegant black-bottomed swimming pool in the back yard. It was dark, but Billy W.'s sodium vapor lights lit up the pool as if it were day. Two girls who work for Billy W. lay by the pool, at 7:00 P.M., soaking up the sodium vapor light in their one-piece bathing suits—yellow and red.

"Well, fuck it," he said. "It's not worth trying to explain. Listen," he said again, "you feel like going on a ride?"

"Sure," I said.

By eight we were at Santa Monica Airport, where Billy W.'s Gulfstream II was waiting for him. "I keep two pilots on hand all around the clock," Billy W. said, "because I like to have it really firm in my head that if I have to go somewhere, like really urgently, there's somebody to take me."

"Of course, there's always American Airlines," I said.

"Ben," he said with the sigh of a 30-year-old millionaire who has been wounded right down to the quick, "if you don't have your own plane, then what's the point of it all?"

I didn't ask him what he meant by that, especially by "it all."

A few minutes later we were heading toward Vegas in a cabin that normally seats 12 but now seated 2 of us plus a huge mirror, on which Billy W. was neatly making lines of cocaine. Each line was half a gram. Billy W. carefully sniffed up four of the lines before we touched down at McCarran Airport.

"I can remember a time when cocaine seemed expensive to me," Billy W. said. "Now I can buy as much as I want. Isn't that great?"

"Wonderful," I said.

"See, now my life requires much more self-control than it ever did before. Most people are restrained in doing things because they can't afford them. But not people like you and me," he said. "We have to maintain our own discipline. That's because we're strong people."

He said that, and then he laid out another line of cocaine and sniffed it in one big sniff. His pupils narrowed down to pinpricks. "That's why we're successful. Discipline."

A limousine from Silver State Limousine Service Cadillac waited for us at McCarran Airport. As it whisked us into the Strip, Billy W. took another hit of coke.

At the baccarat table at Caesar's, the chief dealer, Tony, smiled with recognition when Billy W. walked by. Billy W. shook his hand. "Good to see you, Mr. W.," he said. He waved his hand airily toward the baccarat table, at which two shills and a Chinese man sat playing. "For you, Mr. W., there will be no limit. As usual."

"As usual." The limit is $4,000 a card. That would have been an inconvenience for Billy W.

I stood behind Billy W. while he drew his cards from the shoe. He gradually raised his bets as he started to lose to the bank consistently. Very soon, within half an hour, he had raised his bets to $8,000 per card.

"I hate to even tell you this, because I know you'll write about it somewhere," he said, "but each time a card comes up, I'm betting more than my father ever earned in any year in his life. You know why I like that?" he asked.

"No," I said.

"Because it shows what shit money is, how it doesn't mean a goddamned thing and how my mother shouldn't always have been beating up my father because he didn't make much money. It's just garbage. You throw it away at a table and nothing bad happens to you."

By midnight Billy W. was down about $80,000. He was not taking it lightly. He was perspiring like a madman. His face was flushed. He kept ordering martinis, drinking them, and then disappearing into the men's room for a few toots of coke.

"If my mother could see this," Billy W. whispered to me, "she'd kill me." He said it as if he were worried that his mother might actually see him, and that she might actually kill him.

"I'm gonna take a break for a while," Billy W. said. He spoke in a low voice to a gorgeous ash-blonde shill. She smiled at him and nodded. The two of them disappeared for about an hour. I went to the delicatessen at the Las Vegas Hilton and ate a corned beef sandwich. When I returned to the baccarat pit at Caesar's, Billy W. looked better. He looked fresher, more relaxed. He was drinking Tab with a slice of lime.

He played more carefully. "You know," he said, "it was just about twelve years ago that I got out of high school. It was pretty amazing," he added. "I used to work after school at an airplane parts factory, sweeping up after the afternoon shift. I got two dollars an hour, and I thought I was rich. I could buy a meal at any restaurant in Long Island. I don't think I've ever felt that rich since. When I went back to Long Island for my tenth high-school reunion, I was just a writer, without any money at all. I was just starting to get into the pencil business. People were really nice to me. Now, if I go back for my twentieth reunion, I know they'll all really hate me. I don't mind, though. I'm having a good time."

He did not look like he was having a good time until about three in the morning, when the cards started to come his way. After about a half hour of big bets and a lot of luck, he was only down about eight thousand dollars. He smiled with relief. "I think this is it for me," he said. "I think it's time to go home."

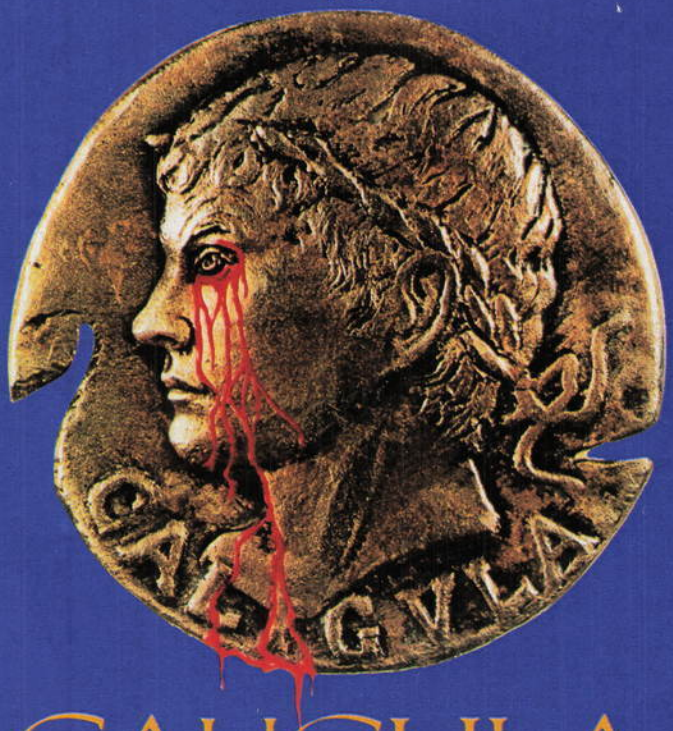
Billy W. flipped five $100 chips to the pretty shill with green eyes and ash-blonde hair. She snapped off a little salute and threw a kiss.

In the airplane Billy W. laid out more lines of cocaine. His hands were shaking.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 172

"I'm a cocksucker, eh? Would you care to step into the Men's Room and repeat that?"

MALCOLM McDOWELL
AS



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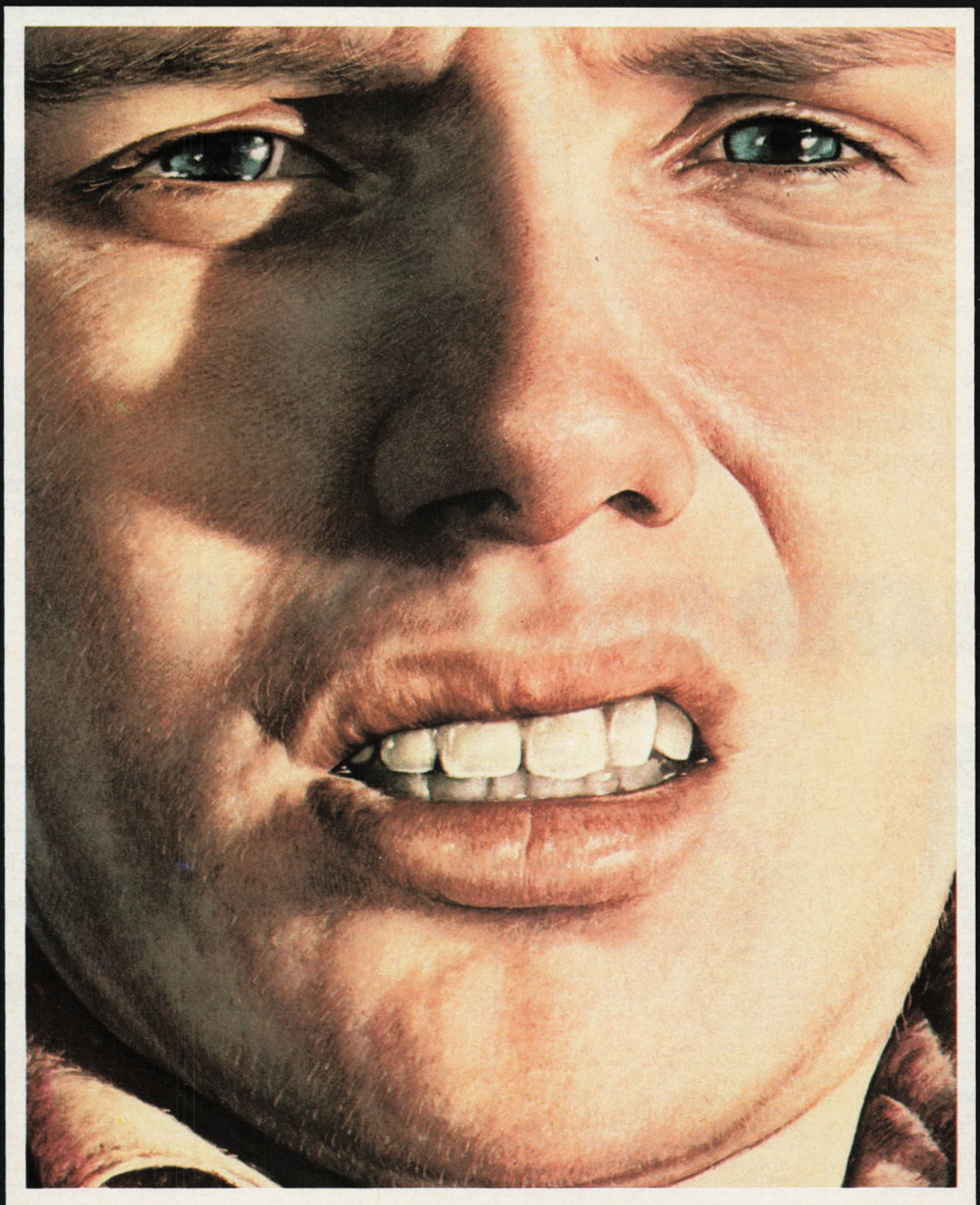


PSYCHIATRY KILLS

BY DAVID RORVIK

An unholy alliance between the drug industry and failed Freudians has turned several million Americans into zombies.

Listen, man," Steven says, when he can finally get his mouth to make the words, "it's no joke; you have to be fucking crazy to go to a shrink."

Steven's is an informed opinion and, in light of his personal experience, a restrained one. Now 19, he's been going to shrinks ever since his parents and teachers decided that he was crazy—14 years ago. He struggles to make his views known. It isn't easy, despite his well-above-average IQ. His once handsome features are now distorted, and the distortions are armor plated. You can study them at your leisure, if you dare.

Sometimes, when the fury rises in him and he wants to purge himself of all that's happened in one scream, the demons that have dug into him, that have held him so long, seize him anew in a convulsion of possessive panic. His head bows; his neck jerks. His eyes bug, and the tongue that has been darting its own little dance, with a rictus for a stage, suddenly sticks straight out. His head and body are momentarily frozen, but his arms flail in spasms, and I can't help thinking that if the rattlesnakes of my Montana youth had possessed arms, they would have looked a lot like this—pinned to the earth with pitchfork prongs square through their skulls.

Marilyn is another "beneficiary" of up-to-the-minute psychiatry, which is characterized by an up-to-the-minute multi-billion-dollar drug habit. Her friends recall her as being happy and buoyant throughout her teen years. It was only after the birth of her first child that she abruptly became depressed. Marilyn's physician failed to inform her that her depression was the commonly experienced and short-lived "postpartum blues," caused by the biochemical upheaval of pregnancy and childbirth. Instead, he promptly prescribed antidepressants in large quantities. In no time Marilyn was as manic as the Mad Hatter. At first everyone thought that she was merely regaining her old bounce. However, when she left her baby in a shopping mall and didn't return home for two days (to announce she'd just bought a house the family couldn't afford and didn't need), all that changed.

Upon the advice of her alarmed doctor, Marilyn was admitted to a mental hospital and was heavily tranquilized. Just as she was never given a chance to recover, unmedicated, from her mild postpartum depression, she was not given the opportunity to overwhelm what was almost certainly a side effect of the antidepressant medication. (Several experts acknowledge now that these substances *frequently* trigger manic episodes.) Today Marilyn remains heavily medicated, withdrawn, and, when deprived of the drugs upon which she has

PAINTING BY GOTTFRIED HELNWEIN

become dependent, violent. She has been hospitalized for three of the past four years. Like Steven, she shakes, quivers, and spits, but unlike Steven, she doesn't seem to notice or care.

Alex, whose case, like these others, came to my attention through a young California psychiatrist who is opposed to the present, indiscriminate drugging of "mental patients," was a busy executive with a drinking problem. He confided in his doctor and was given Valium, the "minor" tranquilizer now more familiar to Americans than mother's milk. The drinking got worse; Alex became more boisterous while high on booze. The doctor prescribed more tranquilizers. The drinking became still worse; Alex occasionally became violent while drunk. He opted for "detoxification" but found withdrawal so unpleasant that he sought refuge in some of the "major" tranquilizers his psychiatric counselor readily made available. For years he found life without them unbearable. Today his cheeks puff involuntarily; his hands and whole upper body shake. He doesn't think clearly, and he hasn't worked in two years. Only recently did he learn about carefully controlled scientific studies that demonstrate that Valium and related tranquilizers actually aggravate, rather than alleviate, alcoholism, studies that many doctors and psychiatrists still ignore.

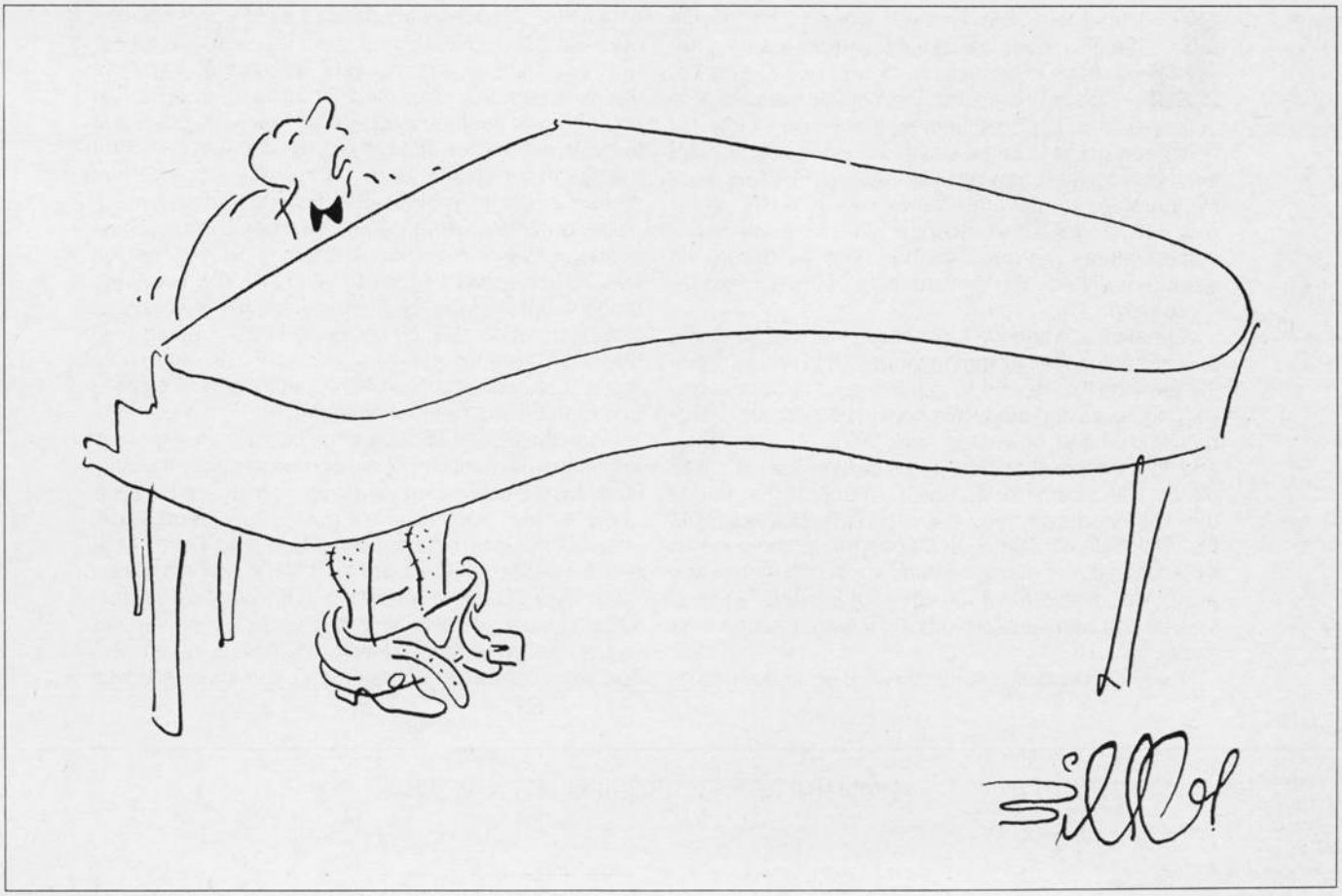
Steven, Marilyn, and Alex are just a few of the rapidly growing number of victims of tardive dyskinesia, the blackest new star in a galaxy of side effects caused by the drugs that are said (by those who developed them and sold them) to have revolutionized psychiatry, releasing hundreds of thousands from the back wards of mental institutions, making obsolete the straitjackets of a thousand bad movies, emptying the snake pits, *opening the doors!* The cheering—what one disillusioned psychiatrist calls "the hypomanic euphoria"—that attended the introduction of these major tranquilizing drugs into the American psyche still rings throughout the psychiatric literature. Today, as in the 1950s, when they were first developed, these drugs—collectively known as the neuroleptics but better known among consumers by such names as Stelazine, Thorazine, Haldol, Mellaril, Prolixin, and the like—are said to have been the salvation of psychiatry, which was fast going-to-hell-on-a-couch amidst the butchered babble of Freud, Jung, Adler, *et al.*

It wasn't that psychotherapists were ashamed of going through life in dreary conversation with 30 or 40 patients, oblivious of any deeper obligation incurred by the extensive tax-supported subsidization of their elaborate educations. Nor was psychiatry in need of rescue by virtue of the treatment of one "mental" disease after another falling into the hands of clinicians, who quite often prescribe simple changes in diet. The embarrassment, and the need to do something about it, came only when the public began to get wind of these things.

At one time in this country, 30 or 40 years ago, thousands of persons said to be "mentally ill" were actually victims of pellagra, a physical disorder that can be set right through the administration of niacin (a vitamin) and adequate amounts of protein. When the evidence was finally so overwhelming that the psychiatric community could no longer deny the facts, did it enliven itself with the revolutionary notion that behavior might be profoundly mediated by metabolism? Did it, with rueful backward glance, shudder at having committed all those thousands of people to slow and miserable deaths in the back wards? Did hindsight breed foresight?

Not to worry. It was business as usual, and still is, though now five other categories of patients have escaped the dismal ministrations of psychiatry via demonstrations—usually from outside the field—that they, too, are susceptible to metabolic treatment. Today there's growing evidence that most and perhaps all schizophrenics are similarly the victims of metabolic disorders. Is the psychoanalyst impressed? On the contrary; he's depressed—and if you're schizophrenic and unlucky enough to seek him out, he's more likely to probe you for penis envy, while shooting you up with one of those great new drugs, than to check you for faulty brain metabolism.

Then there were those awful studies the psychotherapists had to contend with—and still do. A lot of them indicated that psychoanalysis and the like not only might be useless but also might be hazardous to your health. Michael Scriven, a member of the American Psychological Associ-



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Not all of Greece's pleasures are ancient.

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ation's Board of Social and Ethical Responsibility, commented not long ago on a number of those studies. He wondered about the "moral justification for dispensing psychotherapy, given the state of outcome studies which would lead the FDA to ban its sales if it were a drug."

One of the most ambitious of these follow-up studies was a real shocker. It followed the progress of a group of young individuals who had been given intensive one-to-one therapy for long periods; a lot of these people were "troublemakers," and it was hoped that therapy would divert them from lives of crime later on. It didn't. What was so disturbing to some was that those who had indulged in the longest and the most ambitious criminal careers were consistently those who had received therapy over the longest period of time, had the most frequent contact with therapists, and had begun therapy at the earliest ages. Joan McCord of Drexel University, who led the investigation, observed: "The study provides a basis for doubting some of the more basic assumptions—assumptions which I shared—about therapy."

Yet another recently released study tries to account for the reasons why up to two-thirds of all psychiatric patients appear to be utterly unbenefited by even years on the couch. Dr. Jules Older of Otago Medical School in Dunedin, New Zealand, identifies a series of psychotherapeutic taboos rooted in Freud's prim Victorian era that he believes block progress. These are taboos against touching, against noisy display of emotion (lest the dentist in the adjoining suite be offended), against embarrassment caused by such "unmentionables" as patient body odor, fat, ugliness—the very basics that are often at the root of a patient's problems but are, in the pompous psychoanalytic milieu, considered too inelegant to bear discussion!

It's little wonder, then, that a study aired at a recent World Congress of Psychiatry concluded that dogs make better therapists than psychiatrists. The study was a perfectly serious one—conducted by researchers at Ohio State University. Patients who had resisted all other forms of therapy responded positively to dogs. These were not mildly disturbed patients. Many were like Sonny, 19, a deeply withdrawn psychotic who spent all his time "in a mummy position" on his bed. An affectionate wirehaired fox terrier, oblivious of taboos, was unleashed on Sonny's rigidly immobile person and worked wonders in no time, licking the young man's face and ears and demanding to be acknowledged. Dogs, the O.S.U. researchers concluded in a statement that is about as damning to the psychiatric profession as anything one can imagine, "seemed to add a great deal to the development of a humanizing atmosphere on the ward."

By the early 1950s some psychiatrists were already so fed up that they were ready to leap at anything that promised a better public image. The opportunity to leap came when a group of French researchers announced that they had discovered a substance that could induce in warm-blooded creatures the "cold-bloodedness, indifference, or ataraxia extolled by the Stoics." It sounded perfect for hot-blooded, unruly mental patients. Heinz Lehmann was the first psychiatrist to use this new substance in North America, in Montreal, but soon Nathan S. Kline, director of Rockland State Hospital in Orangeburg, N.Y., backed the idea, and the rest is history. Thorazine, the granddaddy of the neuroleptics, had arrived.

Soon, Dr. Kline recalls, there were "at least a dozen first-rate drugs" patterned after Thorazine, all designed to control acute psychosis and chronic schizophrenia. These are the "major" tranquilizers. A lot of minor ones, such as Librium and Valium, followed along with a number of "psychic energizers," or antidepressant preparations, some of which Dr. Kline developed.

It is little wonder that a perfectly serious study aired at a recent World Congress of Psychiatry concluded that dogs make better therapists than psychiatrists.

The psychiatric establishment, for the most part, at first resisted the new wave ("biological psychiatry") championed by Kline and others, fearing these drugs as an assembly-line worker fears an industrial robot. But, by wielding a mixture of tact, cunning, and economic clout, the "new psychiatrists" won "the great psychotropic drug war," as Kline calls it. And pretty soon the old-line shrinks climbed on the bandwagon. They got to like it. They had something to do at last. Now they could prescribe all types of exotic drugs for all types of mental disorders. With encouragement from drug companies, which by this time had high-powered Madison Avenue types producing four-color double-page ad layouts for increasingly slick-thick medical magazines, they invited their nonpsychiatric medical brethren to get in on the act. Psychotropics were a bonanza for everybody—cardiologists with tensed-up executives, gynecologists with menstrually tense housewives, you name it.

And now, as the sun sets (a tad out of focus) each day over heavily psycho-sedated America, the "pioneers" like to lean back, savor their victory, and reminisce over all the good they've done.

Arnold Mandell, founding chairman of the Department of Psychiatry at the University of California, San Diego, recalls the slings and arrows hurled at the biological psychiatrists. One of the founders of the movement, he remembers, was "excluded from the tribe, being called 'not a psychiatrist.'" And: "We felt like struggling members of an underground minority party. Meanwhile, over these past twenty years, some of the findings and discoveries of biological psychiatry have led to such things as reducing the expected hospitalization rate for a country of our size from about three million to three hundred thousand. . . . Psychiatry wants and needs us now. We are, at last, spooks who can come out of the cold."

Nathan Kline repeatedly boasts that, thanks to powerful tranquilizers, county and state mental hospitals have closed their "snakepits," opened their doors, and reduced their resident populations from 600,000 in 1955 to less than 300,000 today. Patients who were once violent, trouble to themselves and others, he remarks, are now "calm and manageable." Another psychotropic drug enthusiast, Baltimore psychiatrist Frank J. Ayd, Jr., also stresses the manageability of drugged patients and the changed environment in mental institutions where everything is now "tidy." And the inmates there, he says proudly, are "clean" and "tranquil."

"*Not* tranquil," say many who've been there. "Knocked out." "In a chemical straitjacket." By masking the disorder, muffling the screams, these drugs create an illusion of tranquility and good health behind which the patient continues to deteriorate. It's like treating a gunshot wound in the gut with morphine. The victim shuts up and dies smiling. All very tidy. It looks great on paper and inspection tours. Look, Senator, see how neat everything is. "Flowers, curtains, paintings," boasts Dr. Ayd. No more back wards, and look, the front door, it's unlocked!

Look again. The door may be unlocked, but now it's a *revolving* door. Patient in. Patient out. Same patient back in again. There may be 300,000 fewer full-time inmates in state mental institutions than there were 25 years ago. But now there are several million drug-dependent zombies in various states of mobility who didn't exist then. You don't have to be hospitalized full-time to be costing yourself and society money, especially when your numbers have swelled to the millions. Ask anybody who's got schizophrenia—they don't call it "the walking death" for nothing—about those revolving doors. In *Pills, Profits, and Politics*, Milton Silverman and Philip R. Lee report that adverse drug reactions "due to irrational prescribing are now responsible for a million or more hospital admissions annually in the United States alone, tens of millions of days of prolonged hospitalization, thousands of preventable deaths, and the resultant ex-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 146

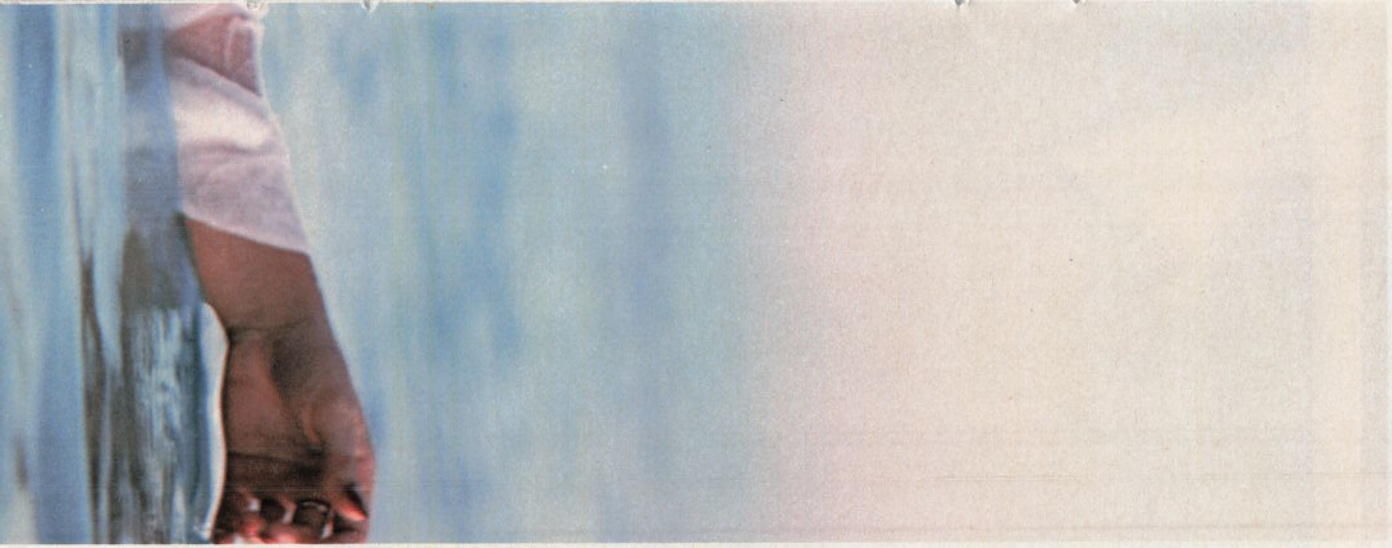
SHERRY

"Any man who wants to control me should know up front that he'll have to put up with all my playing around!"

SHERRY BLOSSOM SPECIAL

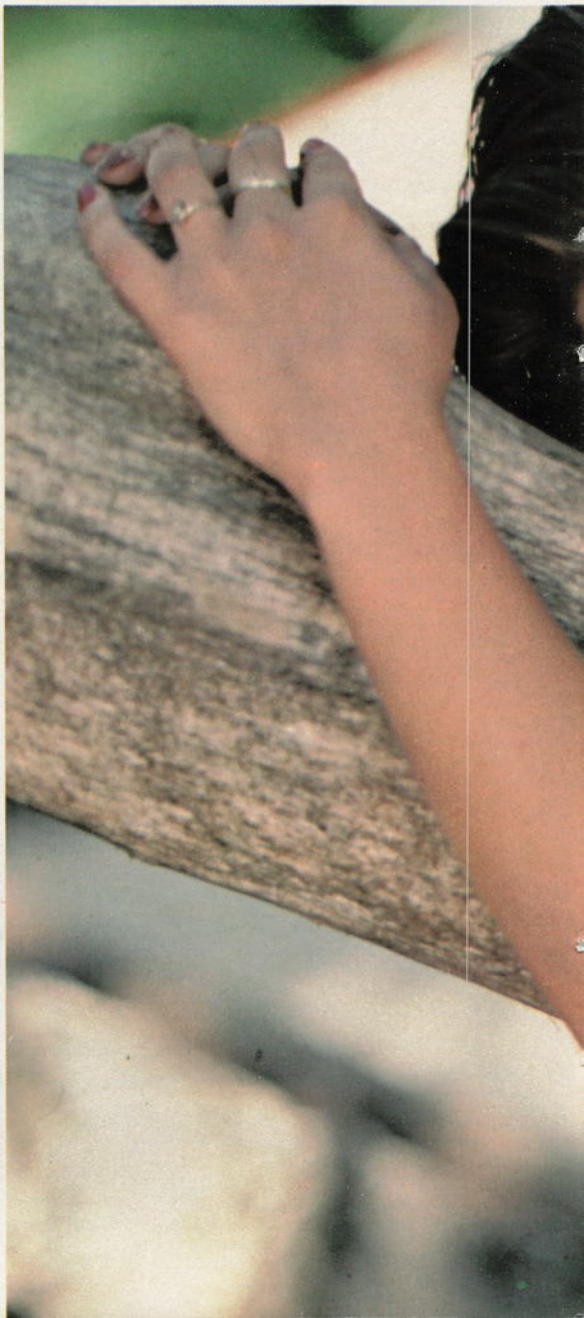
PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALLAN J. WASH

Looks aren't deceiving in my case," April Pet of the Month Sherry Moran declared when we observed, admiringly, that she had the heart-shaped face, elfin ears, and wide, sensuous mouth of a pixie. "I have a pretty mischievous disposition, too," she says, grinning. "I love to play tricks on people . . . mostly my friends, and I love to tease them, but never for any malicious reason . . . just out of fun." Sherry's naughty but nice. *Very* nice . . .



Wardrobe/Stylist: Debbie Castaldi

At the electric age of 19, high-spirited and unfettered, our adventurous Pet doesn't expect life to be any more predictable than she is. "Being discovered by *Penthouse* was a total surprise, but then I love surprises. I love taking spur-of-the-moment trips—jumping in at the deep end . . . you know, with my eyes wide open!"

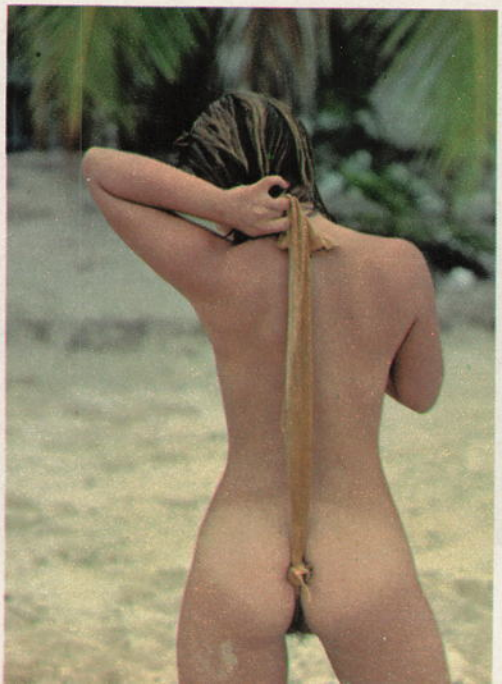


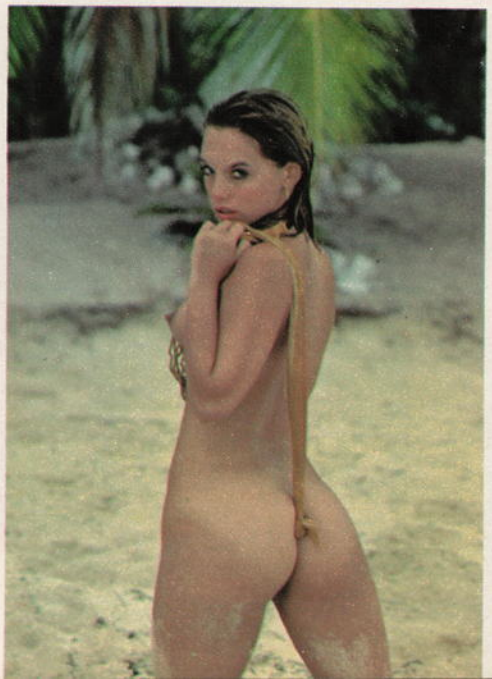
'. . . .I wonder if other young girls are looking at pictures of me and gaining confidence about their own bodies and their own sexuality.'

'I love surprises . . . like
jumping in at the deep end . . .
You know . . . with
my eyes wide open!'

"I love to sunbathe and scuba dive, so shooting a layout at Palancar Reef on Cozumel was like some kind of dream honeymoon for me. And being chosen Pet of the Month is outrageous . . . like being proposed to by an exciting new man in an exciting new world."

"I have a great sense of adventure. I love discovering things . . . all kinds of things, and I love finding out about people . . . what makes them tick, what makes them think and feel the way they do. Once you know that, you have the key to their heads."





"I love to play tricks on people . . .
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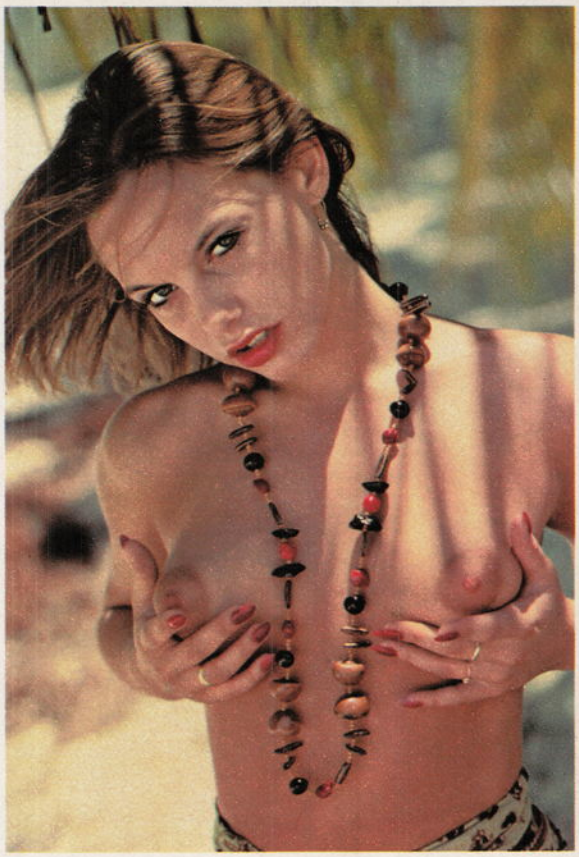
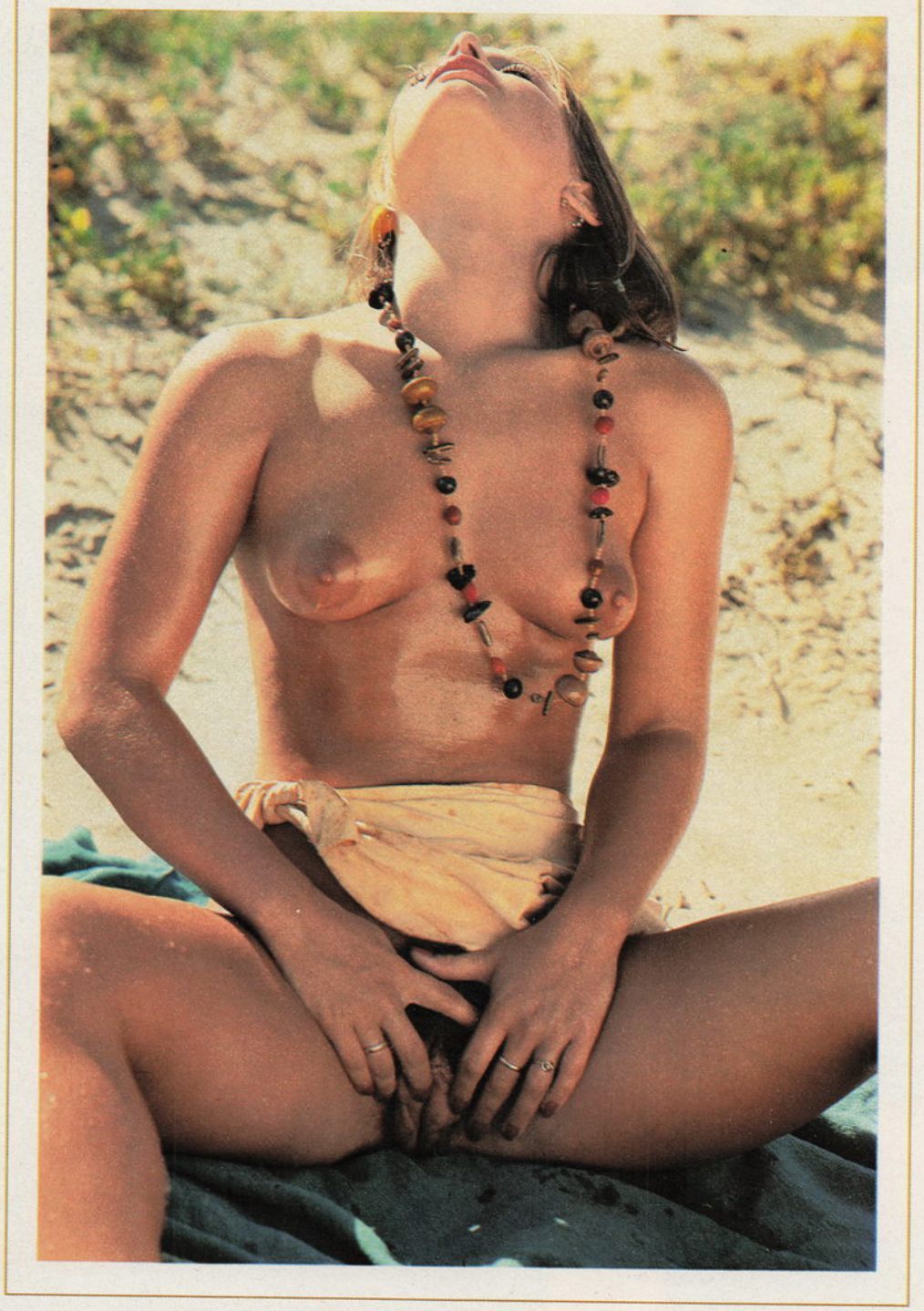
malicious reason, just out of fun!"



"I've always admired the girls in *Penthouse*. They're kind of sexy and aggressive and confident about themselves. Now I wonder if other young girls are looking at pictures of me and gaining confidence about their own bodies and their own sexuality."

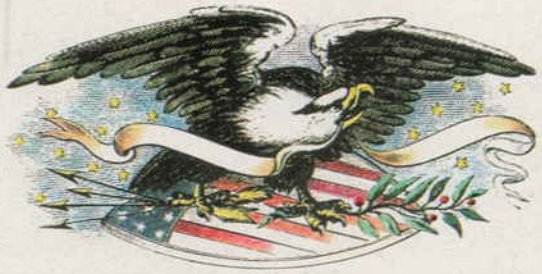
Naturally, Sherry's bubbly spirit and beguiling beauty have caused her to be pursued by "as many men as Kellogg's has cornflakes."

"Luckily, though," she says, "I choose my own speed; this way most of the handsomer guys catch me, sooner or later . . ." We're lacing up our running shoes while she speaks.



"But any man who wants to control
me should know up
front that he'll have to put up with
all my playing
around!" Maybe so, but sometimes
half the game
is better than none at all.

MISS SHERRY MORAN/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH



THE VIETNAM VETERANS ADVISER

After four years of Jimmy Carter's "Nothing's too good for the troops, so give them nothing" speeches, veterans, especially Vietnam veterans, hope to fare a bit better with President Reagan in the White House. Unlike Carter, whose "compassionate" rhetoric was a delusion and a snare, Reagan has been quite explicit in stating what he intends to do about veterans' problems. For those who have been sorely disappointed by previous presidents, Reagan's commitments constitute a scorecard by which the new president's performance can be measured.

In a speech to the American Legion, Reagan promised to restore immediately the GI Bill for post-Vietnam veterans. The merit of this is obvious. It might forestall imposition of a peacetime draft and keep alive the concept of an all-volunteer force. This action would require congressional legislation that, if requested quickly, would be a clear signal that President Reagan intends to keep his word.

In Reagan's speech to the VFW, and in the GOP platform, he also promised to seek upgraded benefits for Vietnam veterans under the GI Bill and expanded job-training efforts. This action can be carried out even more quickly, because a comprehensive program of Vietnam veteran legislation is currently pending in Congress. The legislation, which is called the Vietnam Veteran Act (H.R.-6050; S.-1872), contains employment, education, and health initiatives and includes the first comprehensive program for veterans exposed to Agent Orange. If Reagan presses for prompt passage of the Vietnam Veterans Act, he will have broad support from both parties in Congress as well as from the nation's veterans' organizations. This legislation is vital to correct the systemic failures of past political leadership and past government programs and to mitigate their lingering and often painful consequences.

Reagan's personal commitment to maintain the integrity of the Veterans Administration, as distinct from other federal agencies, is a matter within his purview as president. Though we don't support making the VA a cabinet department, there is a need to give the VA administrator more "clout" in the never-ending battle of the budget. Unfortunately, the VA stands very low on the list of priorities for the federal government. A recent copy of the State Department Protocol Procedures list, which numerically defines in order of importance the members of the government, lists the VA administrator under "Certain Heads of Independent Agencies"—number 96 on the list.

This is worth mentioning, because the VA administrator must be an advocate of veterans' rights as well as the manager of the government's third-largest bureaucracy and a member of the Reagan administration. To carry out these roles, it would be helpful if President Reagan gave the VA administrator a higher priority as a clear signal to Washington's power brokers that veterans' programs are delayed rights that have been earned through military service and that are not to be tampered with in dealing with future national-health efforts and welfare reform proposals. The importance of this goes beyond keeping faith with those veterans who must depend on the VA hospital system to meet their needs. Maintaining the VA hospital system's capability to provide first-class combat medical-services support is a matter of genuine national security. In time of war, the VA's backup to military medicine is often the difference between life and death to those who must receive long-term treatment for their wounds.

In his speech to the VFW, Reagan also gave his "personal pledge" to provide strict enforcement of veterans' preference in federal employment in all departments and agencies. To this we might add the hope that the status of being a Vietnam veteran not be considered some kind of defect for service in the Reagan administration, as it was during the Carter presidency. Many Vietnam veterans stand ready, willing, and most able to serve in a national administration dedicated to restoring our country's pride and purpose. This pool of talent should not be ignored by President Reagan, nor should it be looked upon as a source for "token," visible appointments in the administration.

> Unlike Jimmy Carter, whose "compassionate" rhetoric was a delusion and a snare, Ronald Reagan has been quite explicit in stating what he intends to do about veterans' problems.

Finally, implicit in President Reagan's comment on the "shabby treatment" given Vietnam veterans is the necessity to take a long, hard look at veterans' programs, make changes where necessary, eliminate the unworkable, and initiate actions to deal with potentially devastating problems, such as those associated with Agent Orange exposure. This won't be easy during a time of fiscal austerity, but it can be done. This nation's veterans and their dependents will do their part in helping President Reagan provide the necessary leadership. However, besides dealing with the pragmatic issues mentioned here, President Reagan must also deal with veterans' attitudes toward their society. As the Center for Policy Research's study of the readjustment of Vietnam veterans notes: "Since Vietnam, no call to action has pierced their cynicism; nobody has applied the historic salve that could heal their wounded sense of collective pride. As we see it, the challenge to those who would reach these men is nothing less than to send out a new call to renew their sense of service to themselves and their community."—*William Corson*

When it comes to great taste, everyone draws the same conclusion.

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Edward Behr/Newsweek

HOW THE COMMUNISTS BETRAYED THE VIETNAM REVOLUTION

BY TRUONG NHU TANG

The author, the son of middle-class parents in Saigon, was one of the founders of the revolutionary National Liberation Front. After the fall of South Vietnam in 1975, he became minister of justice for the new government. In August 1979, after he realized that the Hanoi leadership was destroying his country, he joined the "boat people" and fled to Indonesia. He is currently living in Paris and is writing a book about his experiences.

In January 1980, *Penthouse* magazine published a major interview with the prime minister of Vietnam, Pham Van Dong. In this interview he deceived the readers by stating that Vietnam, under his rule, is "not economically dependent on any other country" and that the "boat people," who used every desperate means to escape Vietnam, did so for economic, not political, reasons. These are all lies. As a founder of the revolutionary National Liberation Front in South Vietnam and a onetime ally of Pham Van Dong, I think it is important that the American people understand that the Vietnamese government has betrayed our revolution and everything we fought for.

Because of my love for my country, in 1960 I gave up a secure future to join the resistance against the military dictatorship in Saigon and the growing American intervention in Vietnam. I joined the National Liberation Front, believing that Ho Chi Minh, Pham Van Dong, and the Vietnamese Communist party were patriotic and would place the national interest above personal and ideological desires. I believed that together we could consolidate our divided nation and begin the enormous task of reconstruction. I believed that the people of Vietnam would find peace, welfare, and freedom once the war ended.

Several years later my father warned me about the Communists: "In return for your service, they will not even give you a small part of what you have now. Worse, they will betray you and persecute you all your life. I had a great deal of experience with Communist betrayal when I joined them to fight

"The Communists are expert in the arts of seduction and will go to any length to win you over. . . . But once in power, they suddenly become harsh, ungrateful, cynical, brutal, narrow-minded, and selfish."

the French." But I was still naive and answered: "Father, resign yourself to giving one of your six children to the cause of independence and the freedom of Vietnam." It was the last time I ever saw him.

His words echoed in my mind on Victory Day, May 15, 1979, when I stood on the official podium of honor in Saigon, which had been renamed Ho Chi Minh City. Although the crowd was waving the flags of both the Democratic Republic of Vietnam (North) and the Provisional Revolutionary Government (South), the parading soldiers wore only northern uniforms. As I listened to the speeches of the Politbureau leaders, I realized that there was no more National Liberation Front, no more Provisional Revolutionary Government—they had been brutally eliminated by the Hanoi government. The goals of the revolution, which were admired and supported by the Vietnamese people, and indeed by most of the people of the world, had been treacherously transformed into acts of vengeance and brutal reprisals.

A series of repressive measures had been taken against the South Vietnamese. Hundreds of thousands of Saigon residents were sent to "reeducation camps" throughout the country. Mass arrests were made of South Vietnamese intellectuals and religious leaders who had opposed the puppet government in Saigon, and millions of city dwellers were exiled to "new economic zones." Thousands of people have since died slow deaths in these places.

The Hanoi leaders continued to "reunify" the country by eliminating all the N.L.F. cadres that disagreed with their schemes. Former N.L.F. members who blindly obeyed the orders of Hanoi were given puppet positions in the new administration, where most of them quickly abandoned the interests of the people to achieve their own ambitions. The rest kept silent for fear of brutal reprisals.

The Communists are expert in the arts of seduction and will go to any length to win you over to their side when they are not in control of the government. But once in power, they suddenly become harsh, ungrateful, cynical, brutal, narrow-minded, and selfish. I gradually understood the Communist treachery as the Hanoi leaders used the slogan "Independence and Freedom" to seize power, to deceive world opinion, and then to break all the promises they had made.

These people, officials at all levels, began fighting among themselves in order to obtain better offices, homes, and cars. They stole blindly—even from those who had fought in the resistance. They are even more corrupt than the Thieu regime. Today's Vietnam is again a divided society—Vietnamese families are divided, the nation is divided, even the Communist party is seriously divided against itself.

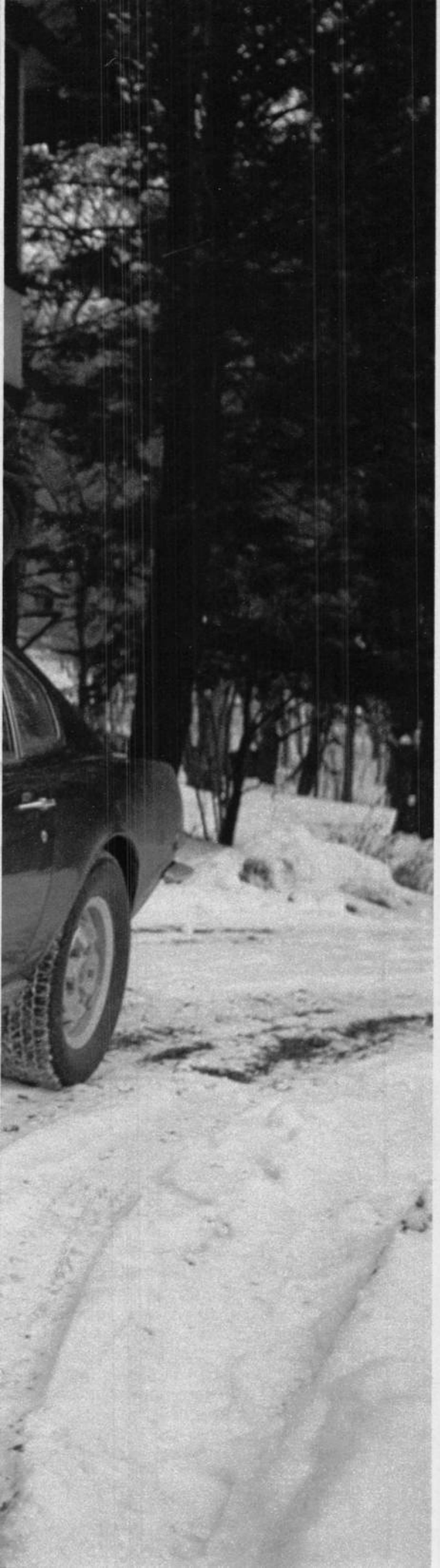
The first five-year plan has been a complete failure. Although the standard of living in Vietnam is among the lowest in the world, the government takes 70 percent of the national budget for war. Vietnam today occupies Laos. It has invaded Cambodia, and it has fought a war with China. The result is that the nation has fallen completely under the domination of the Soviet Union. Vietnam has become the Cuba of Southeast Asia. Each day Russia pours $3 million in military aid into Vietnam. The Russians have taken over all the former U.S. military facilities in the South and have thereby created an important strategic base. Because Vietnam has totally tied itself to Moscow, it has jeopardized its relations with China and has also compromised its independence. There is no way that Vietnam can survive by making a permanent enemy of China.

Vietnam today is a land of war and misery. All people, regardless of class, want to leave the country and escape the tyrannical government. Never before in the history of Vietnam has there been such general discontent. Never before have there been Vietnamese "boat people"—not even under the domination of Japan, when there was a famine that killed 2 million people.

I could not keep silent and watch the suffering of my people. Now it was my mother who told me sternly: "You were deceived by the Communists. You have some responsibility for the present situation. You must do something to save the people, to preserve your goals and ideals." This time I listened. I decided to escape and become a temporary exile.

After I resigned from my job as minister of justice, I was offered the position of vice-minister of food. But I refused, because I could not continue to be a puppet and to compromise with a criminal regime. I retired to a small farm near Saigon, where I would have a better opportunity to escape from the country. I knew that I had to fight the Hanoi regime, just as I had realized in 1960 that I had to fight the Saigon government. I decided to tell the whole truth to the world: to explain that the revolution of the Vietnamese people was destroyed by the Communists and that the hopes of all true revolutionaries—wherever they are—have been betrayed by Hanoi.

I would like to express thanks to all those who supported the cause of the Vietnamese people, and I ask them to continue the struggle against the present inhuman regime, to oppose the Russian domination of Vietnam as well as Vietnamese intervention in Laos and Cambodia. We must always fight for liberty and democracy—not only in the non-Communist countries but also in the Communist ones. And of all the Communist nations, I believe Vietnam today is the most inhuman.



Peter Sprague has spent his life in the single-minded pursuit of one goal: everything.

CRUSADING CAPITALIST

BY ANDREW DUNCAN

It was fantasy time in Los Angeles. Scattered around the floor of the Convention Center were elaborate monuments to male-ego gratification, conspicuous folly, antisocial energy waste, needless extravagance, and other abuses of the Puritan work ethic. Out-of-work actresses, braless, blonde, and black-dressed, attempted to seduce their audience with phrases that, to some at least, had orgasmic potential—"five-point-four liter, four-cam aluminum V-eight engine," "double-barreled Weber carburetors," "race-proven de Dion rear axle," "zero to one hundred miles an hour in ten point one seconds"—all the while caressing their phallic charges and exuding the unstated bonus that if you paid $100,000 or so for an internal combustion engine wrapped in exotically designed metal and given an evocative name like Ferrari, Lamborghini, Maserati, you would—hey, presto!—be transported into a never-ending sexual sunset . . .

Another motor show was previewing.

On a dais near the entrance was the star, a futuristic silver gadget only three feet seven inches high, which throbbed with promise and was already surrounded by the awestruck and admiring or those merely curious to see whether anyone would really *buy* a $500,000, 200-miles-an-hour "ultimate supercar"—the Aston-Martin Bulldog. A slim, pipe-smoking man in a dark blue business suit, whose studious bespectacled appearance was given a slightly sinister tilt by his neatly manicured beard, eased to the front and pressed a button on the side of the car. Immediately, two doors began to open upward noiselessly, releasing from inside the expensive fragrance of Connolly leather, burled walnut, and Wilton carpet. Quickly the man eased his six-feet-two-inch frame into the driving seat and began to play with the controls, delighting at how five headlights were concealed behind a movable flap in the hood.

"Fun, isn't it?" he said to the girl who had been announcing that the car had a twin turbo-charged Bosch fuel–injected Aston-Martin V-8 engine mounted amidship, a five-speed ZF gearbox, independent front suspension with unequal-length double wishbones, ball-jointed kingpins, coil springs, and an adjustable antiroll bar at the rear. "I'm Sprague," the man continued. "My company built this thing."

Peter Sprague—maverick businessman who owned a chicken farm in Iran, whiz kid who in his twenties bought National Semiconductor out of receivership and, as chairman, turned it into one of America's largest 500 companies, grossing $1 billion a year, entrepreneur with a $2 million personal

PHOTOGRAPH BY FRED DEVAN

overdraft who at that very moment was fearful of going bust, voracious collector of the world's worst jokes (which he tells with aplomb), gentleman farmer, former prisoner of the Russians, music lover, *agent provocateur,* erstwhile film producer, unsuccessful congressional candidate—now found himself at 42 years of age in his most unexpected and potentially dangerous role: hopeful savior of a bankrupt British sports-car firm. "The world is fundamentally insane," he explained. "And this has got to be the craziest business in the world. You can't imagine anything harder than trying to market a car company."

So why bother? The answer gives a clue to the jumbled qualities of romanticism, ruthlessness, deception, hard work, courage, cowardice, imagination—any noun fits, however contradictory—that motivate a man like Sprague and enable him to see excitement in random opportunities when, in these days of corporate caution, others would fear for their nerves or bank balances. When he is right and has luck on his side, he makes a fortune. When he is wrong, it is sleepless nights and million-dollar losses. "I normally sleep like a log, but I have gotten into situations where I wake at three o'clock in the morning and wonder how I'm going to get out of this one. That may not be panic, but it is certainly a sense of . . . heightened concern."

His flirtation with Aston-Martin began one day between Christmas and New Year's Day, 1974, when he was reading the *New York Times* obituary page as he sat in his bathtub. "I'm not one of those people who read it every day and believe they are still alive if they are not mentioned. On this day, though, I saw an actual obituary of Aston-Martin. I am not a car buff, but I had a feeling for the company because I had bought a DB-4 in 1962, with forty-six hundred miles on the clock, for six thousand dollars. I came muttering down into the living room, and my wife said, 'Why don't you do something about it?' I needed a new interest, because I was rattling around between projects. I had just taken ten months off to produce a movie version of Hermann Hesse's *Steppenwolf,* with Max von Sydow and Dominique Sanda, which I lost my shirt on—well, one and one-half million dollars—and I was fairly broke at the time.

"So I spoke for a couple of minutes on the telephone to the managing director of Aston-Martin and arranged to meet him the following Monday in England. Nothing in my experience could have warned me about the enthusiasm of the British for a silly project like Aston-Martin. In the United States my obscurity is well deserved. You might be able to find a couple of newspaper cuttings of stunning unimportance, and Craig Claiborne once wrote about a picnic my wife gave, but in England I suddenly became a celebrity. When I arrived at the factory, there were hordes of reporters. I realized then that I was in deep sauce; so I refused to tell them my name. Well, if you want to excite a journalist into paroxysms of curiosity, become a mystery man. I made the entire front page of the evening newspapers, with headlines that said, 'Millionaire to the Rescue.' Amusing, because at that time I could not have afforded to buy myself an Aston.

"The factory itself was not enticing. It was dead, stone-cold closed. If I had been alone, I would have kicked a few tires and gone home quietly, but I was trapped by the press. Really. If I had walked out there and then, it would have seemed I was the biggest publicity hound ever to hit town. I have a lot of friends in England and a certain amount of pride; so I decided the only way I could leave with any kind of respect was to spend a few weeks putting together reasons why I should *not* buy the company. And then I would hold a press conference, doing the Harvard Business School flip-chart routine to explain the figures, pack my suitcase, and go home. Everyone would say, 'Jolly good show. He certainly gave it a try.'

"However, I began to realize that the owner and receiver were total rogues, rotters, and various other things. The owner, William Wilson, was as crooked as a dog's hind leg. He was a property developer, asset stripper, the founder of a Birmingham millionaires' club that was a self-congratulatory society of well-meaning thugs from Solihull. And it turned out he did not even want to sell the company to me. The more I dealt with him, the more I hated him; so I just hung on in and eventually put it all together out of a suitcase. That's a nice feeling, because you think you could probably do it again, without using the normal satrapy contacts and introductions.

"Of course, there was resistance. I am a hard-core entrepreneur, the sort of thing that is not entirely respectable at a British cocktail party, a little too obstreperous and altogether more elbows than you want to tolerate. Even at my most diffident, wearing tweeds at a country house, I am still slightly bumptious by British standards. So, when I proposed a joint venture to take over Aston, I was rejected by one hundred sixty-eight different individuals, institutions, and organizations. One hundred and sixty-eight. You name it, I tried it—everything from the five major merchant banks to a builder in South London. Some rejected me before I even got through the door. The government turned down a seven-hundred-thousand-pound aid program—quite rightly, too. I don't see why a rich man's plaything should be subsidized by tax.

"But in order to make myself at all ac-

"She's got her mother's tits."

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PENTHOUSE PRODUCTS

ceptable to the press, who didn't want a venerable old firm sold out to America, I had to invent a British 'partner.' After four months I found one, Alan Curtis, and he fitted the role perfectly—particularly as I had never disclosed whether my British 'partner' was short, tall, fat, thin, young, or old. And how much do you think we eventually paid for the company? Exactly five hundred and ten thousand dollars lock, stock, and barrel, clear of debt, everything there is at Aston. It's a twisty tale but true. It was a marvelous purchase and would have been even better if I had closed it down. I could have joined the wonderful ranks of British asset strippers, relatively easy to do and quite satisfying financially, and walked away with a four-and-one-half-million-dollar profit. But the trouble is I also bought the obligation to make Aston-Martins. That is a glorious challenge to someone in my line of work. It's rather like climbing the north wall of the Eiger—something you can show off about."

The analogy is apt. Sprague never chooses the easy route. He comes from a wealthy Massachusetts family that has been in the electrical business for three generations, ever since his grandfather was fired by Thomas Edison (15 years later, with an irony appreciated by his grandson, he was awarded the Edison Medal as best electrical engineer in the country) and set up on his own. He took out patents on elevators and an electric rail system but never had much money, because he usually squandered it on a new venture. "He did have enough to lend my father and uncle twenty-five thousand dollars," says Sprague, "and they founded Sprague Electric in Quincy, Massachusetts. I grew up determined to have nothing to do with business, electricity, or small towns in Massachusetts. That still left an enormous universe"—particularly since he inherited $400,000 from a trust fund when he was 21. He could have blown it all or at least made himself comfortable. Instead, he started a chicken farm in Iran. But that was after he had incited a riot in Helsinki, borrowed $280,000 from the American government, photographed the Russian invasion of Hungary, honeymooned in Outer Mongolia, and been hired as official White House photographer in Moscow. Threads of some lopsided American dream are woven throughout Sprague's story.

He wanted to be a writer but had little confidence in his ability; so between attending Andover and graduating from the exclusive Swiss school Le Rosey, he worked as a photographer on the *Berkshire Eagle,* in Pittsfield, Mass. He did not stay long at Le Rosey when the Hungarian Revolution began in October of the year he enrolled. "I told the school good-bye, flew to Vienna, and hitchhiked over the border to Budapest, where everyone else was fleeing the other way. I went because it was a good story and I was a photographer. You can't take pictures if you're not there. It's only writers who can sit in a bar, waiting for photographers to return and tell them what happened.

"I spent five days in Budapest and then joined a convoy that was later captured by the Russians. We were put in a school but weren't heavily guarded—just one Russian to each room. I got involved with some real reporters, one of whom later wrote a story about how I knocked down doors to get coal in order to stop small children from freezing to death, even though I was surrounded by Russians with machine guns. It sounded very dramatic. The truth is somewhat less so. I was seventeen, about one hundred forty pounds, didn't fit my trench coat very well, and tried to figure out a way to become one of the boys. The journalists were sitting around drinking whiskey; so I went up and said, 'I'm a minor, but I'm a minor in a major situation, and I need a drink'—quite a good opening line, I think. They made a deal. If I kept the stove going for *them,* I could have a drink. That's how the story originated.

"The third day there I planned to escape. One of the Swedish Red Cross people who had also been in our convoy told me that the Russians were afraid of diphtheria. Now that I had the right buzz word, I spread a rumor that one of the Americans had the disease. The Russians withdrew the guards, and I and a couple of others planned to walk through the school basement, out the door, pick up some bicycles, and ride fifteen kilometers to the border. We were going to leave at two-thirty in the afternoon, because that gave us two hours to get there—anyone on the streets after sundown, about four-thirty, was shot. But then, at twelve-thirty, the Russians themselves drove me to the border and threw me out, on the grounds that I was more trouble than I was worth. It started my journalistic career off with a big bang, and although I didn't get very exciting pictures, I was given a job in Moscow by the United Press."

He worked in Moscow during vacations from Yale, where he studied political science, and was hired by U.P.I. in 1960 to be official White House photographer covering Eisenhower's planned visit to Russia, an event that was canceled hurriedly when an American U-2 spy plane was shot down. Never a person to miss one debatable opportunity without seizing another, Sprague set off for Mongolia, where he conducted his first journalistic interview (with the prime minister, after being kept waiting for 13 hours) and was treated, he recalls, with the respect of an official delegation. He was only the third American to visit the country since the end of the Second World War, but, presumably, he

had matters of less pressing international significance on his mind, as he was also on his honeymoon with his wife, Tjasa, an American of Yugoslav descent, whom he had met at a tea dance in Lenox, Mass.

"I suppose I was a bit young to be married—I was a junior at Yale, and Tjasa was a sophomore at Radcliffe—but I had discovered women, thought they were wonderful, and wanted one. In those days if you wanted one, you married one. It seemed a good idea at the time, and it still seems a good idea." He and Tjasa have four sons aged from 10 to 18.

His experiences in Russia and Eastern Europe inspired him to attend a Communist youth festival in Helsinki in 1962, with the intention of breaking it up. "I was far to the Right, not by any lunatic or current standards, but definitely anti-Communist. I rode into Helsinki on a motorcycle and practiced for the occasion by reading every James Bond book I could lay my hands on. I put myself in a solid James Bond mind-set for the occasion. There is no question that I am an incurable romantic.

"How do you create a riot? You take the Yale Russian Chorus, stand them in front of the Helsinki town hall, and let them sing. A crowd develops. You start to jostle a bit. It's only a short step from there to a riot. I created a fair amount of trouble and must have been quite successful, because the Communists have never had another youth festival in the free Western countries. I managed to get a marvelous picture of a Russian youth leader in his forties, looking other than youthful, pulling a Ban-the-Bomb poster from the hands of a dedicated British pacifist. It turned out the poor old Russians had decided to inaugurate the festival with a commemorative day for Hiroshima in spite of the fact that one branch of their government had just decided to resume atomic testing. They were caught in an awkward moment of shifting ideology."

Sprague's political activity was to resurface a decade later but, more immediately important, he met a fellow American who had worked in Iran and had encouraged him to channel his somewhat wayward idealism into a more practical field. "I had this grand idea to feed the world. Food is more relevant than making plastic ashtrays. And I thought the best way was to go into industrialized agriculture, rather than crops, which require land, and so you get into political trouble. I wrote a paper on my ideas and sent a copy to Columbia, where I was a graduate student, and another to the government. I received an *A* in the course, and the government gave me a two-hundred-eighty-thousand-dollar loan at eight percent as start-up capital for a chicken farm. I was twenty-three at the time."

Sprague pauses, silently urging his listener to spring the obvious question. It is a classic entrepreneur's ploy—excite interest, leave it unconsummated, and force your opponent to ask what he senses

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must be a foolish question. It works also in chess, one of Sprague's favorite games. All right, how *do* you start a chicken farm in Iran?

"You buy some land, discover you have overpaid, dig a well, order some chickens, go into partnership with a couple of Iranians, hire an American company which is expert in chicken technology to advise you—and you have a chicken farm."

If life were that simple, we would all be entrepreneurs, or maybe we would all have chicken farms in Iran. But no.

"Actually, what I had was hens standing on eight inches of snow in the middle of winter, refusing to lay eggs. At that point I said, 'I may be naive, but hens don't lay eggs on snow. And some klutz in St. Louis thinks this is desert country.' Maybe I should stop relying on outside people for common sense. I had learned the first lesson.

"From then on I got most of my business school education in a series of seminars with Persians, Lebanese, and Turks. It is an excellent place to learn. They are not long on strategic planning, but they are super when it comes to short-term focus. For instance, the two hundred pounds of stone in the feed you bought at the bazaar is not appreciated by your chickens; so you start incoming quality control, otherwise known as 'I won't pay for your goddamned stone.' I spent two or three months a year for fifteen years in Iran and became very fond of the people and the country. The business is still there, converted into a cold storage plant and run by a *kommiteh.*"

It is a long way from the bazaars of south Tehran, haggling with Persian grain merchants, to driving a convertible Aston-Martin Volante along the spectacular road north from Los Angeles to Santa Barbara on a late spring afternoon—even though Sprague's stomach was suffering the ravages of what passes for gourmet dining in downtown L.A. He had an appointment with a small company, run by a former General Motors designer, which does safety work under contract to the Department of Transportation.

In particular, the firm had developed a $14 million car that can resist crashes from any angle at 50 miles an hour, and Sprague wanted to discuss passenger restraining systems with the developers. "My objective is to see if we can get something from them for nothing. However, they may sell us something, or we may sell to them. I'm just curious to see what they do. We'll have an interesting afternoon, and that's what it's all about. But here is a serious question: am I working, driving down the California coast on a sunny afternoon? It could be merely a pleasant way to goof off. I could probably convince myself, though, that I am working a long, hard day."

Entrepreneurs never rest. Once, driving through southern Turkey, Sprague thought it was a good place for an alfalfa dehydrating plant ("A nice scheme, but I couldn't get the necessary permits, and it cost me about twenty thousand dollars—not much"). On another occasion he helped a friend cut $450,000 from the overhead of a shrimp-breeding business in Panama City, Fla. Then there was the time he made a success of a small oil-drilling business in Texas but sold out because he needed money for a political campaign . . .

The afternoon in Santa Barbara was neither a success nor interesting. It soon became clear that the firm and its employees were as imaginative as the average government employee. Their safety car was cumbersome and unoriginal. They had also built for the chronically disabled a prototype van that was cluttered with unnecessary extravagances, which included an automatically opening driver's door. Sprague remained calm, joking about the curse of regulations. "They will eventually drive us out of business, because it is always so marginal. If the Aston Volante had two extra flakes of carbon in the cylinder, which could be caused by the tester popping the accelerator, we would not have passed emission control. The testers are young kids mostly; so we get them on our side by putting good tape decks in our cars. In Japan they have the nylon test. They put some panty hose a few inches away from the exhaust pipe to see if it catches fire. That is to protect Japanese women with wooden legs standing within a couple of feet of an Aston when it is traveling at fifty miles an hour."

> "The journalists were sitting around drinking whiskey; so I went up and said, 'I'm a minor, but I'm a minor in a major situation, and I need a drink.'"

His audience laughed politely. Then they showed him their *pièce de résistance:* a frivolously designed, hand-built speciality car that had just been sold for thousands of dollars to an Iranian with more money than taste. "I was going to get all cranked up when I said to myself, 'Damn it, Sprague. Behave yourself.' It wouldn't get me anywhere, but somehow there wasn't a whole lot of integrity there. They accept an incredible amount of government boondoggle to help finance what they really enjoy doing, and that indicates to me it's a low-life exercise. I don't expect we will have an intimate relationship with them under these circumstances."

Money pumps the blood of any entrepreneur, and it is easier to take government grants than to search the rough waters of private finance—as Sprague had been doing with increasing desperation during the last few months. One of his companies, Advent, which makes stereo speakers and six-foot-high television screens, was under increasing pressure.

Maybe it was the contrast between his own risk-taking ventures and the cozy mediocrity of the Santa Barbara firm; maybe he was indulging in the histrionics and creation of tension for which, he says, entrepreneurs have a predilection; or maybe one has to be manic depressive to succeed in business—but on the return to Los Angeles Sprague was not the buoyant optimist he had been a few hours previously. He began on a sprightly enough note, discussing how to raise money, but gradually, as the conversation turned to the relatively few failures in his life, he became introspective, gloomy, and uncharacteristically pessimistic.

"It's always a struggle to raise money, but you get up in the morning and keep pursuing leads. In the final analysis people risk money to make more. You cannot risk it on a *pro bono publico* basis; it has to be *pro bono ME.* That gives a certain focus. I am not very fond of banks and the bankers' mentality, but as with a lot of things in life, you have to wonder what you could replace them with. I would rather have them than bureaucrats. Raising money requires you to be diplomatic, which is a polite way of saying partially hypocritical, and optimistic, to sell a bit of a dream. It can be kind of crass at times. You have to pop the question 'Would you like to put money in?' Then you have to close quickly. 'Would you like to write out a check *now?*' It's not really an occupation for gentlemen.

"One has to realize I'm a creature of the sixties. That was a nice time to be alive, when we had a corner on the Beatles, miniskirts, all the action. A twenty-five-year-old guy on a motorcycle could drive into Wall Street and convince a bunch of fifty-five-year-olds to follow him around. I made a fast fortune in those go-go years. I invested fifty thousand dollars and within six months had made five hundred thousand dollars. I sold too late; so I ended up with two hundred fifty thousand dollars."

With that money he bought into the bankrupt National Semiconductor and has since turned it into a prominent electronics company employing 40,000 people—in spite of what he now says were wrong theories. "I thought there was room for a second-source transistor company. There was not. But there *was* room for a leading-edge integrated-circuit company, which is what we became. At the time, though, investors kept putting money in, and I recognized something good was happening to me; so I accepted it. A lot of people can resist something good happening to them. The steps we took to get

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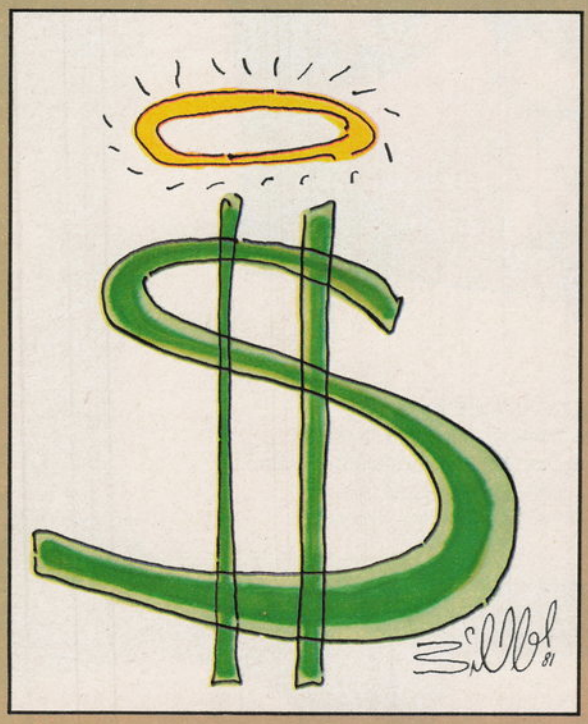
PENTHOUSE
HUMOR EDITOR
BILL LEE
PAYS SATYRICAL TRIBUTE
TO AN OVERDOSE
OF
POLITICAL PIETY



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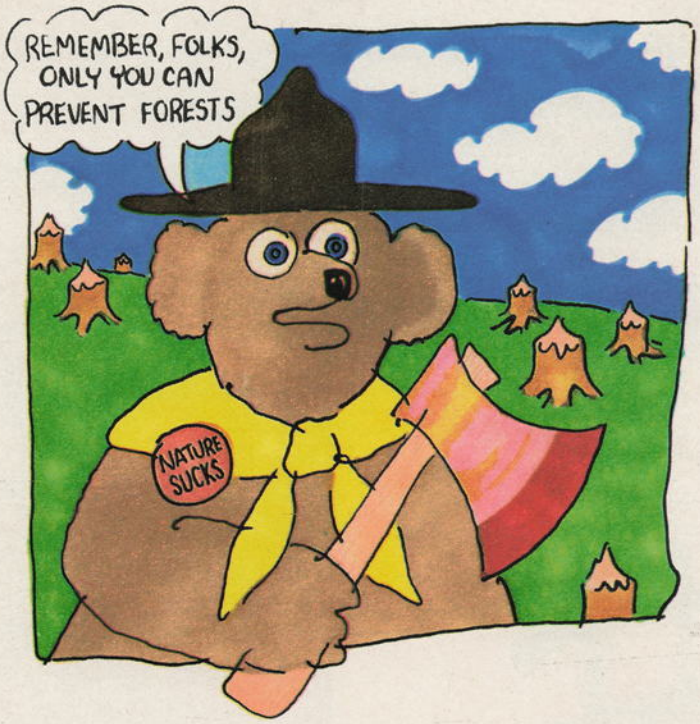

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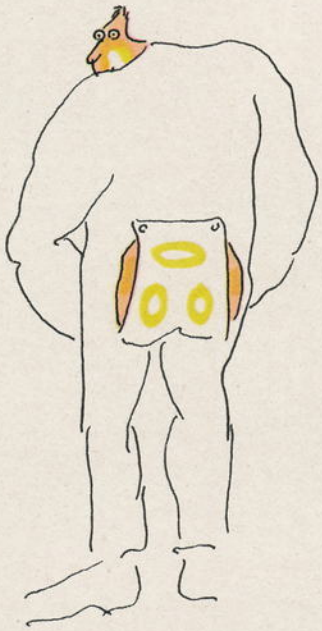

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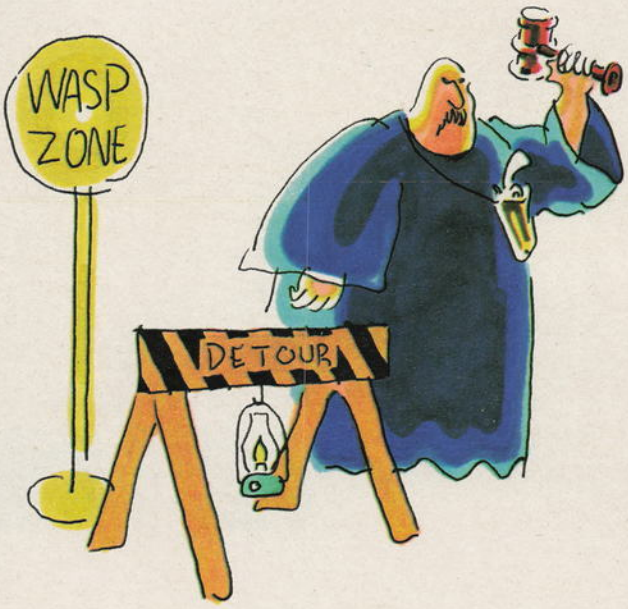

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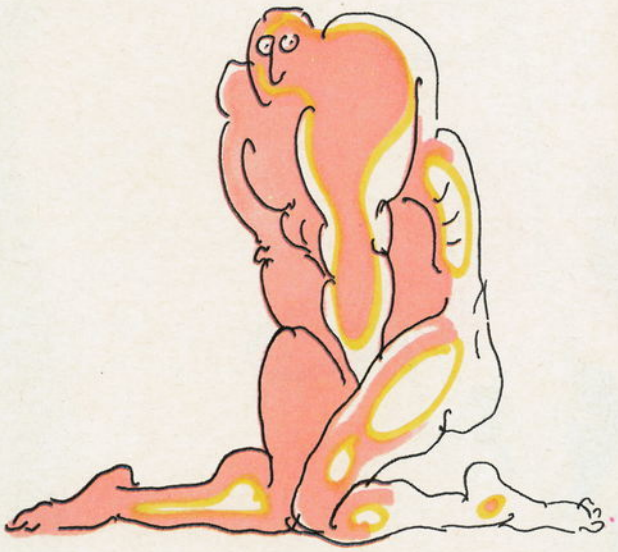

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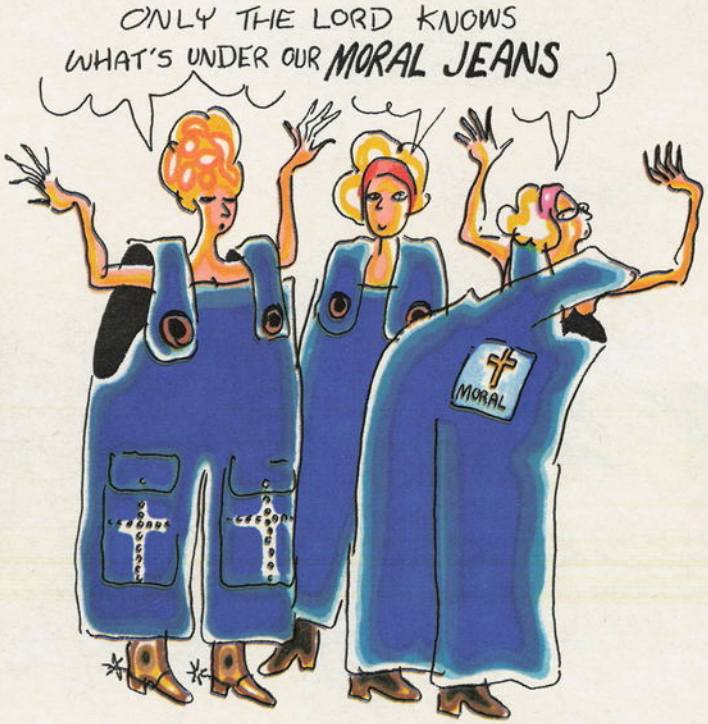

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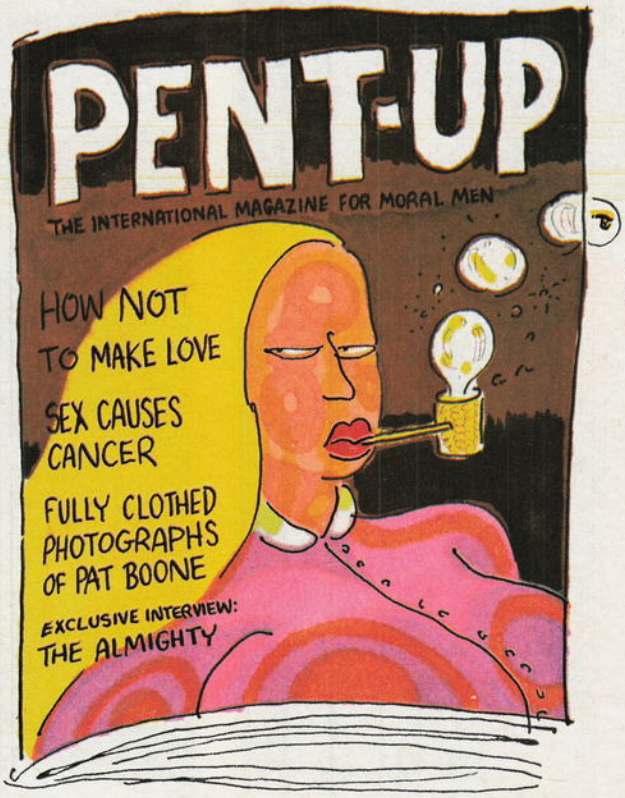
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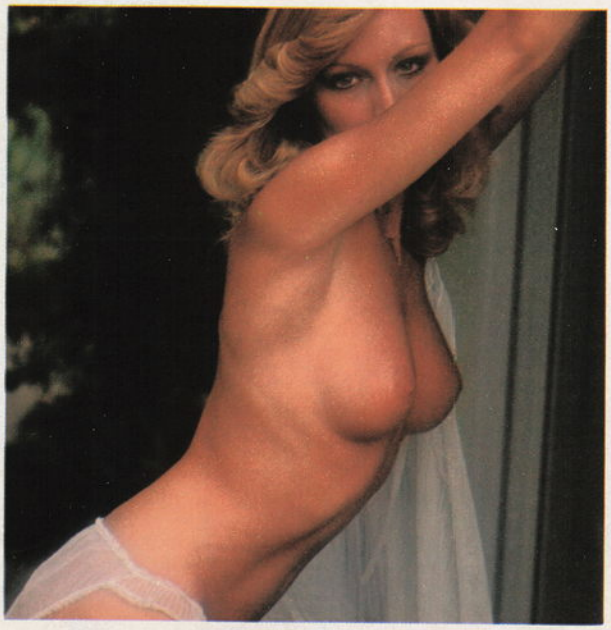


"Delectably disrobed, this flaxen-haired flirt will prettily prove that disco isn't dead."

SILENT PARTNERS

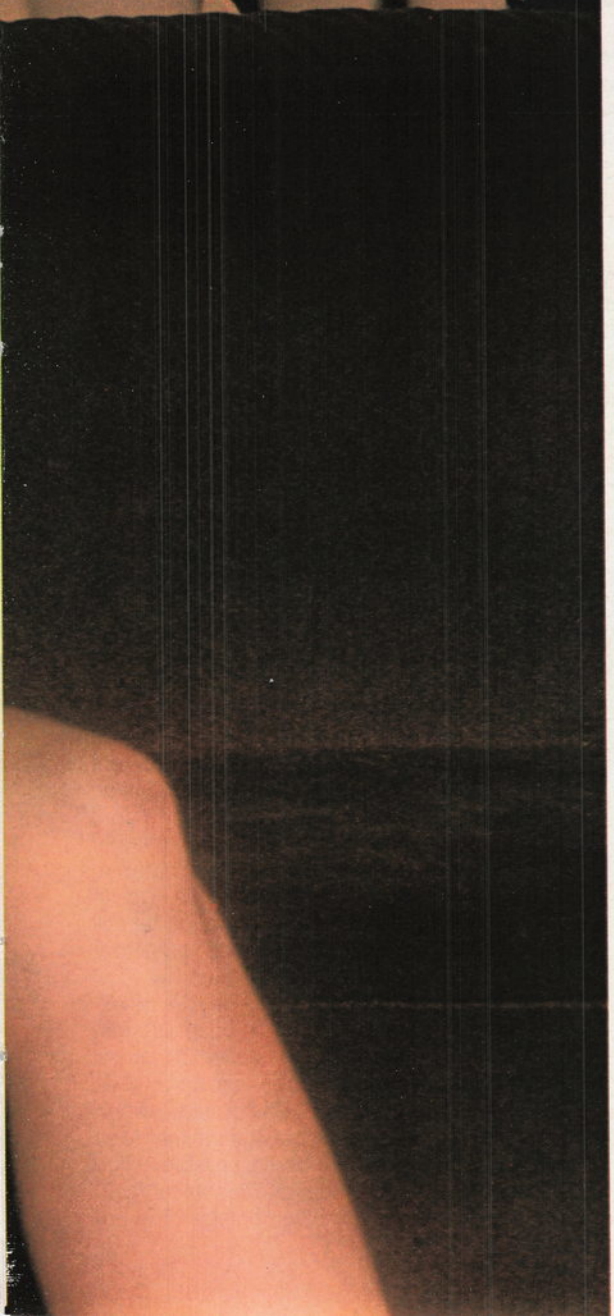
PHOTOGRAPHS BY EARL MILLER

She dances the nights away with fevered passion, but her days belong to the sun. By eight, she's dressed to dazzle, ready to paint the town with avant-unguarded abandon. As her ravishing form responds to the blaring beat, she breathes, kisses, fondles life into the still, silent habitués that people her dream. The boys in the band play on....

Delectably disrobed, our flaxen-haired flirt proves prettily that disco isn't dead (only the people), particularly when she livens things up with a stripteasing floor show, taking as her silent partner a porcelain-skinned brunette....

Idle hands may be the devil's workshop, but our toothsome temptress seems the picture of angelic abandon.

"I'll do to *her*," she smiles, "what I'd have her do unto me!" (And if the devil had his due, we think, so would he!)



Wardrobe courtesy of Deco Flash Too, West Hollywood, Calif.

Then, spying a perfect stranger, she decides with comely caprice to give the *other* sex a whirl. Happily lending him a hand, she discovers that this new silent partner has the makings for a marvelous merger—in which his unusually upright posture might become his most ardor-ous asset!

CAPITALIST

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 116

the company into a position where it could attract capital and good luck were important and required a lot of hard work."

Since then Sprague has taken an almost masochistic pleasure in buying troubled companies, a process that he claims usually begins serendipitously. "Last summer, for instance, my sister had lunch with her investment adviser, who was a former roommate at Princeton of a man who ran a coffee-making machine company, Chemex, that was going bankrupt. I spoke to the guy, and two weeks later I owned the company. It's doing quite well now. Ironically, I was also busy bankrupting a company of mine, which is the first time I have done that."

The company, Design Research, which he bought in 1967, had become a leading furniture retailer, with 300 employees and sales of $12 million a year. A combination of inefficient computer programming, strikes, and incompetent management led to disaster. "I hired a Harvard Business School graduate to run it, one who had been written up in *Fortune* magazine as the superstar of the Class of '73. Of course, it is legendary how many people have been written up in *Fortune* as geniuses just before they are discovered to have feet of clay. Beware of them—and twenty-five-year-olds. I guess I am getting conservative in my old age, but the safest business policy I have heard, and one that I have not followed, is that if you want to know what someone is likely to do—find out what he has already done.

"I don't feel so badly about the film [*Steppenwolf*], because there you just take a shot, and if it doesn't work, you lick your wounds and shrug it off. I should not have made it in the first place, because I didn't know enough about the business. I did not realize that with a movie you sell not reality but an idea. I had an actual movie under my armpit which had cost me one and one-half million dollars, and I tried to sell it. At Warners the guy who had to make the critical decision announced he would have to leave after twenty minutes to see his dentist. Imagine some low-life type, draped in Hollywood pearls, gold chains, and velvet pants, laying it on the line about how he's got a dental appointment and has to leave before the movie is even cranked up. A marvelous moment. It didn't seem reasonable to say what I thought."

The ability to kick disaster in the teeth is essential for any entrepreneur, as Sprague has demonstrated on many occasions. There was the time when amidst much ballyhoo at Woburn Abbey, a British stately home, he unveiled the Aston-Martin Lagonda, a $100,000 car that will be on sale in the United States this year. The assembled press waited breathlessly as Lady Tavistock, whose husband runs Woburn and who had bought the first production model, switched on the ignition. There was a dull click. She smiled tightly and tried again. Another click. "Well," said Sprague, "now you know why we sell our first cars to people who live within walking distance of the factory." Later he added, "There are some points in life when all you can do is throw a Gallic shrug and get on with it. I keep a deep Gallic shrug available at all times."

He needed it to cope with the problems at Advent, which were caused by the introduction of a one-piece projection television unit that did not work properly and a slump in the sales of speakers and televisions. Advent was down a third, to $2 million a month, which meant losses of $300,000. "It's been nip and tuck for some time now," said Sprague, who had just returned from a 12-day investment-seeking trip to Japan. "The banks are getting nervous. If I can break even, they will stay with me for six months, and by then we will have new products that will give us a potential one-hundred-fifty-million-dollar company. If I don't get financing, I'm going to have another Design Research on my hands. If that happens, I will be a conspicuously failed entrepreneur. My credibility will be damaged, and as I run very much on credibility, I would have to go to ground for a year just to let the dust settle. The difference between being considered a genius and an idiot is a very fine line. If Advent goes under, I would probably go through a moderate level of depression; but I would not agree with the popular opinion that although I was a genius beforehand, I must now be a total idiot. I was probably less of a genius and less of an idiot. However, there's a Canadian who is interested in putting up some money . . ."

Six months later, at his town house in Sutton Square, one of the few remaining oases of elegance in New York, Sprague was his old optimistic self. He had raised $3 million for Advent from nine different sources, including the British Rail pension fund in England. "We're over the hump," he proclaimed. "And we hope to triple sales next year." As for Aston-Martin, Sprague had sold his shares in the English manufacturing company, although he still held the position of chairman of Aston-Martin, Inc., in the United States.

New ventures beckoned. He was developing a "catalyst group" to raise $50 million from the public to allow 30 or so individual entrepreneurs to set up on their own in Santa Clara, California's silicon valley. It was a Renaissance-like idea whereby the group would provide office space and secretarial and technical facilities—in return for a percentage of even-

"Won't Mom and Dad be surprised when they wake up and find out they're hooked on heroin?"

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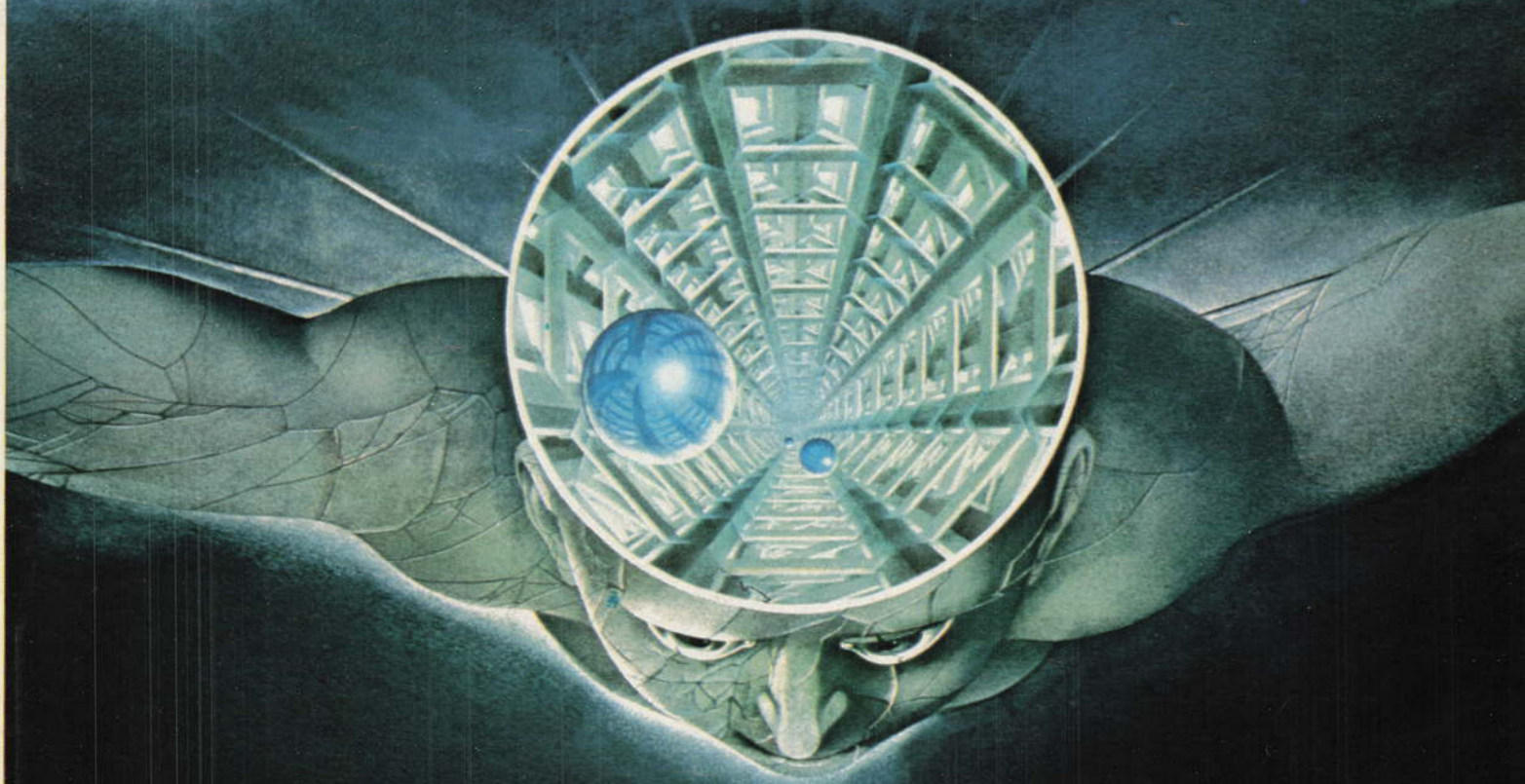

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tual profits. And he had disentangled himself from a suicidal attempt to "save" MG, another ailing sports car firm. "It needed fifty million dollars of someone else's money, which we could not find, I'm happy to say. No one in the car business is surviving."

In spite of inevitable problems with Aston-Martin, it looked at last as if Sprague would be able to spend more time at his 20-room stone Tudor mansion called Undermountain Farm, at Lenox, in the Berkshire Mountains. It has 200 acres of farmland and about 20 chickens, a few cows, geese, Muscovy ducks, rabbits, a sheep, and a goat. "It's a bit like Old Macdonald's, but it's an absolutely lovely spot." Behind the house is an 11-room log cabin, which was built in 1890 and is lent to the Boston Symphony Orchestra for its summer season. "I grew up surrounded by music. I played cello in a junior symphony—not very well, but my mother was involved in the program; so they had to give me a part. A lot of my friends are musicians. They are usually interesting people. I know relatively few entrepreneurs—obnoxious, pushy people you don't really want around.

"Sometimes I think I'd just like to get out of all the hassles and put my feet up. I don't expect to run around frenetically for the rest of my days. It doesn't do much for the digestive system, the quality of life, or anything else. I would be vastly better off if I had done nothing since 1968 except sit on my National Semiconductor stock. My various enterprises don't pay me very much, and my expenses are vastly greater than income. I live off capital gains. I did have a lot of shares. Now I have a whole lot less. The main problem is interest payments. I have owed money to banks for eighteen years—at the moment it is two million dollars, which means I pay four hundred thousand dollars in interest every year. That's ridiculous. I would like to owe nothing; then I could go off, sit in a tree, and read a book. I could easily do that. I have no problems about being laid back. I wouldn't become unglued if I was put in solitary confinement for six months. There are all these lovely theories that someone like me must be 'driven.' That doesn't make sense to me. I do what I do because I like it."

There is a thrill, too, in tilting at windmills. One attraction of being a "minor in a major situation," which is, in a sense, what Sprague has always been, is that you can indulge an honesty that would seem frivolous in others. When he ran against Ed Koch for Congress in 1970, he placed in the *New York Post* an ad saying that it wouldn't make any difference who won. "Neither of us will get anything done." He lost by 15,000 votes and exorcised his political ambition in the process. "I enjoyed campaigning, but I don't think I would have liked being a congressman. I'm a weak administrator. I have a low tolerance for detail and follow-up, and I am inconsistent. But I am a reasonable entrepreneur, which is the art of being able to play with existing elements and put them together."

It seemed safe enough to take the prototype Bulldog for a run around the twisting streets of Bel-Air, where the jaded artisans of Hollywood hype are usually sophisticated enough to ignore any new visual sensation. However, every foot of the journey was made hazardous by gawking fellow motorists, their concentration momentarily distracted by the elegant lines and aggressive roar of the silver car. Inside it was noisy and not too comfortable, a perfect toy for the millionaire who wants to suffer for his prestige or, as Sprague said, "a glorious anachronism. No one needs another two-hundred-miles-an-hour turbo-charged supercar. We built it to demonstrate what we can do and to keep together a team whose members don't want to spend the rest of their lives redesigning doorknobs. I hope we'll sell it. The price is four hundred fifty thousand dollars—negotiable.

"As usual, there's supposed to be a massive list of potential buyers, and we are fending people off. The reality is we're looking for a customer. Every car company maintains a myth about sales, which is a conspiracy of everyone involved—like Santa Claus. If anyone knew we had a car for sale, we would never sell one. But if you have a modicum of common sense, you realize that a dealer will always find you a car—even if you want a chartreuse Rolls-Royce immediately. It would turn out that, even though they were sold out for a year and a half, it just happened that a little old lady who was going to take delivery of a chartreuse Rolls has just died.

"The car business is a dreadful thing to waste your talents on. Companies consistently go out of business. Aston itself has gone bust twice in the last ten years. And John Z. De Lorean (former General Motors vice-president who has developed a sports car) will produce a few thousand cars and go belly up. His chances are zilch. But I hope we will always have a market. We have done a lot of radical things, many of which are just flackery. Peel away the skin of an onion, and there's another layer, and another—and then, maybe, there is nothing. Life is just a game."

The Bulldog accelerated round the corner, its computer-controlled digital instrument panel flashing the latest information. "You know what I'd like to do next?" asked Sprague. "I'd like to get into the whole area of genetic engineering, this business of altering life forms. It has awesome potential. I might just work on it. It's the kind of thing I would find really fascinating."

"I can't slide down, Chief . . . I've got a hard-on."

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PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

RUSSELL MEANS

> The FBI are the only ones who have federal jurisdiction on the reservation. They're the enforcers, the gestapo. They make sure that anybody who gets out of line on the reservation is charged with a federal crime.

When Russell Means first attracted attention, even fellow Indians scoffed. What kind of an anachronism was this man, wearing beads and moccasins, long black hair, and pomaded braids? Another faithful sidekick for the Lone Ranger? Tonto's heir?

The answer was soon obvious. Means intended to battle the white man, not serve him. He began to demonstrate, picket, shout, and lobby on behalf of Indians. And soon government agencies were tapping his phones and proffering perjured testimony against him in court. They arrested and jailed him numerous times on charges ranging from arson to rioting. Though today Means is free, it is only as a parolee from a four-year jail sentence. He continues his war. "Those of us who have painted our faces," he promises, "have taken a vow to die for what we believe in. We Indians have never been afraid to die, because we know where we're going."

Russell Means, cofounder of the American Indian Movement, has become a symbol of a revitalized people seeking freedom from a century of oppression. Throughout the 1970s, like a guerrilla theater, Means captured a national audience and alerted it to the plight—and the power—of the indigenous American. He orchestrated a prayer vigil on top of Mount Rushmore, claiming the monument was an insult to nature; he sued the Cleveland Indians baseball team, arguing that the team mascot, Chief Wahoo, demeaned the image of Indians; he led 1,300 other Indians into Gordon, Nebr., to protest the suspicious death of Raymond Yellow Thunder. Means and 77 other Indians were arrested in Custer, S.Dak., after rampaging through the town, incensed that a white man had received reduced charges for the stabbing death of Wesly Bad Heart Bull. In 1972 Means helped plan the Trail of Broken Treaties Caravan, an election-week march on Washington that ended with the takeover of the Bureau of Indian Affairs—which Means and his followers immediately renamed the Native American Embassy.

The most prolonged and dramatic battle of his career began on February 27, 1973, when Means and several hundred armed supporters seized a church and trading post in the village of Wounded Knee, S.Dak. It was there, 83 years earlier, that the American Indian Wars ended: the U.S. Seventh Cavalry slaughtered Chief Big Foot and some 350 members of his tribe, mostly women and children. There was no massacre in 1973. Under federal siege and on national television, Means and his followers held the town for 71 days, exchanging gunfire with the FBI and earning support from church and civil-rights groups—which airlifted supplies to the occupiers—across the country. "If the federal government once again turns a deaf ear and closes its eyes to the Indians," said Means, "the Indian Wars will start all over again. There will be death. I don't consider that a threat. That's reality."

Though maligned by many as a renegade, the leader of the Wounded Knee occupation was never far from harsh realities. Born into poverty on the Pine Ridge Reservation (South Dakota) on November 10, 1939, Russell Charles Means was the oldest son of Hank and Theodora Means. He grew up in a Vallejo, Calif., public housing project but remembers, from the few extended visits to Pine Ridge, that he was never far from his Sioux heritage. His grandfather warned him of the dangers of the white world. He and his brother Dale would watch in anger Indians being killed in the movies. They played cowboys and Indians with the white kids in Vallejo. "Sometimes we beat the hell out of them. I didn't even know why. I guess they represented the cavalry to me. But we had them all wanting to be Indians."

Young Means attended racially mixed schools, maintained good grades, and was an enthusiastic boy scout and a fine athlete. But at the age of 16 he transferred to the almost entirely white San Leandro High School. Taunted and barraged by racial slurs, he quickly learned that victimization of the American Indian was more than film fantasy or historical abstraction. He soon dropped out of school and began drifting. For the next ten years he worked at odd jobs across the country: picking tomatoes, teaching ballroom dancing, sorting mail, shoveling elephant manure at a circus. He became addicted to heroin, kicked the habit, then got hooked on alcohol.

By the late sixties he had wandered into a job at the Office of Economic Opportunity in Cleveland, was a husband and a father trying to emulate the white man's ways. But it was then that he met fellow Indians Dennis Banks and Clyde Bellecourt and their nascent American Indian Movement. At first put off by the moccasins and belts and sashes and Indian jewelry that the group's members wore, Means was soon convinced that AIM was serious business. At that point the Russell Means who had been attempting to become assimilated into white society transformed himself

PHOTOGRAPH BY PAT HILL

into a twentieth-century Indian renegade, fighting to dramatize his people's plight.

Until Means and AIM appeared, American Indians were a forgotten people, the poorest of all ethnic minorities in the United States, shunted onto reservations in barely habitable regions of the country. The average yearly family income among the nearly 1 million population was $1,500. Unemployment varied from 40 to 80 percent. Life expectancy was 44 years, 20 years less than what it was for whites. Infant mortality among the Indian population was three times the national average; alcoholism and suicide were rampant.

With their prayer vigils and riots and marches and occupations, Means and AIM not only got their message through to the white man and his government; they also inspired other Indians in all parts of the country to assert themselves. Once-warring tribes organized themselves, elected regional leaders, and lobbied in cities, on reservations, and in Washington for rights they realized had been stripped away from them during a century of near colonial subjugation.

The Indians began to reclaim their right to lands that had been granted them in treaties with the U.S. government in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries—but had since been appropriated by white men. In Alaska they were awarded nearly 1 billion dollars and 40 million acres of land with the Alaska Native Claims Settlement Act. By 1978 various tribes in six eastern states were suing for 12 million additional acres. Their leaders began demanding greater control of the Bureau of Indian Affairs, the federal agency that held 50 million acres of land on their behalf; an independent unit of federal lawyers to oversee legal matters; and more supervision in the disbursement of federal funds.

The courts became the new battleground. In some instances the Indians demanded protection of sacred territories; in others, the right to benefit from the land's riches. They soon realized the economic power that lay unexploited at their feet. In the West, Indian territory contained one-third of America's strippable coal reserves, half the country's uranium, and sizable amounts of oil. The 70 billion tons of coal alone were estimated to be worth a trillion dollars. The Indians sought advice from Arab oil experts and soon formed the Council of Energy Resource Tribes, which they hoped would become the "native American OPEC."

Even though Russell Means has spawned and guided this resurgent Indian nationalism, today, radical as ever, he is worried that these latest efforts to exploit the land for material gain are a rape of nature and a violation of sacred Indian tradition. In 1979, for example, when the federal government was offering to buy the Black Hills, Means urged tribes to reject the offer: the land was "our graveyard, our church, the center of our universe, the birthplace of our people. . . everything we hold sacred and dear. And this is the reason it is not for sale."

More than ever, Means is admonishing his fellow Indians not to forsake their heritage. He is contemptuous of those who do; he calls them "apples"—red outside and white inside.

Last summer, at the Black Hill International Survival Gathering, Means warned "of coming to believe the white world now offers solutions to the problems it confronts us with. . . of allowing the words of native people to be twisted to the advantage of our enemies. . . . Feel sorry for them if you need to, but be comfortable with who you are as American Indians." After 40 battle-scarred years, Means is comfortable with who he is. "I *am* an Oglala Lakota patriot. That is all I want and all I need to be."

Penthouse: What makes you most angry about white America?

Means: What pisses me off is the ignorance in this country: the ignorance of the deprivations that we Indians go through. You're more concerned with boat people. You're more concerned with refugees from wherever. You're more concerned with dissidents in Russia than you are with the genocide going on in your own backyard. And when you find out about it, it's covered up. It's covered up!

Penthouse: What is covered up?

Means: The FBI are the only ones who have federal jurisdiction on the reservation. They're the enforcers, the gestapo. They make sure that anybody who gets out of line on the reservation is charged with a federal crime. What people don't realize is that they bust in on old people, with *dogs!* Without warrants! They take people out of their homes and take them to jail. Without due process! It happens time and time again. Most of the time an Indian doesn't even complain, because he's so used to being oppressed that he thinks it's the normal thing.

There was a famous author who went around to German people in Germany after World War II and asked them how they could have let all these people—the Gypsies, the Polish, the Jews—be exterminated. They said, "Wait a minute. The government and the press told us that everything was fine. They were just going off to work labor camps, and they were being educated and fed."

So welcome to Nazi America. The whole country now believes the government is taking care of us, feeding us, educating us. The great white foster-father. Welcome to Nazi America. I can't say it strongly enough.

Do you know how Hitler came up with his idea for treatment of the Jewish people and the Gypsies? The Gypsies suffered higher casualties than anyone, you know. They were virtually wiped out. Hitler got his idea for the treatment of the Jewish people and the Gypsies from the U.S. treatment of American Indians. "The U.S. has given me an excellent idea." I can quote him almost verbatim.

Do you know the Howard Wheeler Act, known as the Indian Reorganization Act of 1934? Well, approximately 30 years later South Africa passed the Bantu Development Act. The apartheid law. It's virtually a carbon copy of the Indian Reorganization Act but improved.

Penthouse: You have said that there was no disease in the Americas until the white man came.

Means: It is documented in your own records. We knew nothing more than the common cold. Then you came, and your diseases alone almost wiped us out. We look on Genesis as a prophecy. This was the Garden of Eden. The apple was the white man's science and technology.

Penthouse: Nothing was ever wrong with the Indians before the white man?

Means: Of course, we had occasional cripples, retarded people. We had social aberrations, such as homosexuality. But the Indian looked upon these unique individuals as something special the Great Mystery created to teach us. These people had something special to tell us.

Penthouse: What else is the white race guilty of?

Means: You invented work. Then you invented vacations to free yourself from work. The Indian has no understanding of that. The Indian did not sell his labor. Let me give you a contemporary example. The Indians of Canada's Northwest Territory fought the oil pipeline. They said the pipeline would affect the way they hunt, trap, fish, live. It upset the ecological balance of human beings. The ecologists forget to mention that. They mention the danger of the pipeline to the tundra, the moose, the wolf. But they act as if man, living in the midst of this, is not to be considered. Naturally, as white men, they never think of living in harmony with nature. These Indians did. And they were willing to go to war for their way of life. They didn't care about the new jobs and the high salaries. They wanted to save their world.

Penthouse: You spoke of the Americas as a Garden of Eden. You don't believe that the Indians originated in the Old World?

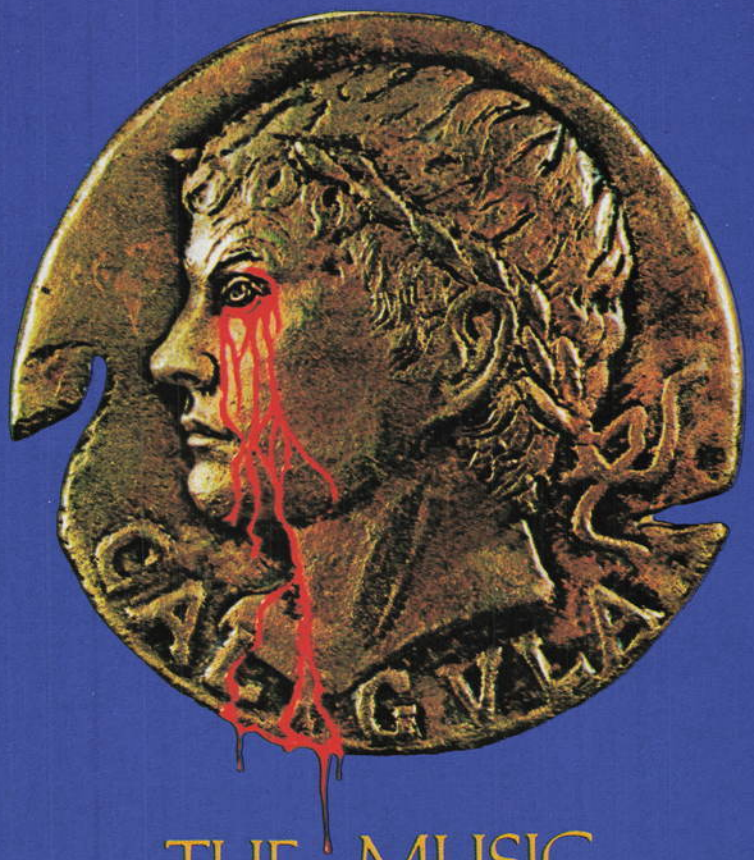
Means: No. That is the biggest propaganda coup the whites have perpetuated.

Penthouse: To what purpose?

Means: To justify their conquest of us. If it wasn't our original home, then they had a right to steal it. The archeologists' first estimate of how long we've been here was 6,000 years before the life of Christ. Then they robbed another grave and found that we've been here for 10,000 years. And they continued to rob graves. About four years ago, in Baja, Calif., they found a cave and some humanlike bones, pottery, and arrowheads that could be as much as 1 million years old! Now, the Mexican government kept this secret for two years. When it finally leaked out, the official position was that they were visitors from outer space! They would do *anything* to keep

CONTINUED ON PAGE 188

CALIGULA



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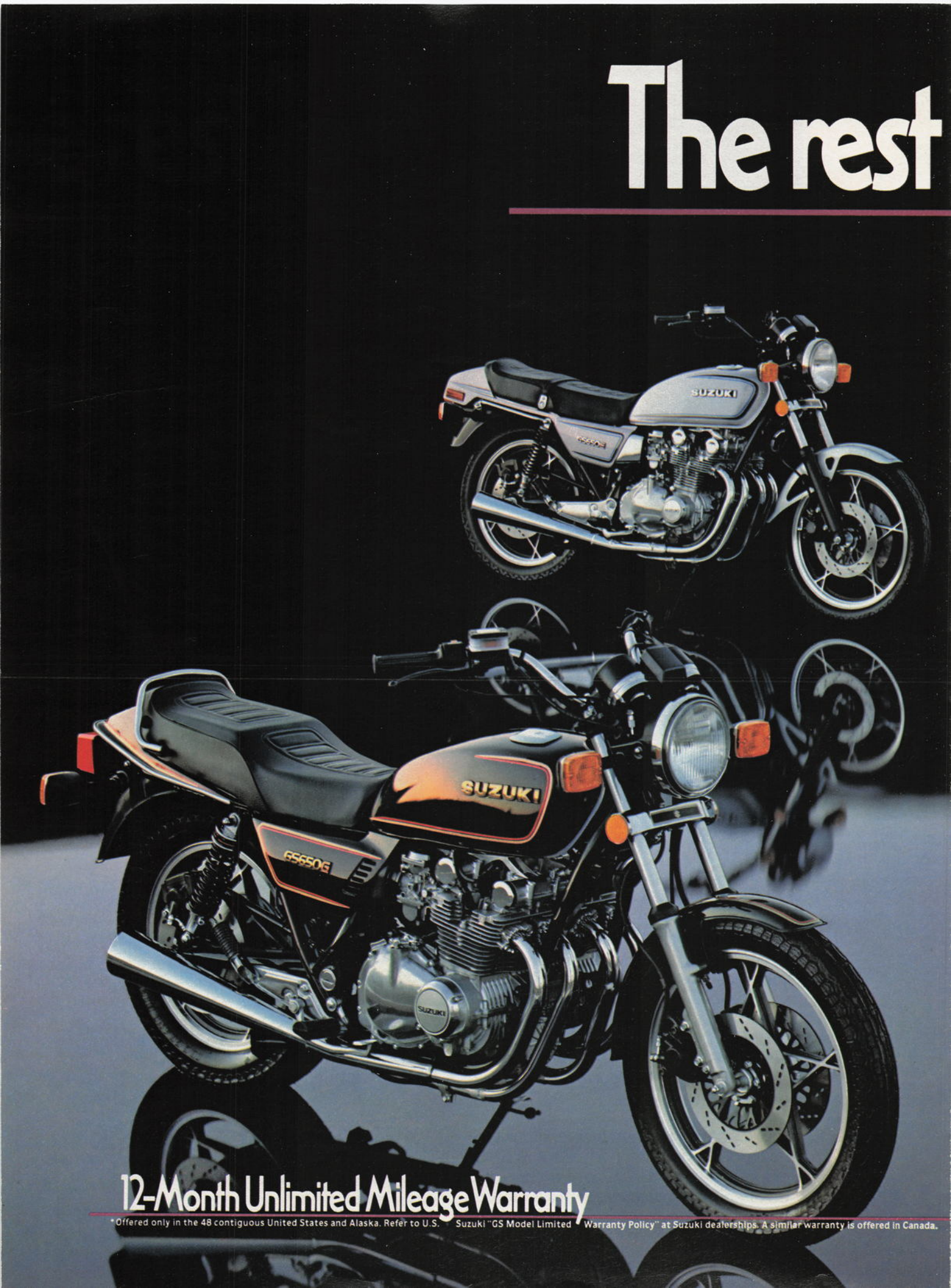

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And each has its own special features. Like tubeless tires and air forks on the G model. Tubeless tires with raised white letters on the GL. And dual slotted front disc brakes with a rear single disc on the E and G.

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MAGNUM FORCE

BY GENE O'ROURKE/PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN ZIMMERMAN

Jacket and helmets by Simpson Sports, Torrance, Calif.

(above) The BMW R100RS ($7,000) is one of the finest examples of the craftsmanship, design, and mechanical wizardry that have made Bavarian Motor Works renowned. BMW has endowed the R100RS with a "Nivomat" load-leveling system, guaranteeing unchanged ground clearance. (above right): (left) The MOTO GUZZI 1000 Le Mans ($5,000), lightest of the superbikes; the combination of its light weight and high-torque engine makes it ideal for navigating twisting roads; (center) the HONDA CBX is the perfect touring bike; long trips are made more enjoyable through such amenities as matching sports-touring saddlebags and air-adjustable "Prolink" mono-shock rear suspension; and (right) the YAMAHA XV 920 RH ($4,000) is an exercise in pure power play. The 920 cc engine delivers over 56 foot-pounds of torque at 5,500 rpm. (right) The HARLEY-DAVIDSON FXB-80 Sturgis ($6,320) has an 80-cubic-inch engine that delivers 72.4 foot-pounds of torque through a Kelver belt drive.

Once upon a time, motorcycles were cumbersome iron monsters festooned with dozens of taillights and perpetually begrimed with an unlikely homogenization of grease and rust.

The acme of redneck accoutrements, the one-percenter's Rolls Corniche, the motorcycle was the mechanical personification of Captain Billy Whizbang. Ownership immediately relegated one to the status of social leper and was usually limited to those members of the community who were built like gorillas, with long greasy sideburns and gaps between their front teeth through which they could spit 20 feet into the wind.

When I was 11, having been duly warned by my mother to stay clear of motorcycles and the cretins who rode them, I set out to plumb their evil mystery. Finding one in front of the local bowling alley, I spent the better part of an hour examining the beast. Its stern was covered with red and green torpedo-shaped taillights from the Western Auto Store that were interconnected by a rat's nest of frayed wire held together by lumps of dried-out friction tape. The lights surrounded a license plate that dangled rakishly from one bolt, making it extremely difficult for the local police to read and adding to the "don't give a shit" impression exuded by the machine.

Black leather saddlebags, festooned with green reflectors backed by white leather stars, flanked the grease-encrusted rear wheel. Furtive investigation revealed that they contained oily rags, wrenches, broken master links, regapped spark plugs, a can of 80-weight oil, and a completely illegible, oil-soaked owner's manual. Up front, the big chrome headlight jutted from between two smaller riding lights that were disconnected.

In between was the serious stuff. Broad steerhorn handlebars tipped with red and white plastic streamers loosely embraced a gaggle of important-looking knobs, pedals, and switches, which had to be manipulated in a precise progression known only to the greasy few. A big, macho gearshift lever sprouted from a notched, chromed detent marked "N-1-2-3." It was beknobbed by a clear plastic ball that encapsulated a red and gold Budweiser logo. The fuel tank was capped by a chrome bezel holding a large speedometer that read up to 110 mph.

The giant buddy-seat was spring-loaded and had a family of reflectors decorating its rear-facing surface. Below was the huge, filthy V-twin engine that fed into two great chromed mufflers with reflectored fishtails. The big kick starter was also reflectored, and its two rubber pads made it look like the pedals on a Schwinn bicycle. The exotic aroma of gasoline, rubber, burnt insulation, grease, and oily dirt hung over the monster.

My best friend informed me, with the condescension that can be expressed only by a 12-year-old speaking to an 11-year-old, that if you jumped on the kick starter, twisted both handgrips, and moved the Budweiser lever to "3," the immediate result would be 110 mph.

It seems like only yesterday (and it was) that I hopped on another bike that shared some of the basic attributes of that monster of yore: two wheels, an engine, a gas tank, and a seat. There the resemblance ends. Gone forever is the grime, the multitude of reflectors, the big kick start pedal, and the Budweiser knob. No more buckled and strapped saddlebags. Loud, gutted mufflers have long since been outlawed. Spark advance is automatic, stripping from the rider the ability to enrage the populace with thunderous backfires. The speedometer reads only to 85 mph, although the machine can easily top that figure by 40 or 50 mph.

The powerful twin-overhead-cam, four-cylinder engine instantly sprang to life at the touch of a button and quickly settled into a smooth, muted idle. While it was warming up, the computerized monitoring system checked various functions.

Liquid crystal diodes (LCDs) on the display panel indicated that hydraulic brake fluid, battery fluid, and engine oil were at the proper levels, headlights and taillights were functioning properly, and the fuel tank was three-quarters full; and a flashing red light at the top of the panel warned that the side stand was in the down position.

A quick kick at the stand extinguished the red light, and the panel indicated all systems GO. Feeling like John Glenn leaving the launch pad at Canaveral, I eased away from the curb and accelerated smoothly and rapidly through five gears. The bike shaft drove like an automobile, with no chain rattle and with oil spraying all over. At the first traffic signal, the combination of rear drum and dual front-disc brakes hauled the bike to a quick, straight stop while the hydraulic antidive suspension system kept it absolutely level.

The motorcycle was a 1981 Yamaha Seca 750, the world's first computerized motorcycle. Other manufacturers, however, have not been napping while Yamaha was working its magic on the 750.

A bewildering array of motorcycles is now available to the buyer. Single cylinders, vertical twins, flat-opposed twins, V-twins, in-line triples, flat-opposed fours, in-line fours, and in-line sixes are currently in the showrooms in sizes ranging from 50 ccs to 1,300 ccs. Additionally, several companies are planning V-fours, V-sixes, and rotary-engined bikes.

State-of-the-art engine refinements include: twin overhead cams, swirl-type induction systems that burn fuel more completely and increase mileage, oil coolers, liquid cooling systems, crankshaft counterbalancers to reduce vibration, transistorized ignition systems, four valve cylinders for increased volumetric efficiency, and desmodronic valve action to eliminate valve float at high rpms. Kawasaki has introduced electronic fuel injection, a move that is sure to be followed by other innovations in the near future.

Other features cropping up now include cast alloy wheels, tubeless tires, load-leveling systems, quartz halogen headlights, self-canceling turn signals, adjustable suspension systems, built-in wheel-locking chains, shaft drives, belt drives, and completely enclosed chain drives. Kick starters are a thing of the past on all but off-road bikes and the smallest street machines. The kick starters did make for good muscle tone in the right leg and the maintenance of an excellent vocabulary of expletives.

There are motorcycles for all ages, sizes, budgets, terrains, tastes, and degrees of expertise. Ten-year-olds race on 50 cc minidirt bikes; hotshots burn rubber in drive-in parking lots on their fat-tired, step-seated "specials"; canyon racers tear up mountain roads; the touring crowd burn up the freeways on radio equipped, water-cooled, 700-pound cruisers; and golden-agers tootle around Miami Beach on tricycle mopeds.

The essence of Captain Whizbang is most obvious among the large-displacement sporting bikes. The superbike craze was started by Honda with its four-cylinder, overhead-cam 750 model in the late sixties. Kawasaki jumped into the act with its 500 cc, two-stroke triple "Mach III" several years later and in 1973 brought forth the 900 twin-overhead-cam, four-cylinder "Z-1," the first modern hyperbike. The big "Z" reigned supreme until the late seventies, when the competition unleashed a veritable herd of lightning-fast, large-displacement machines.

Today there are dozens of highly re-

Jumpsuit by Kawasaki Motor Corp., Santa Ana, Calif.

(above, left to right) The SUZUKI GS 1100 EX ($3,999) accelerates through the quarter mile in 11 seconds and has a top end of 140 mph. The DUCATI Darmah 900 ($5,000) is an extremely responsive and well-handling bike. The KAWASAKI GPZ 1100 ($4,000) is a brute of a bike, whose fuel-injected, four-cylinder engine produces 110 horsepower. Added attractions include an antitheft system, adjustable shocks, triple disc brakes, and electronic ignition. (All prices suggested retail.)

fined, superpowerful sports bikes available. The crème de la crème of cycledom, they can accelerate with mind-boggling speed, stop as quickly as they go, and in the hands of experienced riders handle as though on rails.

Yamaha Motors, a dominant force in world motorcycle racing for many years, currently exports over 1 million motorcycles in 40 different models each year, from tiny minibikes to the awesomely fast 1,100 cc XS 1100. For 1981 the most potent addition to the line is the all-new XV 920 RH, sporting a 920 cc V-twin overhead-cam engine, totally enclosed chain drive, and adjustable mono-shock suspension. With over 56 foot-pounds of torque on tap at 5,500 rpm, the light (485 lbs) XV 920 RH should be a canyon screamer.

Another V twin a generation closer to the original Captain Billy is the Harley-Davidson FXB-80 Sturgis. Equipped with dual disc brakes, deeply stepped seat, and mag-type wheels, the Sturgis has a big 80-cubic-inch engine that transmits its wall-climbing 72.4 foot-pounds of torque through a space-age Kevlar belt drive. The belt is quiet, requires no lubrication, and is expected to last up to three times longer than a chain. The Sturgis is expected to retail for $6,320.

Perhaps the zootiest space machine of this year's crop is the Honda CBX. First introduced two years ago as a pure sports bike, the six-cylinder, 24-valve, 1,047 cc CBX now sports a sleek semi-race-type fairing, matching detachable sports-touring saddlebags and air-adjustable "Pro-link" mono-shock rear suspension. With a dry weight of 620 pounds, the new CBX is no canyon racer, but its powerful engine, comfortable seating, and complete instrumentation should make for perfect high-speed touring.

A price tag slightly over $7,000 makes the BMW R100RS the Bentley of the superbike fleet. The big "Beemer" is constructed like a fine watch and performs all demanded of it with smooth, quiet authority. BMWs are fine conglomerations of state-of-the-art components wedded artfully to highly refined versions of the flat-opposed twin engines that the firm has been making for many years. The R100RT touring version has also introduced an automatic load-leveling system called the "Nivomat," which ensures unchanged ground clearance, regardless of load, and constant and correct headlight setting.

The Suzuki GS 1100 EX is considered by many to be the finest all-around hyperbike. First of the big sports machines to feature completely adjustable front- and rear-suspension systems, the GS 1100 EX accelerates through the quarter mile in slightly over 11 seconds, approaches 140 miles per hour on the top end, and handles with near perfection at all speeds. Enjoying immense popularity since its introduction last year, the 1100 for 1981 has been further refined and is the embodiment of "state of the art." An even sportier GS 1100 "S" model with bikini fairing is expected to be introduced within the next few months. The standard GS 1100 EX will carry a $3,999 price tag.

The two Italian entries in the superbike fleet are among the most beautiful motorcycles ever designed. Both powered by big V-twins, the Ducati Darmah SS and the Moto Guzzi 1000 Le Mans are lean and mean canyon racers. At 433 pounds the Le Mans is the lightest of all superbikes. Its light weight, high-torque engine, rigid frame, and wind-tunnel-designed fairing combine to effect the ideal sports machine for negotiating the twisties at high speeds. Moto Guzzi pioneered integral braking systems now being copied by other makes, whereby a portion of the hydraulic fluid from the rear brake is fed to one of the two front discs to ensure even braking power. The second front disc operates normally from the hand lever. The Ducati Darmah SS is a hybridized offspring of the standard 900 Darmah—no slouch itself—and the highly specialized Ducati Super Sport. Desmodromic valve actuation incorporated in its 864 cc "V" twin engine eliminates valve float at high rpm's, and oleo-pneumatic rear shock absorbers, added this year, improve its already peerless handling qualities. Prices are expected to be in the vicinity of $5,000.

Latest entrant in the hyperbike sweepstakes is the Kawasaki GPZ 1100. Powered by an electronic fuel-injected, twin-overhead-cam, four-cylinder engine that produces 110 horsepower, the 523-pound top-of-the-line GPZ 1100 promises to be an absolute rocket. The bike feels extremely fast, and with a power-to-weight ratio of 4.75 it should easily top 140 mph. Accoutered with such features as an anti-hot-wire system to help prevent theft, adjustable shocks, triple disc brakes, and electronic ignition, this firecracker-red and black brute will command a $4,000 price.

Has modern technology killed Captain Billy Whizbang? Hardly. His greasy, bellowing essence has merely been supplanted by space-age clothing over a micro-chip heart.

PSYCHIATRY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 86

penditure of billions of dollars each year."

In the past 25 years an estimated *250 million* persons worldwide have been given neuroleptic drugs. Many have become dependent upon these drugs, so much so that they have trouble coping on the fresh-air side of that "open door." One mental hospital in Surrey, England, made the news in 1977 when its frustrated administrators announced that they might have to lock the doors again—not to keep patients in, but to keep them *out*. Many of those who had been discharged had started coming back to sleep in the halls and lavatories, unable to cope on the outside.

Writing in the *New England Journal of Medicine*, Ross J. Baldessarini and Joseph Lipinski of Massachusetts General Hospital observed that "psychiatric institutions are under pressure to reduce the numbers of hospital beds or reduce the length of hospitalization and do so largely by administrative fiat, hoping to reduce costs and to return patients 'to the community,' as if that represented progress in the treatment of illness. Such pressures have led to the sometimes senseless ritualization of drug therapy, the continuation of medication for persons who are unimproved or even asymptomatic for many months or even years."

What bothers some clinicians in particular is that perhaps half or more of the million Americans who are given neuroleptics on any given day do not need them. They should be used only for acute psychosis or otherwise unmanageable schizophrenia, but doctors are handing them out for everything from mild depression to anxiety. Hundreds of thousand of mentally retarded children are improperly given these drugs, as are inmates in prisons (up to 50 percent of some prison populations are on psychotropic drugs). Institutions everywhere seem to have an increasing penchant for running "tidy," "tranquil" ships.

This trend has even spread into the public schools, where a new disease—minimal brain dysfunction (MBD)—was invented in order to justify the mass doping of "hyperactive" children with Ritalin, a dependency-producing amphetamine that makes kids sit still in class, at least until the fix wears off. Countless thousands of kids have received Ritalin daily with virtually no measurable long-term improvement in their schoolwork or their mental health. Prolonged use has impaired them physically and mentally. Those who are properly or improperly given the neuroleptics, meanwhile, are at risk of developing convulsions, tics, Parkinson's disease symptoms, irregular motor movements, drooling, and tardive dyskinesia. Some may die.

When it comes to inventing diseases and disorders that seem to require medication, the drug companies are tireless. The techniques become more sophisticated all the time. The enterprise of these companies knows no bounds as they conceal vaginas, penises, breasts, warnings of death, promises of life everlasting in their lavish layouts (or so say some of their critics). One thing is certain: the ads always tell the harried clinician, whatever his specialty, that he can make life easier for his patient *and* himself if he'll simply prescribe a psychotropic drug. There's one (usually dozens) "suitable" for every "problem case."

There's Serentil, a neuroleptic, for "personality disorders in general"; there's the antidepressant Tofranil, suggested for bed wetters and "school phobia" and also for the executive when "losing a job to a computer may mean frustration, guilt, and loss of self-esteem"; there's Parest, for women fearful at night of "deserted streets, boarded houses, vagrants in doorways. . . . What was that sound downstairs?"; there's Sinequan, for the woman who says, "A lot of little things are wrong. . . . Sometimes I think I don't like being married"; and Librium, for the college frosh when "her newly stimulated intellectual curiosity may make her sensitive to and apprehensive about unstable national and world conditions." And on and on.

When it comes to inventing diseases and disorders that seem to require medication, the drug companies are tireless. . . . Their enterprise knows no bounds.

The ability to create artificial needs for psychotropic drugs has benefited the industry enormously, with sales shooting up 40 and 50 percent in recent years. Valium and Librium are among the most purchased drugs in history, despite the fact that there is no evidence whatever that they are effective for any meaningful alleviation of anxiety. Valium is the most widely prescribed drug in the nation. Sales in recent years have exceeded $500 million annually. More than 100 million tranquilizer prescriptions are written each year. Despite "harmless" claims from the industry, even these minor tranquilizers have been linked to birth defects, dependence, withdrawal symptoms, impotence, and death. Alcoholism, long treated with Valium, has recently been shown to be aggravated by the substance.

It is incredible that in the wake of a study which showed that nearly 40 percent of the women in this country and a quarter of the men are taking some form of psychotropic drug, the National Institute of Mental Health declared that this "pops the myth" that "many Americans are coming to rely on tranquilizers and other drugs as a way of coping with 'the normal stresses and strains of everyday life.'" It isn't enough that we already have a $15 billion-a-year "mental health" establishment that dispenses psychotropic drugs to 7 million Americans inside hospitals and, according to a confidential industry communiqué, 30 million Americans outside of hospitals each year. No, according to various mental health "experts," we need still more drugs; some of these experts have estimated that up to 60 percent of Americans should be getting psychiatric attention, including drugs, at any given time.

Nathan Kline, still one of the principal advocates of the "gentle restraints of tranquilizing medication," thinks that an additional 7 to 15 million Americans need to be treated for depression—with some of the antidepressive drugs he helped create. Kline tells people they may be depressed *and not know it*. In an article he wrote for *Vogue* a few years ago, he created a new disease that he calls "anhedonia." As he explains: "It is the opposite of hedonism. . . . Literally, anhedonia means 'absence of pleasure.' The exciting news is that treatment is now available." It's time, he says, to put aside the Puritan ethic that says, "It is nobler to suffer than to 'take something,'" as if the pill-popping public hadn't trashed that ethic years ago. In a *Medical Tribune* celebration of "The Good Drugs Do," to which Kline was the only identified contributor, the following question was posed: "Is it necessary that I understand why I am depressed?" Answer: "Sometimes yes. Usually no." Question: "Can I have a depression without feeling depressed?" Answer: "Yes."

And at a drug-abuse symposium in Jerusalem, Kline addressed himself to the "contributions" of the American pharmaceutical industry, complaining that it had taken all sorts of knocks it didn't deserve, that it is "overly modest . . . in telling the story of what drugs are all about." The industry, he said, is "not nearly aggressive enough in promoting its products." After all, "they have allowed the impression," he said, "to gain ground that we live in an 'overmedicated society,' when the facts are quite contrary."

Heinz Lehmann, another of the pioneers, would no doubt agree with his colleague. In the interests of getting us medicated up to par, he has come up with a bizarre scenario that he suggests might be implemented in the near future. The plan is put forth in a paper called "Speculations on the Use of Psychotropic Drugs in Gerontological Practice in the Year 2000." He suggests that old people (how old he doesn't say), because they are "beset by so many hazards and liabil-

ities," might best be kept in what amounts to drug-induced comas "three to five days a week." Developing the drug for *that* job could make a dozen companies rich. There is yet another new potential drug in this scenario as well, for during those brief periods when the elderly person is permitted to be up and around, Lehmann continues, he should be given a "mild hallucinogen" so that he "will be more appreciated by those younger people who are with him."

Presumably these are the types of "solutions" to society's "undermedicated" problems that crop up when Lehmann, Kline, José Delgado (a researcher who left Yale when students there persistently protested his behavioral-control work), and others of the drug-them school of psychiatry gather on a Caribbean island (donated, Kline tells me, by a grateful patient) for brainstorming sessions.

Meanwhile, the Stevens of the world are stuck with the side effects of the past "solutions" researchers dreamed up. The psychosis from which Steven has suffered intermittently for the past 14 years, it now develops, has nothing to do with "madness" or a "deranged" home life, though for years various therapists have suggested these things, inflicting feelings of extreme guilt on him, his parents, and his siblings while charging them up to $75 per hour in the process. Some of the therapists gave Steven electroconvulsive therapy; others gave him drugs, including the ones that gave him "the monsters," the term he used for tardive dyskinesia back when he still felt he could afford a sense of humor. Others stuck him in hospitals and, yes, back wards.

Steven's illness is the result of a cerebral allergy to wheat products. Nothing more. Nothing less. He would never have discovered this if his parents had heeded the advice of his drug-wielding doctors. They said that it would be futile to consult an orthomolecular practitioner—one of those renegade psychiatrists who have become disillusioned with business as usual, who are convinced that many psychoses and schizophrenias are caused by allergies and metabolic disorders which may be completely corrected by relatively simple, nondrug therapies.

And though there has not been any trace of any psychosis in Steven for nearly two years now, he is left with an ever-present reminder of his 12-year relationship with "modern psychiatry"—tardive dyskinesia. Steven's condition may soon occasion a multi-million-dollar malpractice suit, and for that reason and others he and his parents, on the advice of counsel, will not permit their real names to be used here. Other similar suits have already been filed, and it is possible that an enormous class action will be launched against some of the manufacturers of neuroleptic drugs.

The problem in bringing such actions is that it is difficult to know where to assign the blame. For a time doctors argued with

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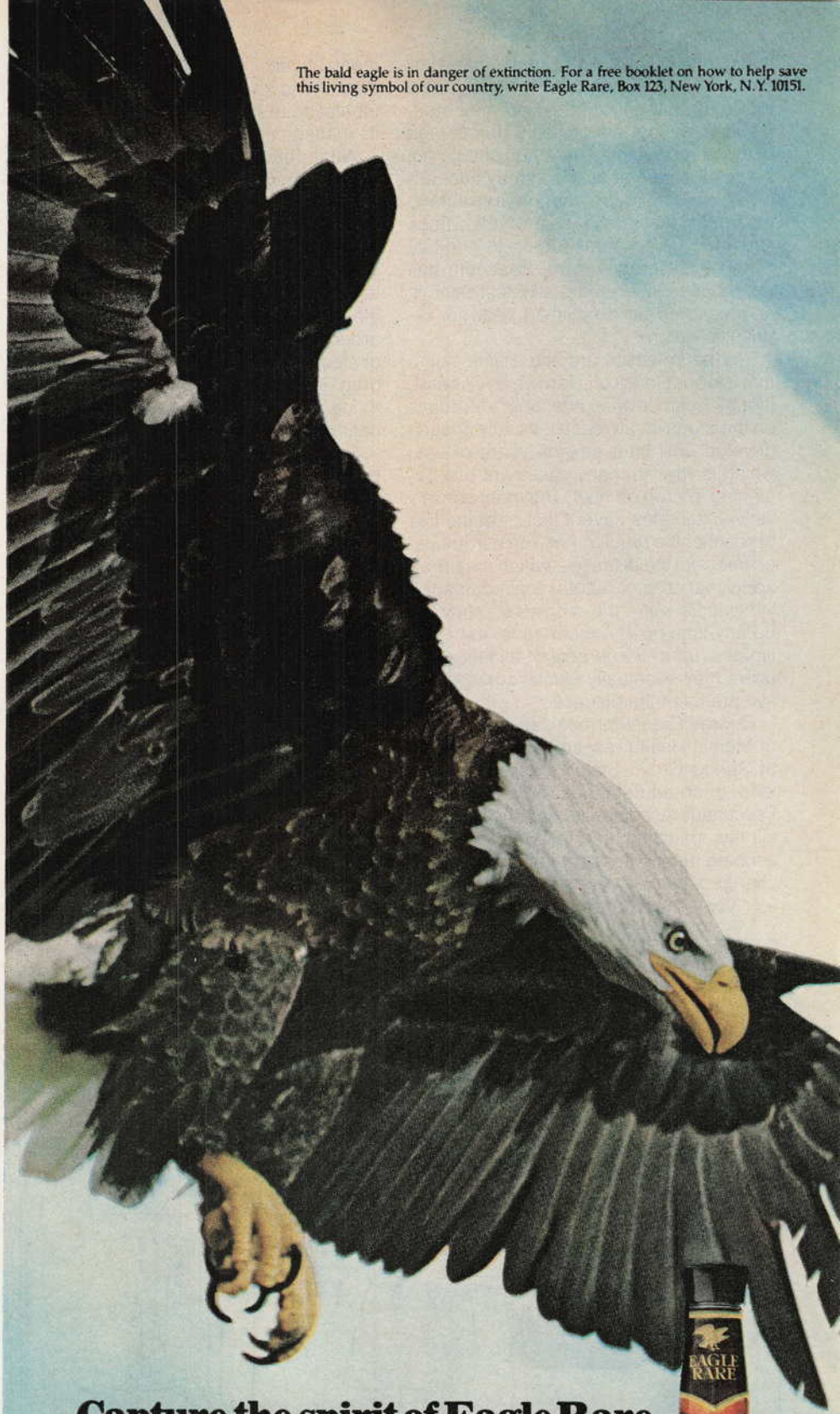

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their patients that it was better to have tardive dyskinesia than psychosis. But now they may change their position. New studies indicate that a significant percentage of those receiving these drugs should not be getting them at all. One study after another demonstrates that, even among those for whom the use of the drugs seems to be advisable, in up to one-half of those cases surveyed, treatment has not resulted in even the slightest benefit, as measured by diminished need for rehospitalization.

The neuroleptics are like a time bomb that is about to go off. Tardive dyskinesia, though it *can* develop after only a few days on the drugs in rare cases, usually doesn't develop until after several years of use, which is why so many cases are just beginning to crop up now. The most conservative estimates have it that perhaps five percent of the regular 1 million current users may get the disease—which means an additional crop of 50,000 brain-damaged individuals with "the monsters" showing up any time now. According to some estimates, *up to 55 percent* of all long-term users may eventually exhibit some of the symptoms of the disease.

George Crane, former National Institute of Mental Health researcher and director of Spring Grove State Hospital in Maryland, in an address before the American Psychiatric Association, said that despite all this daunting information, "the prescribing habits of most practitioners have changed little. My experience of the last few years has convinced me that most mental-health facilities have no policy concerning the identification and documentation of tardive dyskinesia, let alone its management or prevention."

What Steven says particularly "kills" him is that when he first began to exhibit symptoms of the disorder—involuntary puffing of cheeks, jerking, and so on—none of his doctors seemed concerned. When he got worse and pressed the matter, they responded by giving him more of the *same* drugs that were causing the disorder. No one acknowledged or even suggested that his new, bizarre behavior was drug induced. Steven and his parents thought he was getting "sick" again. He nearly committed suicide.

San Francisco psychiatrist Richard A. Kunin, who has become an advocate of the orthomolecular approach, notes that even doctors often interpret the symptoms of tardive dyskinesia as "manifestations of madness." And, he adds, "the unkindest cut of all is to find that this disorder is commonly diagnosed as anxiety or hysteria by physicians and psychiatrists. Sometimes there are years of wasted time and expense devoted to treating dyskinesia . . . by increasing the medication in order to suppress the 'nervousness' or by using psychotherapy to 'get at the underlying cause.'"

Dr. Kunin has discovered in his orthomolecular research that a nondrug substance, the mineral manganese gluconate, can dramatically reverse some of the effects of tardive dyskinesia, especially if administered early enough. Typically, the "new wave" represented by Lehmann and all the others who, in reality, have long since become the status quo will have nothing to do with this finding—or with the orthomolecular approach in general. Though they have long prided themselves on being innovative, even revolutionary, certainly receptive to new ideas, they have systematically ignored or denigrated the first *real* new wave ever to hit American psychiatry.

As for the drug companies, they are predictably scornful (and secretly fearful) of anything as uncomplicated as vitamins, minerals, enzymes, and other metabolites that are naturally occurring and thus—enter the fear and loathing—*nonpatentable.*

Arnold Mandell, in his speech on "The Spook Who Came In Out of the Cold," sought an accommodation of the old guard with the new, that is, of the tranquilizers with the talkers. "The new practitioner," he said, "will have to have the capacity and discipline to comprehend chemistry, physics, biology, neurochemistry, neuropharmacology, and have a mind that rigorously interacts with these fields to produce logical and sensible models of pathophysiology. Enzymes will mix with thought disorder. Biosynthesis with denial. Compensatory failure with regression. I suspect within a few years there will not be a psychodynamic psychiatry and a biological psychiatry but a single psychiatry made up of a fusion of the above-mentioned traits. . . . Metabolic abnormalities, pharmacological nudging of natural transmitter systems, a combination of environmental engineering, and new chemical messages to the disordered brain will come together to produce a new and real golden age in psychiatry."

That's the kind of speech that deserves to be interrupted with a cream pie. The golden age is here right now, as Mandell full well appreciates, so far as the ruling force in American psychiatry is concerned. The drug industry never had it so good, particularly now that it has co-opted what Mandell calls "psychodynamic psychiatry." So long as treating symptoms continues to be more lucrative than curing disease, there will be no *real* golden age or any substantial progress.

But there *is* hope. There is some hope in those practitioners who have broken ranks to try nondrug approaches. There is more perhaps in the victims of psychiatric "care," the Stevens and their parents and all the others who have suffered and gained nothing and finally want to know why. Not long ago a group of psychiatrists were holding a meeting in Miami, a meeting that was disrupted when a number of their former patients buzzed the place in airplanes with banners streaming from them that proclaimed the sad truth that must out before any real change can occur: "Psychiatry Kills."

(An article describing the orthomolecular approach to psychiatry will appear in a future issue.)

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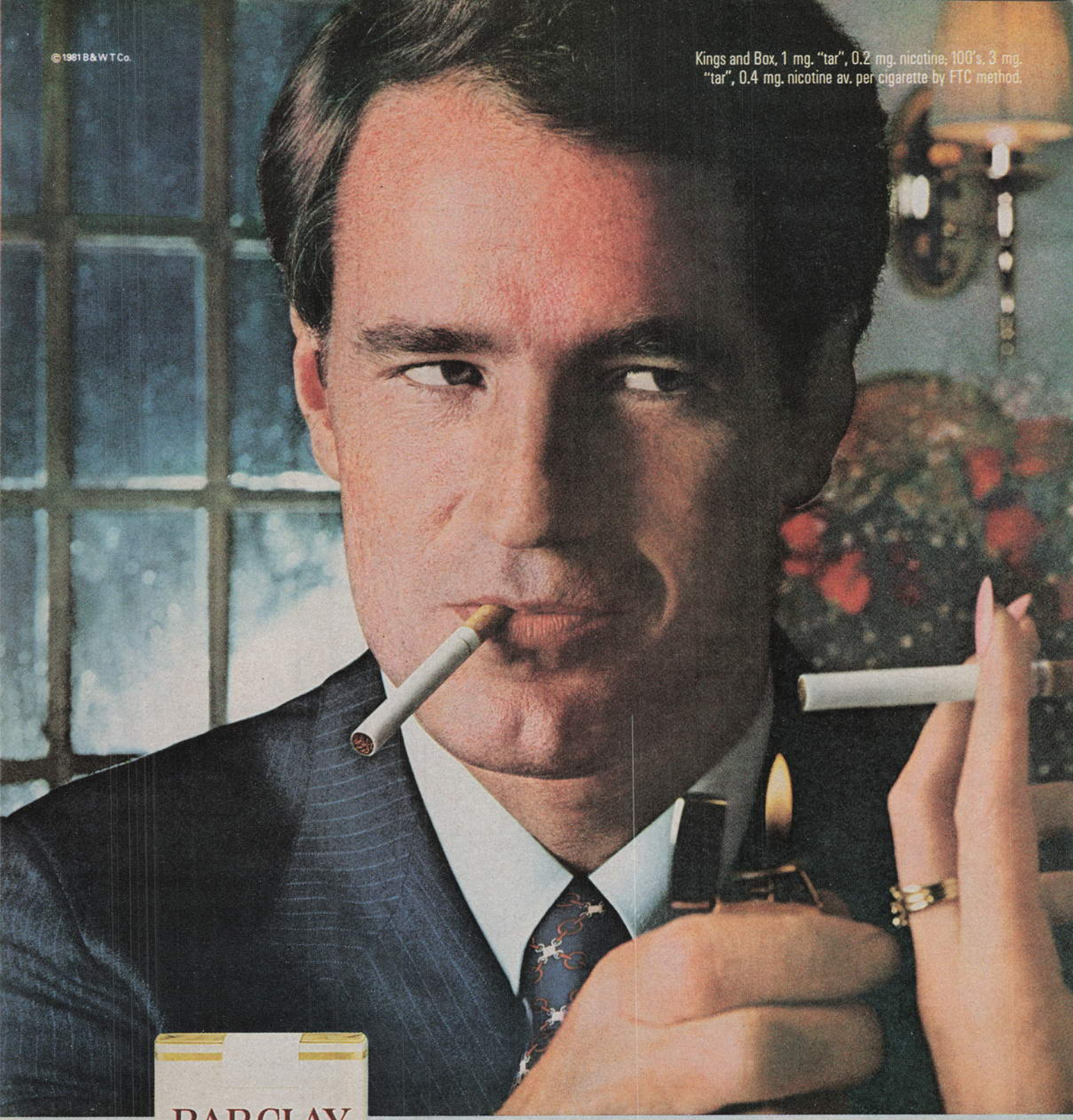

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None of the headline performers
knew how they ended up in Moorhead,
Minnesota, until they realized
that this was their farewell performance.

TOURING

The four-seater Beechwood Bonanza dropped from a gray sky to the cheerless winter runways of Fargo Airport. Tires touched pavement, screeched, and the single-engine plane taxied to a halt. It was seven o'clock in the morning, February 3, 1959.

Buddy Holly duck walked down the wing and hopped to the ground. It had been a long and grueling flight; his bones ached, his eyes were gritty behind the large, plastic-framed glasses, and he felt stale and curiously depressed. Overnight bag in one hand, laundry sack in the other, he stood beside Ritchie Valens for a moment, looking for their contact. White steam curled from their nostrils. Brown grass poked out of an old layer of snow beside the runway. Somewhere a dog barked, flat and far away.

Behind the hurricane fence edging the field, a stocky man waved both hands overhead. Valens nodded, and Holly hefted his bags. Behind them, J. P. Richardson grunted as he leaped down from the plane.

They walked toward the man across the tarmac, their feet crunching over patches of dirty ice.

"Jack Blemings," the man rasped as he came up to meet them. "I manage the dance hall and the hotel in Moorhead." Thin mustache, thin lips, cheeks going to jowl—Holly had met this man a thousand times before: the stogie in his mouth was inevitable; the sporty plaid hat nearly so. Blemings stuck out a hand, and Holly shuffled his bags awkwardly, trying to free his own hand. "Real pleased to meet you, Buddy," Blemings said. His hand was soggy and boneless. "Real pleased to meet a real artist."

He gestured them into a showroom-new '59 Cadillac. It dipped on its springs as Richardson gingerly collapsed into the backseat. Starting the engine, Blemings leaned over the seat for more introductions. Richardson was blowing his nose but hastily transferred the silk handkerchief into his other hand so that they could shake. His delighted-to-meet-you expression lasted as long as the handshake, then the animation went out of him, and his face slumped back into lines of dull fatigue.

The Cadillac jerked into motion with an ostentatious squeal of rubber. Once across the Red River, which still ran steaming with gunmetal predawn mist, they were out of North Dakota and into Moorhead, Minnesota. The streets of Moorhead were empty—not so much as a garbage truck out yet. "Sleepy little burg," Valens commented. No one responded. They pulled up to an undistinguished six-story brick hotel in the heart of town.

The hotel lobby was cavernous and gloomy, inhabited only by a few tired-looking potted rubber plants. As they walked past a grouping of battered armchairs and sagging sofas toward the shadowy information desk in the back, dust puffed at their feet from the faded gray carpet. An unmoving ceiling fan cast thin-armed shadows across the room, and everything smelled of old cigar butts and dead flies and trapped sunshine.

The front desk was as deserted as the rest of the lobby. Blemings slammed the bell angrily until a balding, bored-looking man appeared from the back, moving as though he were swimming through syrup. As the desk clerk doled out room keys, still moving like a somnambulist, Blemings took the cigar out of his mouth and said, "I spoke with your road manager, must've been right after you guys left the Surf Ballroom. Needed his okay for two acts I'm adding to the show." He paused. "S'awright with you, hey?"

Holly shrugged. "It's your show," he said.

Holly unlaced one shoe, letting it drop heavily to the floor. His back ached, and the long, sleepless flight had made his suit rumpled and sour smelling. One last chore and he could sleep: he picked up the bedside telephone and dialed the hotel operator for an outside line so that he could call his wife, Maria, in New York and tell her that he had arrived safely.

FICTION BY GARDNER DOZOIS,
JACK DANN, AND MICHAEL SWANWICK

ILLUSTRATION BY DEBBIE KUHN

The phone was dead; the switchboard must be closed down. He sighed and bent over to pick up his shoe again.

Eight or nine men were standing around the lobby when Holly stepped out of the elevator, husky fellows, southern boys by the look of them. Two were at the front desk, making demands of the clerk, who responded by spreading his arms wide and rolling his eyes upward.

Waiting his turn for service, Holly leaned back against the counter, glancing about. He froze in disbelief. Against all logic, all possibility, Elvis Presley himself was standing not six yards away on the gray carpet. For an instant Holly struggled with amazement. Then a second glance told him the truth.

Last year Elvis had been drafted into the army, depriving his fans of his presence and creating a ready market for those who could imitate him. A legion of Presley impersonators had crowded into the welcoming spotlights of stages across the country, trying vainly to fill the gap left by the King of Rock and Roll.

This man, though, he stood out. At first glance he *was* Elvis. An instant later you saw that he was twenty years too old and as much as forty pounds overweight. There were dissolute lines under his eyes and a weary, dissipated expression on his face. The rigors of being on the road had undone his ducktail so that his hair was an untidy mess, hanging down over his forehead and curling over his ears. He wore a sequined shirt, now wrinkled and sweaty, and a suede jacket.

Holly went over to introduce himself. "Hi," he said, "I guess you're playing tonight's show."

The man ignored his outthrust hand. Dark, haunted eyes bored into Holly's. "I don't know what kind of game you're playing, son," he said. A soft Tennessee accent underlay his words. "But I'm packing a piece, and I know how to use it." His hand darted inside his jacket and emerged holding an ugly-looking .38.

Involuntarily Holly sucked in his breath. He slowly raised his hands shoulder-high and backed away. "Hey, it's okay," he said. "I was just trying to be friendly." The man's eyes followed his retreat suspiciously, and he didn't reholster the gun until Holly was back at the front desk.

The desk clerk was free now. Holly slid three bills across the counter, saying, "Change please." From the corner of his eye, he saw the imitation Elvis getting into the elevator, surrounded by his entourage. They were solicitous, almost subservient. One patted the man's back as he shakily recounted his close call. *Poor old man*, Holly thought pityingly. The man was really cracking under the pressures of the road. He'd be lucky to last out the tour.

In the wooden booth across the lobby, Holly dumped his change on the ledge below the phone. He dialed the operator for long distance. The earpiece buzzed, made clicking noises. Then it filled with harsh, actinic static, and the clicking grew faster and louder. Holly jiggled the receiver, racked the phone angrily.

Another flood of musicians and crew coursed through the lobby. Stepping from the booth, ruefully glancing back at the phone, he collided with a small woman in a full-length mink. "Oof," she said and then reached out and gave him a squeeze to show there were no hard feelings. A mobile, hoydenish face grinned up at him.

"Hey , sport," she said brightly. "I *love* that bow tie. And those glasses—! Jesus, you look just like Buddy Holly!"

"I know," he said wryly. But she was gone. He trudged back to the elevators. Then something caught his eye, and he swung about, openly staring. Was that a *man* she was talking to? My God, he had hair down to his shoulders!

Trying not to stare at this amazing apparition, he stepped into the elevator. Back in his room, he stopped only long enough to pick up his bag of laundry before heading out again. He was going to have to go outside the hotel to find a working phone anyway; he might as well fight down his weariness, hunt up a Laundromat, and get his laundry done.

The lobby was empty when he returned through it, and he couldn't even find the desk clerk to ask where the nearest Laundromat was. Muttering under his breath, Holly trudged out of the hotel.

Outside, the sun was shining brilliantly but without warmth from out of a hard, high blue sky. There was still no traffic, no one about on the street, and Holly walked along through an early-morning silence broken only by the squeaking of his sneakers, past closed-up shops and shuttered brownstone houses. He found a Laundromat after a few more blocks, and although it was open, there was no one in there either, not even the inevitable elderly Negro attendant. The rows of unused washing machines glinted dully in the dim light cast by a flyspecked bulb. Shrugging, he dumped his clothes into a machine. The change machine didn't work, of course, but you got used to dealing with things like that on the road, and he'd brought a handkerchief full of change with him. He got the machine going and then went out to look for a phone.

The streets were still empty, and after a few more blocks it began to get on his nerves. He'd been in hick towns before—had grown up in one—but this was the sleepiest, *deadest* damn town he'd ever seen. There was still no traffic, although there were plenty of cars parked by the curbs, and he hadn't seen another person since leaving the hotel. There weren't even any *pigeons*, for goodness sake!

There was a five-and-dime on the corner, its doors standing open. Holly

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poked his head inside. The lights were on, but there were no customers, no floorwalkers, no salesgirls behind the counters. True, small-town people weren't as suspicious as folk from the bigger cities—but still, this *was* a business, and it looked as if anyone could just walk in here and walk off with any of the unguarded merchandise. It was gloomy and close in the empty store, and the air was filled with dust. Holly backed out of the doorway, somehow not wanting to explore the depths of the store for the sales personnel who *must* be in there somewhere.

A slight wind had come up now, and it flicked grit against his face and blew bits of scrap paper down the empty street.

He found a phone on the next corner, hunted through his handkerchief for a dime while the wind snatched at the edges of the fabric. The phone buzzed and clicked at him again, and this time there was the faint, high wailing of wind in the wires, an eerie, desolate sound that always made him think of ghosts wandering alone through the darkness. The next phone he found was also dead, and the next.

Uneasily, he picked up his laundry and headed back to the hotel.

The desk clerk was spreading his hands wide in a gesture of helpless abnegation of responsibility when the fat southerner in the sequined shirt leaned forward, poked a hard finger into the clerk's chest, and said softly, "You know who I am, son?"

"Why, of course I do, Mr. Presley," the clerk said nervously. "Yessir, of course I do, sir."

"You say you know who I am, son," Elvis said in a cottony voice that slowly mounted in volume. "If you know who I am, then you *know* why I don't have to stay in a goddamned flophouse like this! Isn't that right? Would you give your mother a room like that? You know goddamned well you wouldn't. Just what are you people thinking of? I'm *Elvis Presley*, and you'd give me a room like that!"

Elvis was bellowing now, his face grown red and mottled, his features assuming that look of sulky, sneering meanness that had thrilled millions. His eyes were hard and bright as glass. As the frightened clerk shrank back, his hands held up now as much in terror as in supplication, Elvis suddenly began to change. He looked at the clerk sadly, as if pitying him, and said, "Son, do you know who I am?"

"Yessir," whispered the clerk.

"Then can't you see it?" asked Elvis.

"See what, sir?"

"That I'm *chosen!* Are you an atheist? Are you a goddamned atheist?" Elvis pounded on the desk and barked, "I'm the star, I've been given that, and you can't soil it, you atheist bastard! You *sonovabitch!*" Now that was the worst thing he could call anyone, and he never, almost never used it, for his mother, may she rest in peace, was holy. *She* had believed in him, had told him that the Lord had chosen *him,* that as long as he sang and believed, the Lord would take care of him. Like this? Is this the way He was going to take care of me?

"*I'm* the star, and I could *buy* this hotel out of my spare change! Buy it, you hear that?" And even as he spoke, the incongruity of the whole situation hit him, really hit him hard for the first time. It was as though his mind had suddenly cleared after a long, foggy daze, as if the scales had fallen from his eyes.

Elvis stopped shouting and stumbled back from the desk, frightened now, fears and suspicions flooding in on him like the sea. What was he doing *here*? Dammit, he was the King! He'd made his comeback, and he'd played to capacity crowds at the biggest concert halls in the country. And now he couldn't even remember how he'd gotten here—he'd been at Graceland, and then everything had gotten all foggy and confused, and the next thing he knew he was climbing out of the bus in front of this hotel with the roadies and the rest of the band. Even if he'd agreed to play this one-horse town, it would have to have been for charity. That's it; it had to be for charity. But then where were the reporters, the TV crews? His coming here would be the biggest damn thing that had ever happened in Moorhead, Minnesota. Why weren't there any screaming crowds being held back by police?

> Janis was talking quietly . . . "I mean, like, I don't know how to break this to ya, Buddy, but you're *dead.* You bought it in a plane crash way back in 'fifty-nine."

"What in hell's going on here?" Elvis shouted. He snatched out his revolver and gestured to his two bodyguards to close up on either side of him. His gaze darted wildly about the lobby as he tried to look into every corner at once. "Keep your eyes open! There's something funny—"

At that moment Jack Blemings stepped out of his office, shut the door smoothly behind him, and sauntered across the musty old carpet toward them. "Something wrong here, Mr. Presley?"

"Damn *right* there is," Elvis raged, taking a couple of steps toward Blemings and brandishing his gun. "You know how many *years* it's been since I played a tank town like this? I don't know what in hell the Colonel was thinking of to send me down here. I—"

Smiling blandly and ignoring the gun, Blemings reached out and touched Elvis on the chest.

Elvis shuddered and took a lurching step backward, his eyes glazing over. He shook his head, looked foggily around the lobby, glanced down at the gun in his hand as though noticing it for the first time, then holstered it absentmindedly. "Time's the show tonight?" he mumbled.

"About eight, Mr. Presley," Blemings answered, smiling. "You've got plenty of time to relax before then."

Elvis looked around the lobby again, running a hand through his greased-back hair. "Anything to do around here?" he asked, a hint of the old sneer returning.

"We got a real nice bar right over there the other side of the lobby," Blemings said.

"I don't drink," Elvis said sullenly.

"Well, then," Blemings added brightly, "we got some real nice pinball machines in that bar, too."

Shaking his head, Elvis turned and moved away across the lobby, taking his entourage with him.

Blemings went back to his office.

J. P. Richardson had unpacked the Scotch and was going for ice when he saw the whore. There was no mistaking what she was. She was dressed in garish gypsy clothes with ungodly amounts of jewelry about her neck and wrists. Beneath a light blouse her breasts swayed freely—she wasn't even wearing a bra. Richardson didn't have to be told how she had earned the mink coat that was draped over one arm.

"Hey, little sister," Richardson said softly. He was still wearing the white suit that was his onstage trademark, his "Big Bopper" outfit. He looked good in it and knew it. "Are you available?"

"You talking to me, honey?" She spoke defiantly, almost jeeringly, but something in her stance, her bold stare, told him she was ready for almost anything. He discreetly slid a twenty from a jacket pocket, smiled, and nodded.

"I'd like to make an appointment," he said, slipping the folded bill into her hand. "That is, if you *are* available now."

She stared from him to the bill and back, a look of utter disbelief on her face. Then, suddenly, she grinned. "Why, 'course I'm available, sugar. What's your room number? Gimme ten minutes to stash my coat, and I'll be right there."

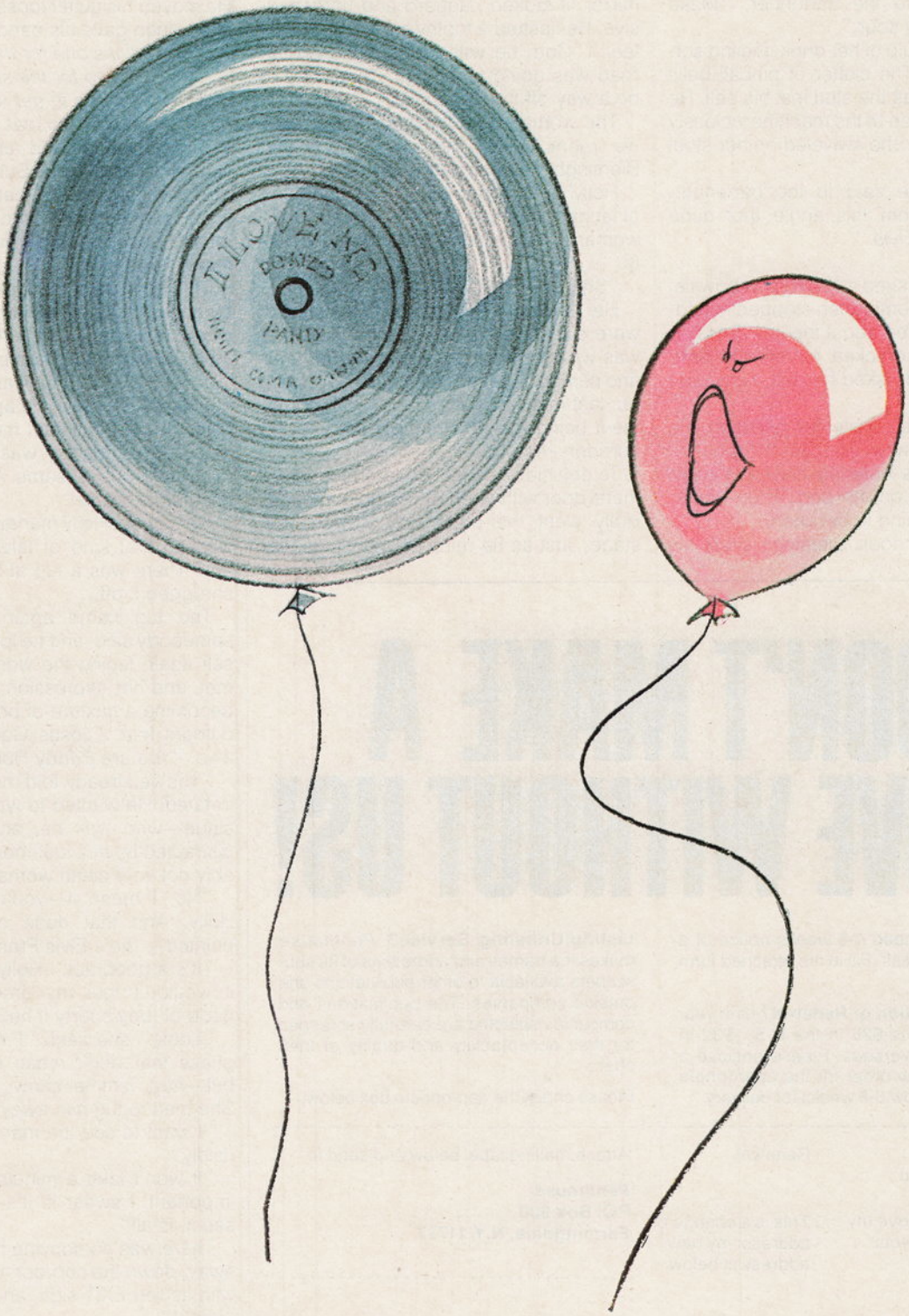
"It's room four-eleven." Richardson watched her flounce down the hall, and, despite some embarrassment, was pleased. There was a certain tawdry charm to her. Probably ruts like a mink, he told himself. He went back to his room to wait.

The woman went straight to the hotel bar, slapped the bill down, and shouted, "Hey, kids, pony up! The drinks are on Janis!"

There was a vague stirring, and three lackluster men eddied toward the bar.

Balloonheads

BY ART CUMINGS



"They tell me you're number one on the hit parade."

Janis looked about, saw that the place was almost empty. A single drunk sat wall-eyed at a table, holding onto its edges with clenched hands to keep from falling over. To the rear, almost lost in gloom, a big stud was playing pinball. Two unfriendly types, who looked like bodyguards, stood nearby, protecting him from the empty tables. Otherwise—nothing. "Shoulda taken the fat dude up on his offer," she grumbled. "There's nothing happening *here*." Then, to the bartender, "Make mine a whiskey sour."

She took a gulp of her drink, feeling sorry for herself. The clatter of pinball bells ceased briefly as the stud lost his ball. He slammed the side of the machine viciously with one hand. She swiveled on her stool to look at him.

"Damn," she said to the bartender. "You know, from this angle that dude looks just like *Elvis*."

Buddy Holly finished adjusting his bow tie, reached for a comb, then stopped in mid-motion. He stared about the tiny dressing room, with its cracked mirror and bare light bulbs, and asked himself, *How did I get here?*

It was no idle, existential question. He really did not know. The last thing he remembered was entering his hotel room and collapsing on the bed. Then—here. There was nothing in between.

A rap at the door. Blemings stuck his head in, the stench of his cigar permeating the room. "Everything okay in here, Mr. Holly?"

"Well," Holly began. But he went no further. What could he say? "How long before I go on?"

"Plenty of time. You might want to catch the opener, though—good act. On in ten."

"Thanks."

Blemings left, not quite shutting the door behind him. Holly studied his face in the mirror. It looked haggard and unresponsive. He flashed a toothy smile but did not feel it. God, he was tired. Being on the road was going to kill him. There had to be a way off the treadmill.

The woman from the hotel leaned into his room. "Hey, Ace—you seen that Blemings motherfucker anywhere?"

Holly's jaw dropped. To hear that kind of language from a woman—from a *white* woman. "He just went by," he said weakly.

"Shit!" She was gone.

Her footsteps echoed in the hallway, were swallowed up by silence. And that was *wrong*. There should be the murmur and nervous bustle of acts preparing to go on, last-minute errands being run, equipment being tested. Holly peered into the corridor—empty.

To one side, the hall dead-ended into a metal door with a red EXIT sign overhead. Holly went the other way, toward the stage. Just as he reached the wings, the audience burst into prolonged, almost frenzied applause. The Elvis impersonator was striding onstage. It was a great crowd.

But the wings were empty. No stagehands or go-fers, no idlers, nobody preparing for the next set.

"Elvis" spread his legs wide and crouched low, his thick lips curling in a sensual sneer. He was wearing a gold lamé jumpsuit, white scarf about his neck. He moved his guitar loosely, adjusting the strap, then gave his band the downbeat.

Well it's one for the money
Two for the show
Three to get ready
Now go, cat, go!

And he was off and running into a brilliant rendition of "Blue Suede Shoes." Not an easy song to do, because the lyrics were laughable. It relied entirely on the music, and it took a real entertainer to make it work.

This guy had it all, though. The jumps, gyrations, and forward thrusts of the groin were stock stuff—but somehow he made them look right. He played the audience, too, and his control was perfect. Holly could see shadowy shapes beyond the glare of the footlights, moving in a more than sexual frenzy, was astonished by their rapturous screams. All this in the first minutes of the set.

He's good, Holly marveled. Why was he wasting that kind of talent on a novelty act? There was a tug at his arm, and he shrugged it off.

The tug came again. "Hey, man," somebody said, and he turned to find himself again facing the woman. Their eyes met, and her expression changed oddly, becoming a mixture of bewilderment and outright fear. "Jesus God," she said in awe. "You are Buddy Holly!"

"You've already told me that," he said, irritated. He wanted to watch the man on stage—who *was* he, anyway?—not be distracted by this foul-mouthed and probably not very clean woman.

"No, I mean it—you're *really* Buddy Holly. And that dude on stage"—she pointed—"he's Elvis Presley."

"It's a good act," Holly admitted. "But it wouldn't fool my grandmother. That good ol' boy's forty if he's a day."

"Look," she said. "I'm Janis Joplin. I guess that don't mean nothing to *you*, but—hey, lemme show ya something." She tried to tug him away from the stage.

"I want to see the man's act," he said mildly.

"It won't take a minute, man. And it's important. I swear it. It's—you just gotta see it, is all."

There was no denying her. She led him away, down the corridor to the metal door with its red EXIT sign, and threw it open. "Look!"

He squinted into a dull winter evening. Across a still, car-choked parking lot was a row of faded brick buildings. A featureless gray sky overhung all. "There used ta be a lot more out here," Janis babbled.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 180

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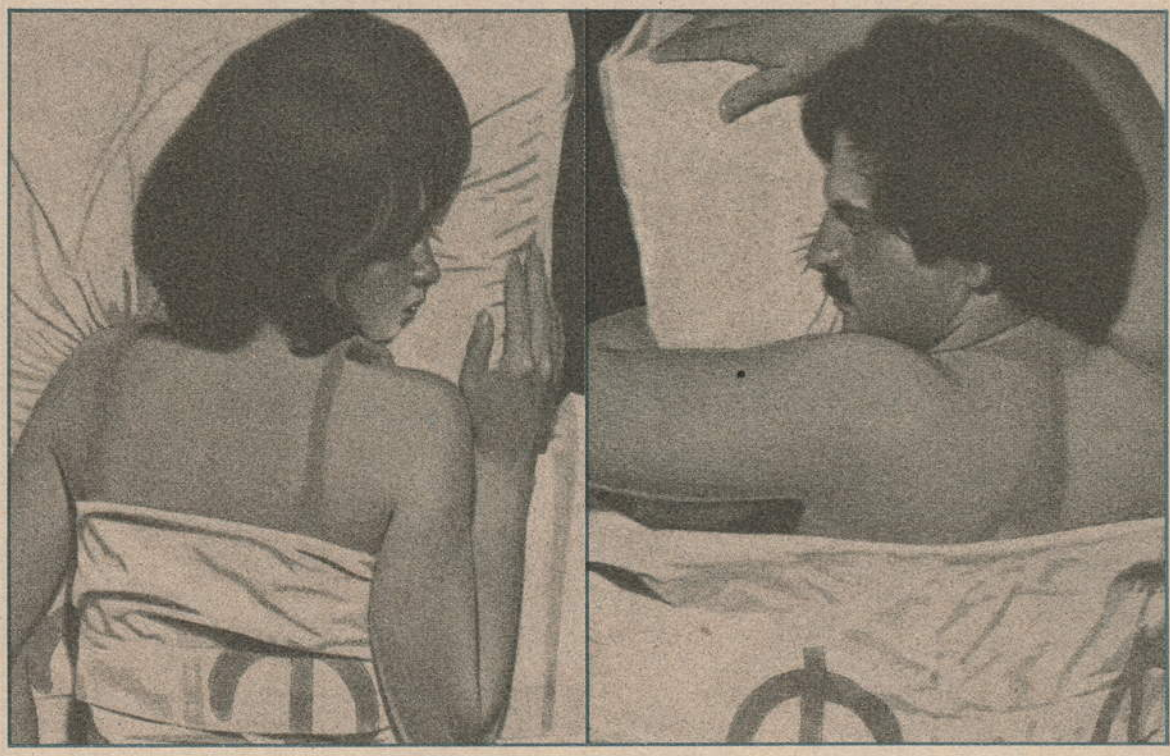
THE SEX TAX

BY WALTER RENFIELD AS TOLD TO CATHERINE HILLER



The IRX hired me right out of college, in 1985, and I was theirs for 23 years. I've seen it grow from one small department within an agency to the vast and pervasive force it is now. I've seen one little, well-meaning law lead to another, and another, until today we are on the brink of losing what personal freedom we have left. Now that Congress is about to vote on the McAllister Bill, which would extend the sex tax to the ultimate zone, I find I must come home and speak out. I am writing these pages on an airplane, flying east.

Consider these, then, the confessions of an ex-taxman. I realize that the taxman commands little love; people have more sympathy for the devil. Does my present shame atone for my years of service to the IRX? Should I say I was only doing my job?

At first, I felt good about what I did. The best way to control undesirable behavior is not to outlaw it but to legalize and tax it, as demonstrated by our policy toward cigarettes, liquor, and gambling. The passage of the Jackson-Pettigrew Bill in 1982, which legalized prostitution, and the concomitant creation of the IRX (a division of the IRS) pleased almost everyone. An entire underground industry was to be cleaned, and our call girls and streetwalkers would be able to perform their necessary services without fear of arrest.

Feminists were particularly gladdened by the so-called john tax, income from which went into a prostitutes' social-security fund, which started paying benefits at age 40. In addition, the new law struck a blow against organized crime, for the government was now committed to protecting, not punishing, hard-working ladies of the night. You don't need a pimp when you have Uncle Sam on your side.

Of course, Uncle Sam wanted his share of the pie—or the jelly roll. Prostitutes were now registered, and they were taxed just like other income earners. Fifty

ILLUSTRATION BY ALEX GNIDZIEJKO

percent of their net income over $50,000 went to the government. Call girls cried "Gimme shelter!" and began investing in oil and cattle and coal.

Auditing the hookers was always a pleasure. They enlivened the dingy IRX offices, and their business expenses were so charming and evocative! Yvonne X. wrote off her elaborately customized Chevy van; Gina Y. deducted $20,000 for "lingerie, especially corselets and silk stockings"; Mary Ann Z. deducted her sauna, her hot-tub, and her kitchen floor.

This last was surprising; I dropped in on her to investigate. She was 23, only a few years my junior, blonde, wholesome, delightful. She smiled and said, "Would you like a cup of coffee while I explain about the floor?" I nodded, and she went into the kitchen. After a few minutes, she called, "It's in here." The coffee was steaming in mugs on the counter. Mary Ann had changed; she was wearing a pinafore apron. She smiled. "Would you like some cream?"

"Please."

She turned toward the refrigerator. It was then that I realized she was wearing *only* the pinafore apron. There was a white starched bow at her neck, another at her waist, and the rest was all Mary Ann. She had assets you could worship forever. I gave them half an hour, then and there, upon the kitchen floor. The Congoleum was, I saw, a legitimate deduction. I paid my john tax and wrote off Mary Ann's fee as one of my expenses.

Another time I decided in favor of the hooker was with Gina, whose tax form had caused the computer to squawk in protest. During the previous fiscal year Gina, 18, had made $100,000 selling her gorgeous young body to men of wealth and fame. On the advice of her accountant, she was paying taxes on only $25,000, because she was income-averaging for the previous four years. "I wasn't getting paid then," she said, "but I was still on the job and getting professional training." I locked my office door and tested out her expertise. An hour later I decided in her favor and sent her off smiling and grateful.

Because I was a nice-looking young man, I was often assigned to investigate a new kind of tax fraud. Many respectable women—housewives, secretaries, salesgirls—were claiming to be part-time hookers in order to write off expenses for clothing and furniture. It was my job to unmask these phony prostitutes, to lay bare their true virtue.

Kelly Simpson's case was typical. She was 22, worked as a teller, claimed to hook nights. I opened an account at her branch and kidded around with her through the grate several times a week. After a month of this, I asked her out. We had a splendid Japanese meal; then she came home with me. She chose the record; I chose the liqueur. We kissed to Rachmaninoff and licked Amaretto from each other's lips. I unbuttoned her white silk blouse, I put some $20 bills in her

hand. "How dare you!" she cried indignantly. "What do you think I am?"

"It's what you claimed on form 6680A," I replied. "You're no hooker, Kelly—stop pretending."

"*Pretending!* What about you? An IRX agent, pretending to like me, pretending to want me."

"I want you more than ever," I told her, bringing her hand to me. "*That's* no pretense."

"No."

"I may be doing my job, but I'm certainly enjoying it." After a while: "Are you enjoying it, too, Kelly?"

"Mmmm."

I proceeded to probe, at length, into her liquid capital.

My undercover(s) investigations ended with the Ross case. Leslie Ross, 24, was a floozie—at least, on her tax forms. When I exposed her as a full-time doctoral student in economics (after having first exposed my best feature), she was so outraged that she broke my nose. I claimed workmen's compensation and asked to be excused from the fraud squad.

In 1987 swingers' clubs and topless bars were required to pay the sex tax. In 1988 patrons of X-rated movies were compelled to pay a surtax dubbed the "dirt tax" every time they bought a hot ticket. In 1989 I met Claire, who was and is the great love of my life.

> "The IRX had jurisdiction over every bedroom in the land, and every bed was plugged into a national computer in Virginia."

I met her at a Manhattan party in SoHo and confessed to my job with some reluctance. To my astonishment, she was greatly intrigued; she had, it seems, been going out with "the usual types"—actors, artists, poets; she found my occupation exciting. She pressed me for details, and I pressed her for delight. I told her a few piquant tales and then took her home.

We got married the following year, when the sex tax was extended to men's magazines. Uncle Sam, hungry, wanted his share of the cheesecake. That year, too, the IRX brought the sex shops under its control. Five-and-dime stores once collected sales taxes in little metal boxes attached to the cash registers. Now each erotic boutique had a plastic buttock bank clamped to its register. Salespeople would slip the tax into a slot in the crack: "The IRX wants your ass" was their com-

mon joke as they slotted their coins.

A few student radicals began protesting that the sex tax was unfair and regressive: it was cruelest to those who were poor. "How can the slum dweller ever hope to buy a dildo or see a fuck film with the present government in power?" asked Mario Barrio indignantly at a demonstration in Cambridge.

The majority of Americans, however, heartily approved of the sex tax. A neopropriety arose through the nation. Sexual appetite was deplored; virginity became chic; perversity was considered passé and disgusting. *Vogue* raved about "the new, *modest* you . . . too savvy to show an ankle . . . too gorgeous to need to." The IRX began to be used to enforce this new sexual morality. It acquired a battery of powers—the right to tap phones, the right to search houses and cars, the right to subpoena witnesses to make sure that each provision of the sex tax was being followed. While the sex tax had been, initially, a liberal measure (for it legalized prostitution), now it was a mighty body of law that restricted human possibility.

Every repressive government persecutes homosexuals. In 1994 Congress imposed a high tax on all homosexual acts. "Consider the faggot from Watts!" cried Mario Barrio. "He can't afford the tax. He needs to get off. When he gets caught, he gets arrested. We are creating a whole new criminal class!" His voice was ignored. Most Americans wanted to control "degenerates" at any cost. They were only too happy to compromise their basic freedoms to enforce sexual conformity. Gay liberation had flowered and died; lesbians returned to their closets in droves; and those remaining admitted homosexuals who were honest spent most of their income on the sex tax.

> "When fellatio and cunnilingus were first taxed, my wife and I realized that we'd never get to buy that cabin in the mountains."

An afternoon at the baths could be ruinous. While the IRX did not install cameras in the ceilings (as was at first rumored), agents did photograph entering patrons and keep track of how long they stayed. Two encounters per hour were assumed, for tax purposes. When this became known, it became for a while quite the craze among the younger gays to have three episodes an hour so that the last one went "untaxed." The tax on their anatomies, however, was considerable.

Gay bars were almost taxed out of existence. Singles bars were not taxed as heavily, but they, too, came under the jurisdiction of the IRX in 1997 because they "encouraged future fornication."

Fornication is sexual congress between a man and a woman who is not his wife. It is as old as history, as common as dirt. "Dirt!" cried the lawmakers, the media, the vast segment of the public that now sought—if unsuccessfully—to repress their sexual urges. It was understood that, alas, all too often a man and woman not incorporated by marriage would gain access to each other's bodies—but it was legally mandated, in 1999, that these sinners should pay.

Soon there were IRX agents on every campus in the land. John R.'s parents had to pull him out of school because they were paying more for his social life than for his tuition. Peter S., a university teacher known for his ardor, had to leave the profession and choose a less expensive line of work.

Elizabeth T. had to drop out of school and work for a decade to pay her back taxes when a routine investigation of a fraternity at Tulane revealed her extraordinary capacity. To satisfy her unusual appetite, she had volunteered to be the fraternity mascot, or the "house whore," as she called herself proudly. Every night when she finished her course work, she began her "coarse work," giving herself enthusiastically to pledges, initiates, and alumni alike. And Elizabeth T. owed us $186,625.04.

Adulterers of every age and profession had more reason than ever to keep their affairs secret. Now taking an extramarital lover could be doubly illegal, exquisitely illicit, if you hid your affair from the IRX as well as from your wife. Because he couldn't "get up the ante to take down the panty," Harvey F. did not report his affair with Lovey J. to the IRX. He admitted in audit that it had been "supremely satisfying to cheat on my wife and cheat on my taxes at the same moment."

I am faithful to Claire, and she is, I believe, faithful to me. Nonetheless, we both deplored the "forn tax." We remembered the days (and nights) of our courtship, when the best things in life were indeed free, when even the poor could "spend" like kings. Now, with every year, the national mood grew more puritanical. On campus and streetcorner, members of the Chastity Brigade chanted their slogan: "The one justification / For all copulation / Remains procreation."

Of course, these steady encroachments by the IRX did not go unprotested. An earlier generation had chanted "Make love, not war." Now young radicals yelled, with equal logic, "Fuck for freedom!" Unlike the earlier dissidents, these new protesters were treated with scorn and hatred by the media; their leaders were portrayed as lubricious perverts. Shelley J. was turned out of her house for marching in a Free Love parade. Her mother, wild-eyed,

faced the television cameras, moaning, "The horror . . . the horror . . . the horror."

No doubt many states would have reinstated the "blue laws" that prohibited certain of the more popular variations had these laws not been declared unconstitutional in the sixties and seventies. But if these "perversions" couldn't be outlawed, they could—ah!—be tithed. When fellatio and cunnilingus were first taxed, Claire and I realized that we'd never get to buy that cabin in the mountains. When "recreational intercourse" was taxed three years later, Claire had to go back to work. (Coitus was untaxed only if you could prove that you were trying to make a baby.)

And Uncle Sam was still hungry and thirsty. He wanted more milk; he wanted more honey. In the year 2003, the Clean Hands Act was passed, which taxed all masturbation, mutual or solitary. The allowances that parents gave their adolescent children were less adequate than ever to get the kids through the week—or even through the night. Now the IRX had jurisdiction over every bedroom in the land, and every bed was plugged into a national computer terminal in Virginia. IBX did the installation.

I visited the center shortly after it was finished. The chief programmer gave me the tour one night. You could "punch in" any bedroom in the country and determine whether taxable sexual activity was occurring therein. For an overall view of the nation—or "the whole fucking picture," as my guide jested—a giant screen displayed a huge map of the United States. Different parts of the country would light up if significant numbers of people in the area were engaging in sexual conduct.

It was 11:30 P.M., E.S.T.: the eastern seaboard glowed softly while the western states were dark. As the evening continued, the lights moved to the left. By 4:30 A.M. E.S.T., only California glimmered—and New Orleans, which was shining brightly, as it had been all night, for it was Mardi Gras.

The monitoring of the nation's bedrooms drove many people outdoors for their amours, to the parks, to the woods, to the fields. When Bobby V. was caught on a beach with his girl, he explained himself to me with an unrepentant grin. "The house is bugged. I'm out of work. I'm horny. What can I do? The answer, my friend, is blowing in the wind, the answer is blowing in the wind."

The lawbreakers were in the minority, however: most people approved of the state regulation of animal lust. The enforcement branch of the IRX now numbered half a million, which helped reduce unemployment by two percentage points.

Law, alas, is enforced arbitrarily. Political dissidents were under a stricter sexual surveillance than anyone else. In the sixties, if you couldn't arrest a student radical for incitement to riot, you busted him for drugs. Now, if he was a troublemaker of any sort, you busted him for sex-tax evasion. And the IRX became blatantly political. Enemies of the administration often found that their sexual proclivities—as listed on various tax documents—were being leaked to the public. Albert Mason resigned from the Senate when it became known that he had sex only with inflatable dolls. Anthony Whiteside, newspaper tycoon, found his bedroom behavior described, in detail, in rival newspapers across the land. (As a result, he was besieged with amorous invitations from women in every state.) Leo Bardoly, 45, the producer of satiric feature films, was ostracized in Hollywood and New York when the IRX released photographs of the nymphets he played with in a life-sized "dollhouse" on his estate.

Inevitably, the sex tax circumscribed more than just sexual behavior. Many a young criminal learned a skill and found a job when threatened with IRX-posure. Many an underworld boss was cowed into model citizenship at the threat of having his income tax forms made public. Many a journalist decided that the administration wasn't so bad, after all.

Take the Jim Drew audit. We had the usual stuff on him: an unreported buggery here, an undertaxed orgy there. We also had him for entering into a conspiracy with his wife to avoid taxation by making love on the dining room table. He begged us not to make his peccadilloes public. He had vowed to his mistress that he no longer slept with his wife. What if she learned about that table? "Give me one more chance," he asked. "Just read my next columns." Over the next few weeks, his 4 million readers noticed he was going through a startling political turnabout. It was shortly after reading his obscenely obsequious piece on the vice-president that I took an early retirement and resigned from the IRX.

I needed to regain my self-respect; I needed a rest; I needed a change. Claire and I sold the house, bought a camper, and traveled around the country for the year. Our children were 10 and 12; it was a fine way to teach them geography. We visited friends we hadn't seen in years and noticed many changes in their lives.

Muriel and Patrick, for instance, had been celibate for five years and were members of the Boston Sexpatriots. They found sexual abstention very "ennobling and spiritual." "We've also saved a good buck," said Patrick.

Jessica and Maureen, who once owned a delightful lingerie store in San Francisco, had sold their business because it was "politically risky." Now they were farming in Idaho. They never reported their various sexual pleasures (principally with each other), for they wanted to keep a low profile—and a high joie de vivre. "Bad laws should be broken," said Maureen, putting her hand over Jessica's. They smiled at each other. Jessica said, "Maureen, there's something I want to show you in the hayloft."

Michael, who's in advertising, told us that attractive young people were almost never hired any more for commercials. "We tell them to come back in twenty years, when they will no longer taint our products with the suggestion of sex."

Jonathan, a lawyer and bachelor, told us that parties are vastly different for him now that he no longer expects the evening to have a sexual payoff. He reported that single people are getting into cold showers, bulky clothes, and Chinese checkers. Wit, he said, was on the rise. Even bad laws can have some good effects.

It was while we were visiting Jonathan that I learned that my uncle Reggie had died. Through hard work and clean living, he left an estate worth $2.36 million, which he bequeathed to me. I took my family on a trip around the world.

We ended up in Tahiti. The children quickly made friends and spent most of the time on the beach. Claire took up the flute, and I, the violin, so that we could play duets. At night, we practiced tantric yoga under the stars, far away from the gaze and grasp of the IRX.

It was only by chance that I picked up an American newspaper and read about the McAllister Bill. I decided I had to do something. Even as I write this over the Pacific, congressmen are debating whether the IRX should have jurisdiction over the last free sexual area: the mind. Under the McAllister Bill, all mental sexual thrills would be subject to taxation. A long sexual revery could cost as much as a movie; an erotic dream, to orgasm, as much as the theater. All individuals would be required to wear the newly developed "hot-spot," a Band-Aid–like patch that, when worn on the inside thigh, registers sexual excitement and transmits this information to the tax computer in Virginia. For the first time ever, there would be a tax on gross—thoughts, that is.

Wake up, America! Our treasury coffers are overflowing; our military force is once more supreme; in the past decade our GNP has doubled. But whatever happened to the pursuit of happiness? I intend to ask this question throughout the U.S. until we are once more the land of the free.

I glance at my fellow passengers aboard this flight back to the states. Their faces are cold. The paperback books they are holding are sexless and bland. Perhaps even the reading lamps on this aircraft house hidden cameras. This may seem like a paranoid suspicion, but a few minutes ago I saw one stewardess whisper to another and point to these pages. And now, as we prepare to land, I notice two IRX vans parked by a fence.

The pilot puts down the plane and taxies us toward the terminal and the vans. Several female IRX agents are waiting to make an arrest. Despite their severe hairstyles and ugly pink uniforms, they are very attractive. The captain cuts the engines; the agents board the plane. As they walk down the aisle toward me with their handcuffs, I am seized by an utterly inappropriate excitement and . . . OH!

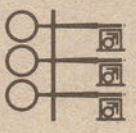
PSYCHOGRAPHIC
SELF-EXAMINATION SERIES

ARE YOU AN ACCIDENT WAITING TO HAPPEN?

OR JUST PLAIN UNLUCKY?

BY FRANK DONEGAN

Twenty-five questions to see if it's nice to skate on thin ice



PSYCHOGRAPH

Some days it just doesn't pay to get out of bed. You wake up in the morning feeling fine, and by lunchtime you've fallen down the cellar stairs, been shot at by some guy who mistook you for a moose, slammed a door on your thumb, been run over by a drunk, slipped on a banana peel, and gotten mugged by a 12-year-old with pimples and a bad sense of humor.

You may think that luck or chance or fate is behind the large and small catastrophes in your life, but social scientists (and the actuaries who grind away in the bowels of great insurance companies) believe that we usually precipitate our own disasters. What at first looks like an accident, upon close inspection of the victim's habits, personality, and mental state, often turns out to have been an unavoidable statistical certainty.

This psychograph reveals whether you exhibit the combination of personality traits, behavioral patterns, and attitudes that characterizes someone who's headed for disaster. It may tell you whether your life is hazardous to your health.

Psychologists are divided on the question of whether or not there is a distinct "accident-prone personality." What they know for certain, however, is that *all* of us at various points in our lives are accident prone. External circumstances combine with our internal feelings and desires to create a dangerously volatile state of affairs. We become accidents waiting to happen. This psychograph may alert you if you've reached one of those points.

Men, in particular, should be aware how close to disaster they often are. At just about all age levels men are much more accident prone than women. In fact, for males under 38 years old accidents are the leading cause of death.

So pay attention and answer the questions honestly. The life you save, as they say, may be your own.

1. Do you have trouble making decisions?
   (a) yes, very much
   (b) no more than most people
   (c) no, not at all

2. Would you be more likely to agree or disagree with this statement: "Life is basically a gamble; if something bad is going to happen, there's not much you can really do about it"?
   (a) agree
   (b) disagree

3. How often do you drink enough beer or liquor to at least get a buzz on (even though you may not get completely sloshed)?
   (a) never
   (b) not more than a few times a year
   (c) at least once a month
   (d) at least once a week
   (e) just about every day

4. How often do you engage in "recreational" drug use?
   (a) never
   (b) not more than a few times a year
   (c) at least once a month
   (d) at least once a week
   (e) just about every day

5. Do you live in a community of:
   (a) fewer than 5,000 people
   (b) more than 5,000 people

6. Are you:
   (a) married
   (b) divorced
   (c) single

7. At work (or at school, if you are a student) do you put off the important assignments and then rush to get them done at the last minute?
   (a) yes
   (b) no

8. Are you a procrastinator in the areas of your life that don't relate to work (shopping for Christmas gifts on December 24, postponing vacation arrangements until the last possible moment, etc.)?
   (a) yes
   (b) no

9. Would you be more likely to agree or disagree with this statement: "Accidents are more likely to happen to the 'other guy'; I'm pretty lucky"?
   (a) agree
   (b) disagree

10. How many miles a year do you drive?
    (a) fewer than 5,000 miles
    (b) 5,000 to 10,000 miles
    (c) 10,000 to 20,000 miles
    (d) 20,000 to 30,000 miles
    (e) more than 30,000 miles

11. Do you commute to work regularly by car?
    (a) yes
    (b) no

12. Have you been worrying about your job lately?
    (a) very much
    (b) quite a bit
    (c) somewhat
    (d) not much
    (e) not at all

13. If you had to choose between the following two statements, which would you say is true of you?
    (a) I worry quite a bit about the future and about my life in general
    (b) I don't worry much about the future; I try to take things as they come

14. How would you rate your relationship with the woman closest to you (wife, live-in lover, or girl friend)?
    (a) we're in great shape; I think our relationship is very strong
    (b) I guess our relationship is okay; it may not be the strongest in the world, but it seems to work
    (c) our relationship isn't so great; we may be heading toward a breakup
    (d) I have no close relationship with any particular woman

15. Check any of the following activities that you participate in regularly.
    (a) sky diving
    (b) hang gliding
    (c) mountain climbing
    (d) auto racing
    (e) motorcycle riding

16. Do you drive considerable distances to spend your weekends away from home (to a country house, to visit friends, to go skiing, etc.)?
    (a) yes, just about every weekend
    (b) quite often: probably every other weekend or so
    (c) about once a month
    (d) not more than once every two or three months
    (e) not more than a couple of times a year

17. Have any of the following things happened to you within the past six months (check all that apply)?
(a) death of your wife or lover
(b) death of a close friend or relative
(c) loss of your job (check only if you have not found a better or equivalent job)
(d) a serious financial loss

18. Do you often feel tired?
(a) yes, just about all the time
(b) quite often
(c) occasionally
(d)) rarely

19. Do you sleep on an irregular schedule and at odd hours?
(a) yes
(b) no, I'm regular as clockwork

20. How often do you feel depressed?
(a) rarely or never
(b) occasionally
(c) often
(d) just about always

21. Would you say you're basically an irritable or a placid person?
(a) irritable
(b) placid
(c) about halfway between the two

22. In which of the following geographical regions do you live?
(a) New England: Connecticut, Rhode Island, Massachusetts, Vermont, New Hampshire, Maine
(b) Upper Middle Atlantic: New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey
(c) Atlantic Seaboard: Maryland, Delaware, Virginia, West Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida
(d) Middle South: Kentucky, Tennessee, Mississippi, Alabama
(e) Midwest: Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, Wisconsin
(f) Great Plains: Iowa, Minnesota, Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska, South Dakota, North Dakota,
(g) Southwest: Texas, Oklahoma, Arkansas, Louisiana
(h) Rocky Mountain: Idaho, Montana, Wyoming, Colorado, Utah, Nevada, New Mexico, Arizona
(i) Far West: Washington, Oregon, California, Hawaii, and Alaska

23. Do you feel you're basically:
(a) a success
(b) a failure

24. Do you often have a lot of bills that you've put off paying?
(a) yes
(b) no

25. Do you prefer:
(a) a hot car that gives you a feeling of power when you get behind the wheel
(b) a sensible car whose only purpose is to get you from one place to another

SCORING

Every answer on this psychograph has been awarded a point value that is listed in the following table. Find your score by adding up the point values of all the answers you checked.

1. (a) 4 (b) 1 (c) 2
2. (a) 4 (b) 1
3. (a) 0 (b) 1 (c) 3 (d) 5 (e) 7
4. (a) 0 (b) 1 (c) 3 (d) 5 (e) 7
5. (a) 1 (b) 3
6. (a) 1 (b) 2 (c) 3
7. (a) 4 (b) 1
8. (a) 4 (b) 1
9. (a) 4 (b) 1
10. (a) 1 (b) 2 (c) 3 (d) 4 (e) 5
11. (a) 4 (b) 1
12. (a) 5 (b) 4 (c) 3 (d) 2 (e) 1
13. (a) 4 (b) 1
14. (a) 1 (b) 2 (c) 5 (d) 4
15. (a) 3 (b) 3 (c) 3 (d) 3 (e) 3
16. (a) 4 (b) 3 (c) 2 (d) 1 (e) 0
17. (a) 5 (b) 3 (c) 4 (d) 3
18. (a) 3 (b) 2 (c) 1 (d) 0
19. (a) 4 (b) 1
20. (a) 1 (b) 2 (c) 3 (d) 4
21. (a) 4 (b) 1 (c) 2
22. (a) 2 (b) 2 (c) 3 (d) 4
(e) 2 (f) 3 (g) 3 (h) 4 (i) 3
23. (a) 1 (b) 4
24. (a) 4 (b) 1
25. (a) 4 (b) 1

The highest possible score is 128 points; the lowest is 20.

If you scored 93–128 points:

Call your nearest insurance agent immediately and buy as much coverage as he'll sell you. (Don't go in person; you're so ripe for disaster that you'll probably be run over by a stray water buffalo if you step outside your door.) Your high score does not mean that disaster will definitely befall you in the near future, but it does indicate that, statistically speaking, you stand a better chance of getting zapped than most men. You live life at a higher pitch, take more chances, pay less attention to details, and are probably a bit less emotionally mature than others. Those things precipitate accidents. You're probably an exciting person to be with, but if you keep going at this rate, you won't have to worry about making plans for your old age.

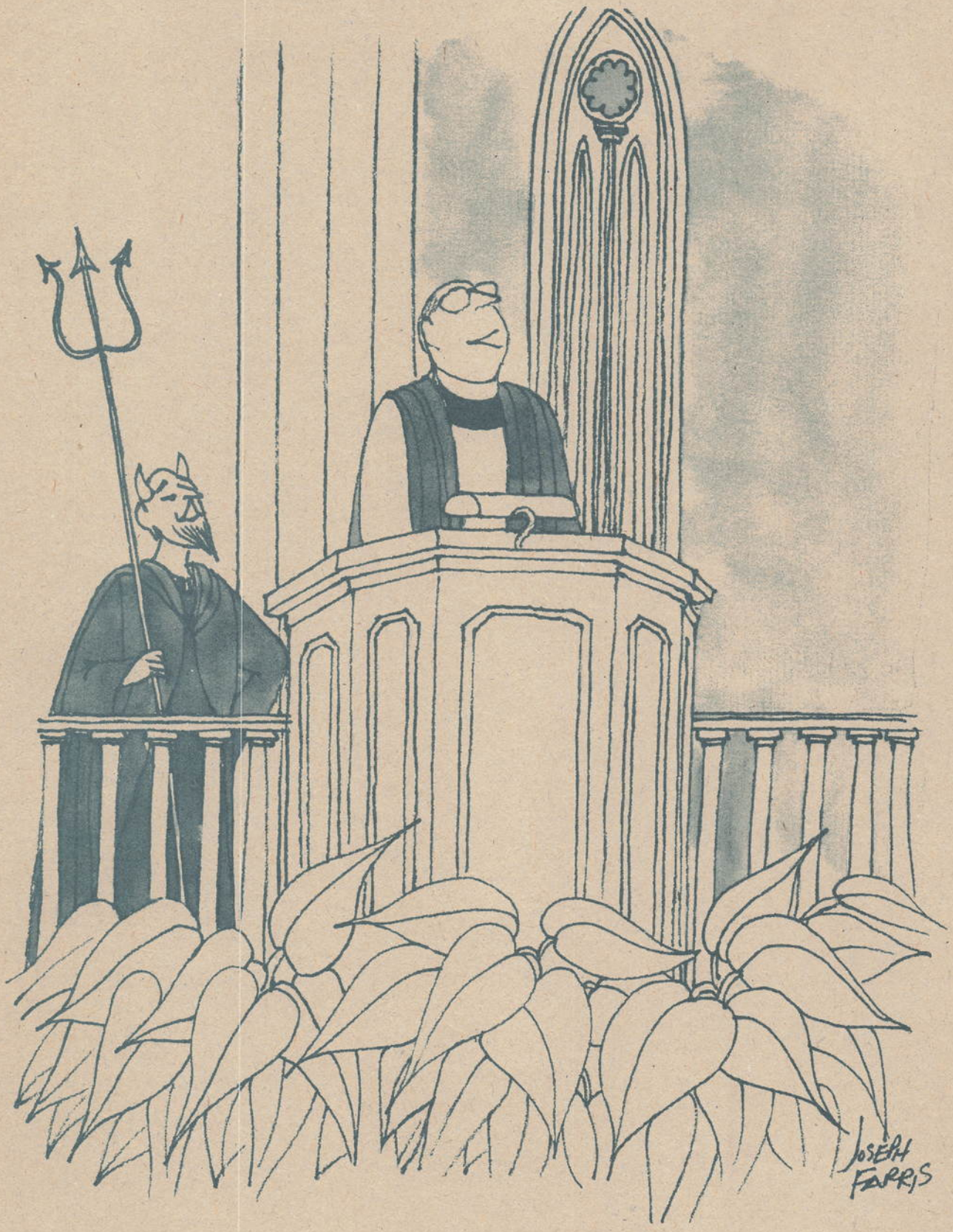
56–92 points:

You are the statistical "average man." As you go about your day-to-day activities, you incur most of the risks of modern life, but you don't go out of your way to cause trouble for yourself. Review the questions on this psychograph and see which ones you scored highest on. They'll give you an idea of where or why disaster is most likely to strike in your life. If, for example, you consistently scored high on questions involving automobiles, that indicates you probably have a better-than-average chance of getting hurt while driving. So pay a little more attention next time you get into a car. Also, remember that accidents are more likely to occur when you are rushed, tired, distracted, depressed, or in any other abnormal emotional state. If you enter a high-risk situation in any of these emotional states, you're really courting disaster.

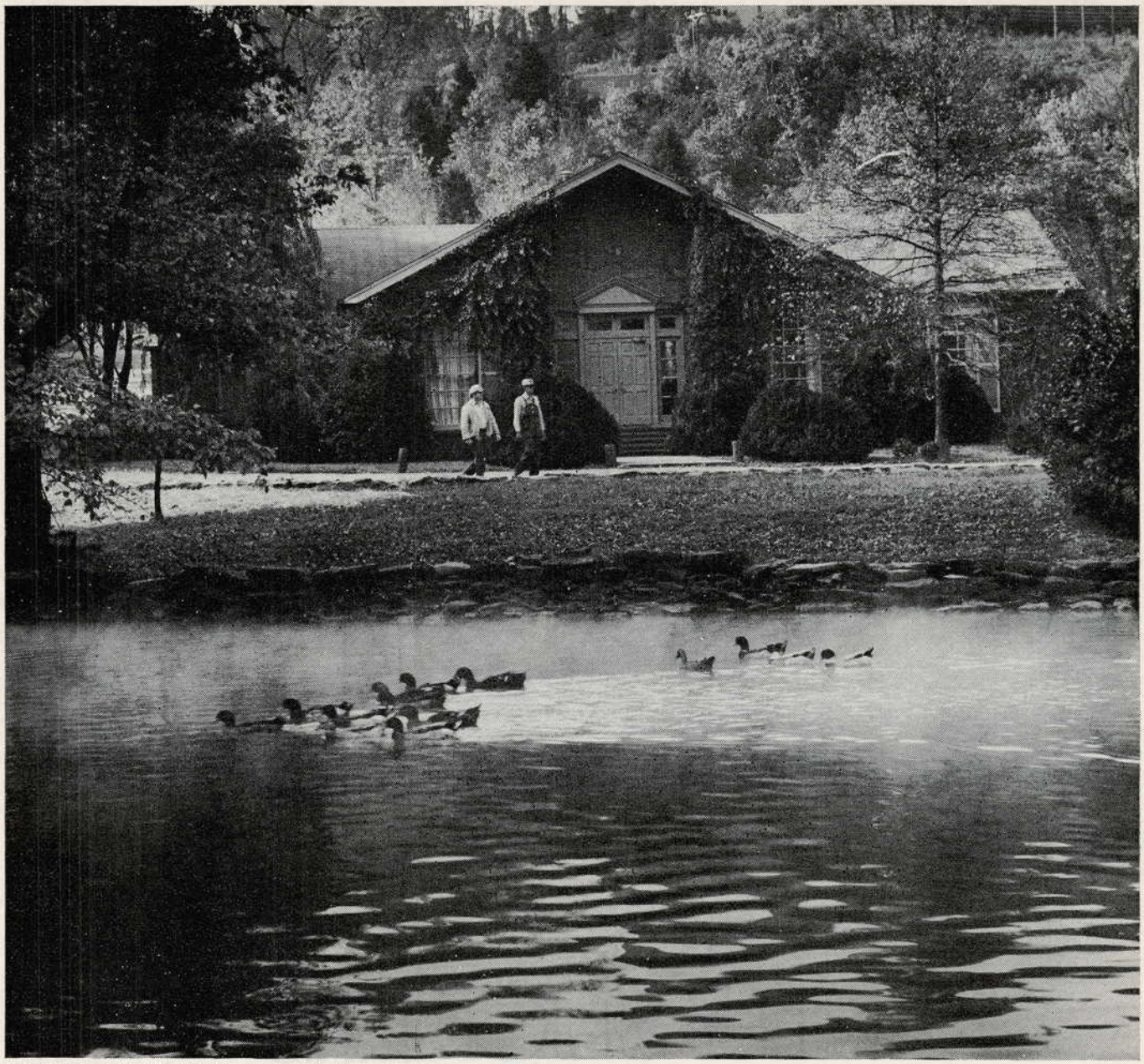
One last thing: if you scored near the upper end of this category, you're considerably more prone to disaster than if you scored near the lower end. So don't get complacent.

20–55 points:

You must live a mighty quiet life. You would appear to be an extremely subdued, placid person who rarely lets circumstances get the better of him. You are always careful and in control. You avoid risky situations, and on those occasions when you are forced into them, you exercise extraordinary vigilance. You're the type of guy who takes an umbrella along on even the sunniest day (or who always has a rubber in his wallet). You may not be the life of the party, but you'll undoubtedly have the last laugh, since you'll most likely die peacefully in your bed at an extremely ripe old age.



"In the ecumenical spirit, I'd like to introduce today's guest speaker . . ."



If you're a friend of Jack Daniel's, drop us a line. We'd like to get to know you.

WE NEVER DREAMED OF THE DAY that we'd be adding on to the main office in Jack Daniel's Hollow.

Reagor Motlow built the front three rooms in 1952 and everyone wondered what he'd do with the space. Since then, we've added a little to the left of it and some to the right. And recently we've put several newer rooms out back. Occasionally, good friends inquire as to how we've grown to such size. After a sip of Jack Daniel's, we believe they have their answer.

CHARCOAL MELLOWED
DROP
BY DROP

Tennessee Whiskey • 90 Proof • Distilled and Bottled by Jack Daniel Distillery, Lem Motlow, Prop. Inc., Route 1, Lynchburg (Pop. 361), Tennessee 37352

Placed in the National Register of Historic Places by the United States Government.

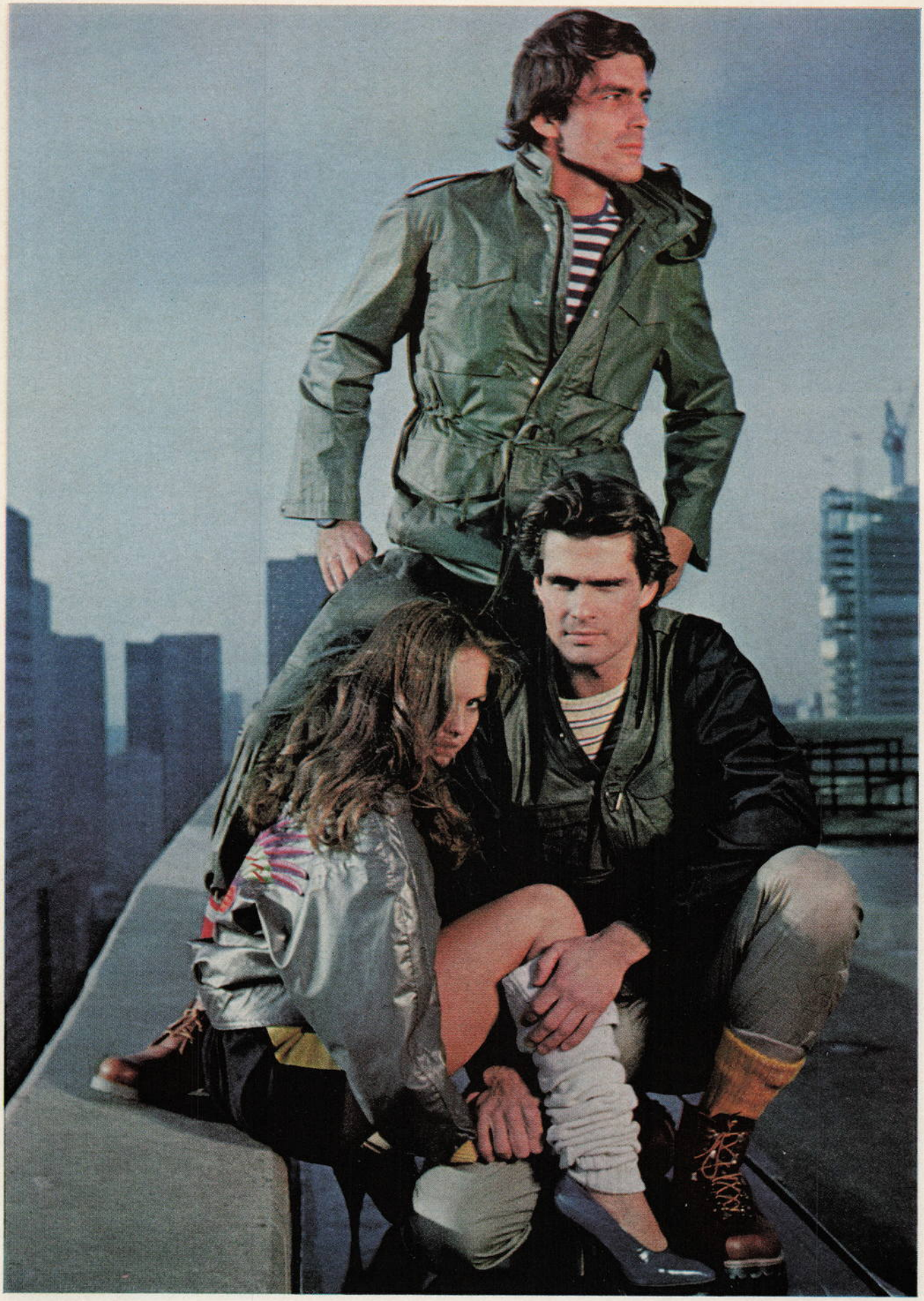
Foul-weather gear that will leave you fashionably high and dry

CITY SLICKERS

Gray, gloomy rain days call for something cheerier than a gray, shapeless trench coat. The newest and brightest collections of waterproof wear will send you out dashing between the raindrops, splashing in puddles, and livening up everyone's stormy Monday. On these pages you'll find foul-weather wear that is both fun and functional. Oiled and waxed cotton, nylon, and rubberlike fabrics done up in energizing colors keep you snug while giving your spirits a lift. Wherever you're weathering April showers, count on the new raingear to keep you high and dry.

(above) The "original" bike suit is windproof and rainproof and made of oiled and waxed Egyptian cotton. The outfit (about $325) is by Barbour for George G. Graham; the gloves ($35) also by Barbour; the boots by Wolverine. Her trench coat, by Amber House for Gary E. Miller, is available at Camouflage Boutique, New York. (opposite, left) The pullover top ($90) is made of a waterproof fabric. The outfit, worn with polyvinyl overalls ($80) and rubber boots ($75), is by Star Point for Achilleus Sport Int. (right) The slicker baseball-style jacket ($125) is worn with slicker jeans ($75), webbed belt ($20), and turtleneck ($90), all by Star Point for Achilleus Sport Int.; his boots by Chris Craft for George G. Graham.

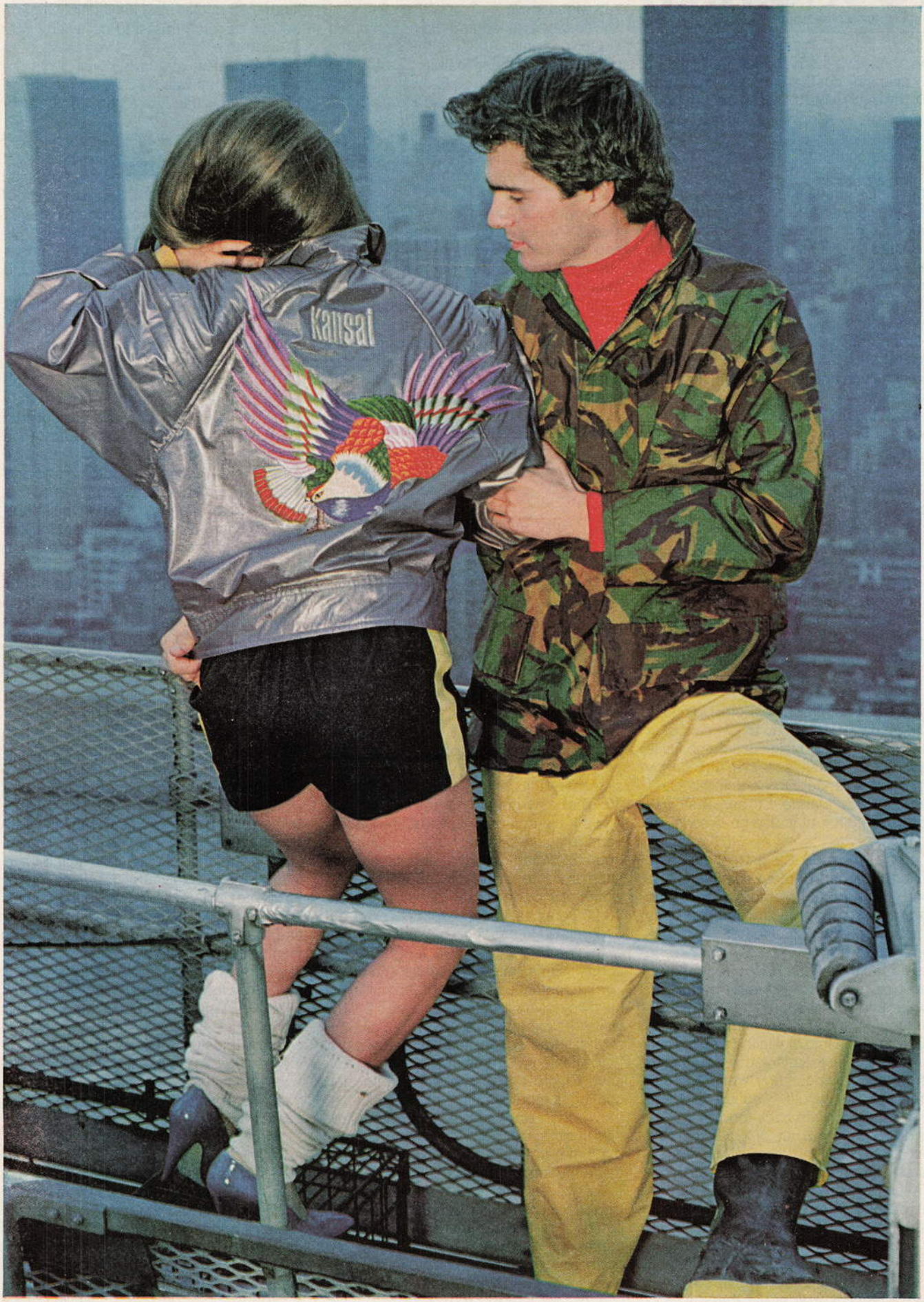
FASHION BY ED EMMERLING/ PHOTOGRAPHS BY GUY LE BAUBE



The man standing (opposite) wears an all-cotton field jacket, with a drawstring waist and hidden hood ($126), and cotton utility pants ($88); both are by A.T.Z. by Randy Allen. The man sitting wears an all-cotton rainproof hunting vest with black nylon detachable sleeves ($175). The all-cotton trousers have knitted cuffed bottoms ($69); outfit by ATZ by Randy Allen. Both men wear cotton crew-neck sweaters by Henry Grethel for Equipment; his boots by Wolverine. Her jacket ($295) is by Kansai Yamamoto for Achilleus Sport Int. Her cotton shorts are by Star Point for Achilleus. (above) The polyester and cotton raincoat with an asymmetrical zippered and snap-front closure ($150) is worn with cotton trousers ($38), both by Ron Chereskin; his boots by Star Point for Achilleus Sport Int.; her raincoat by Ron Chereskin; pumps by Shoe Biz.

The nylon jacket (this page, left) ($90) is worn with cotton pants ($42.50) and sweatshirt ($30), all by Yves St. Laurent Menswear. The boots are by Dunlop for George G. Graham. The nylon jacket ($90), worn with cotton-knit crew-neck sweater ($55), and cotton pants ($42.50), are also by Yves St. Laurent Menswear. The boots are by Chris Craft for George G. Graham; her pumps by Shoe Biz; raincoat by Ron Chereskin. (opposite) His camouflage hunting jacket (about $115), made of rainproof nylon, is by Barbour for George G. Graham. The pull-on slicker pants with elasticized waist (about $75) are by Macbean for George G. Graham. Her shorts are by Star Point. The jacket ($295) is by Kansai Yamamoto for Achilleus Sport Int.

For information on merchandise featured here, see page 180.


kansai

YOUNG, RICH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 78

"I figure that I lost eight thousand, that I paid about two thousand for this flight; so the evening cost about ten thousand, which is really what it costs to have a good time for an evening these days. Right?" he asked.

"Who's counting?" I asked.

"Exactly," Billy W. said. "Listen," he continued, "I'm thinking of buying a new car. I'm really tired of the Mercedes. Everybody's got one. Really. Everybody." He sniffed up one hundred and twenty dollars' worth of cocaine in a few seconds. "I'm thinking of getting a Ferrari. One of those really fast jobs like Steve Roth has. You have any idea what they cost?"

"I don't really know," I said. "I'm sure that for you it would be nothing. You wouldn't even notice it. Just nothing worth mentioning."

"How much?" he asked, chasing the coke with Perrier.

"I think about a hundred and twenty thousand, tops," I said.

"You're right," he said. "That is nothing."

Billy W. slept in the car on the way back to Beverly Hills. A week later, he called me to tell me that his lawyer told him that he was going to be indicted for telephone and mail fraud. "This'll really make a big splash at my fifteenth high-school reunion," he said. "They'll all think I was in the Mafia. That really impresses people."

A TOUGH GUY

When students graduate from Columbia College, most of them go to law school or medical school or business school. Quite a few go to graduate school in philosophy or political science. Only one in his class went into the Marine Corps. That was Larry L. He did it because he likes to get into fights.

Larry L. looks like a more handsome version of Robert Redford. He is thin and blond, with perfect features, light-blue eyes, and a strong build. His father was a famous sculptor. His mother was a ballerina. When Larry was at Columbia, he was a mediocre student. What he mainly liked to do was go to the fringes of Harlem, say, around 119th Street and Amsterdam Avenue, find a black guy about the same size, and bump into him in the street. Then Larry would call the black guy a bum and a drunk. Sometimes Larry would get cut. Sometimes he would wind up knocked out. He always went back for more.

When Larry got out of Quantico and went to I Corps, he liked to go out on search-and-destroy missions. Even in the marines few men volunteered. Larry was one of them. Larry's eyes still light up when he talks about the day he was walking along through a jungle, and a man, Victor Charlie by the looks of him, popped up out of a spider hole. He was right in front of Larry. Larry let him have a long burst from his M-16 right into his VC spine. "It ruined his whole day," Larry likes to say with a smile.

One day it rained and did not stop raining for a month. At about the same time, because of Vietnamization, Larry's unit was called back to Hué to await shipment stateside. While Larry waited to go out on just a few more search-and-destroy missions, he read a book about the commodities business. It was the approximate equivalent of Keats's opening Chapman's Homer.

"It was just like a street fight," Larry said. "The guy who's got the most balls and who's the fastest on his feet makes out like a bandit. The guy who's scared gets his ass kicked."

One and one half years later, Larry was a trader on Wall Street. Within three years, Larry had his own firm, trading mainly in silver and gold. By 1978 Larry had closed out all of his clients' positions. He was simply trading for his own account. He got into silver at 8 dollars an ounce and got out at 40. That may not sound so fantastic, but if you have contracts for 45,000 ounces, you are going to come out about one and one-half million dollars ahead. If you then short it in the winter of 1980 at 50 and watch it go down to 12 with another 40,000 ounces, you are going to be about $1.7 million to the good beyond what you already had. What with a few dollars in commissions salted away here and there, Larry L. could look at about 3.5 million of his own dollars by the time he was 29 last winter—November 24.

> Billy W. laid out more lines of cocaine. "This evening cost about ten thousand," he said, "which is really what it costs to have a good time these days. Right?"

"I still trade occasionally," Larry says. "Like if I see a sure thing, I go into it. You have to know that with a big recession coming, lumber is going into the toilet; so I sold short on that, and that paid a few bills this spring," Larry says. Later he tells me that he made about $220,000 in one day's trading in lumber contracts.

Larry lives in a co-op on Manhattan's Upper East Side. He bought three small penthouses and put them all together to make one large co-op. It faces to the north, toward Harlem. Larry often sits out on his balcony, even in the winter, and watches the lights come on in Harlem. He can even see the airplanes angling in for their landings at La Guardia, but he is less interested in that than in Harlem. "I can't believe the stuff I used to do when I was at Columbia," he says. "I've really got to be the luckiest guy in the world that I'm not dead. That was so crazy of me. If one of those guys had had a gun, I'd be pushing up daisies."

Instead, he pushes up martinis, and when he has really forgotten what day it is, he goes over to the New York Athletic Club to work out. He likes to work out while he's drunk. "I sweat like a pig then," he says. "I like that." Larry usually lifts weights, runs a few miles on the indoor track, and then swims—a good, cold plunge. He has his car waiting for him when he gets out. It is a Cadillac limousine, not particularly long. It is certainly nothing like the kind that rock stars use when they are on tour.

"I like to have the limousine take me down to the East Village to go to a few bars," he says. That is fine, except that there is no more East Village. Larry L. is talking about a neighborhood that has poor Puerto Ricans and Colombians and blacks. The hippies are long gone.

Larry likes to go into a bar in this frightening neighborhood. He stands at the bar and talks about how much he hates Irish people. If there are any Irishmen there, they either leave of their own free will or they fight with Larry. "See, Irish aren't so likely to carry guns," Larry says. "Sometimes I get hurt a little, but I don't think I'm gonna get killed." I have seen Larry immediately after a few of these fights. He does not look good. His face is bruised and swollen. He has cuts. He looks like a prizefighter after a bad fight. Then he has his car take him back to his apartment. He calls a madam he knows on the East Side. She sends over two or three girls.

"I want to share them with you," Larry sometimes tells me when I am in New York. "Just think of them as a gift." I never take him up on it. The girls arrive and have a few drinks with Larry. He has bought their time until the next day; so there is no hurry. Larry likes to tell them about his cuts and bruises. Then he likes to fuck one of them with the others watching and cheering him on. "I don't know why," he says, "but when they're doing that talking to me, I feel like I'm really getting my money's worth."

Sometimes I meet him for a late brunch the next day. At the Plaza he eats poached eggs and talks about his life. "It's not perfect," he says, "but then I'm not a perfect person. I just try to take life as it comes."

"How come you like to start fights?" I ask.

"There're a lot of people who make me mad," he says. "I've always been mad."

"Doesn't having the money make you feel less angry?" I ask him.

"Hell, no," he says. "My father calls me up and asks me when I'm gonna get a normal job. I tell him, 'Hey, Dad, I made half a million dollars yesterday.' He acts like

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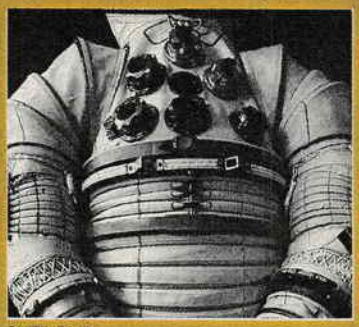
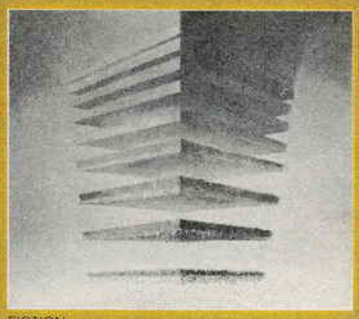


SUITING UP

INTERVIEW

SPIES



FICTION

SILICON VALLEY SPIES—For the last ten years Soviet agents have been skulking about in California's Silicon Valley, birthplace of the microcomputer technology that revolutionized Western military hardware. The KGB has spent over $100 million on devious projects that range from buying up local banks to shipping computer equipment out of the country in crates labeled "washing machines." *Omni* tells how they've done it—and why no one has stopped them.

CONSCIENCE FOR HIRE—When Richard McCormick speaks, researchers quake in their boots. This mild-mannered Jesuit scholar is a leader in the expanding field of scientific ethics, which attempts to determine whether experiments are not merely good science but good humanity. As scientific exploration creeps closer to the edge of life creation, ethical questions loom ever larger. In this month's *Omni* writer Douglas Colligan introduces you to the priests and teachers who seek to confront the moral implications of science.

SUITING UP—A new era in space begins when *Columbia* lifts off from pad 39A at Cape Canaveral this year. New conquests require appropriate threads, which is why NASA has completely revamped its space wardrobe for the first generation of shuttle voyagers. A tough, polymerized hard-suit will give astronauts protection as they exit from the shuttle to perform experiments in free space. Even the brand-new flight suits worn inside the ship differ from the old *Apollo* gear. During the six years since we last boosted a human into orbit, a revolution has occurred in the design of space suits. Think you know *haute couture?* Don't answer until you've seen our pictorial this month in *Omni.*

INTERVIEW—In 1968 Peter Glaser stunned the uptight readers of *Science,* the nation's most erudite, and perhaps most cautious, scientific journal, with his modestly titled article "Power from the Sun." Glaser proposed building gigantic satellites and placing them in orbit, where they could absorb solar energy and beam it to earth as microwaves. Today the solar-power satellite (SPS) remains one of the most inventive approaches to solving the energy crisis. In the April Interview Glaser, father of the SPS, destroys some myths about solar energy.

SCIENCE FICTION—Cynthia Morgan debuts in the April *Omni* with "The Hitmaker," a deceptively low-keyed story about the effects of live TV coverage on an American town; in Warren Brown's "Last Waltz" a woman wronged tastes a sweet revenge; and an airman is shot down and forced to come to grips with Paul J. Nahin's "The Infinite Plane." Good reading in the April *Omni.*

it doesn't bother him, but that's crap. I know it's driving him crazy. He thought he was so goddamn great in his studio, brooding and thinking all the time. That's crap. He was just scared to go out into the world and fight. He never learned that it doesn't hurt to fight, that it only hurts to be afraid."

Larry L. is so unafraid of anything that when he goes to luncheon meetings at an elegant club in Wall Street, he carries a cute little Python strapped to his ankle. Thirty-eight caliber. Hammerless. "You should see the looks on those old guys' faces when I pull it out from under the table while we're talking about collateral or margin calls or something. They think I am one crazy motherfucker."

A VERY COMPLEX WOMAN

Alma K. is a good girl. "As soon as my business manager told me I was worth two million, I bought my mother a Cadillac and my dad a Mercedes. That was two years ago, and they still drive them."

Alma is a short girl with a cute, turned-up nose, courtesy of a certain doctor in Brentwood Park, Los Angeles, Calif. She is 26 years old. She has sparkling brown eyes and blonde hair right out of the bottle. She has thin hips. She likes to wear jeans so tight you could use them to stop arterial bleeding.

She did not finish high school. When she was 17, she went to work for a record company as a messenger. In a few years she worked her way up to second-string publicity woman for the record company in the Los Angeles–San Diego area. That meant she went to a lot of 5,000-watt stations, passed out drugs, and pleaded with the stations to play a few songs by the company's "artists." In 1978 she was fired.

"I don't know why. They had a new schmuck doing publicity, and he just sent me a memo telling me I was fired. That was it," she says.

That was when Alma came to me to ask if she could borrow $100. I gave her a check. "I really need this," she said, "but I'll pay you back. I'm gonna be the biggest. The very biggest. There's no way they can stop me."

"They" didn't. About 18 months ago, Alma sat in the living room of her house in Redondo Beach, once owned by John Lennon, and told me what happened after I lent her that fateful $100. "That same night I flew standby to New York because this friend there had called me up. He told me that he had a deal for me. There was this new group that just came off the streets in Bedford-Stuyvesant, and they were fabulous. They had a disco sound that wouldn't quit.

"So I went to New York, without even enough money to fly home, and I went right to a studio, and I listened to the group. They were dynamite. I knew they would be gigantic. I bought their contract for $50,000. I wrote a bad check for $1,500 as the deposit. Then I went out all

day and hustled their tape. By the end of the day, I had a deal for them at Warner Records," Alma says, sipping an amaretto on the rocks as she reclines on her leather furniture, looking out at the ocean.

"In the first six months that the group's first album was out, I earned about two million dollars in royalties. I actually got a check for it about a year after that. That was when I bought my mom and dad their cars."

While Alma and I sat in her Jacuzzi, also overlooking the ocean, Alma talked on the telephone to her publicist. The publicist was busily trying to get Alma's autobiography—which the publicist had asked me to write—published in a paperback original. I turned down the offer, and now the publicist was trying to sell the "concept," without a writer.

"Did you tell the guy from Bantam that I used to date Jack Nicholson?" Alma asked. A pause. "Yeah, and Warren Beatty, too. And some other guys. I have it all written down," she said.

Later in the evening, the publicist appeared. He was a sniffling fellow who walked with a shuffle and a perpetual giggle. "You probably want to know what the real Alma K. is like, don't you?" she asked the publicist.

"Exactly," the publicist said, gobbling down one hunk of Camembert cheese after another.

"The real Alma K. isn't these fancy houses or the record label I own. The real Alma K. is a simple girl who likes to walk on the beach, feel the wind on her forehead, sense the spray on her cheeks, run into a wave. I like the fundamental pleasures of being alive."

"Great," the publicist said.

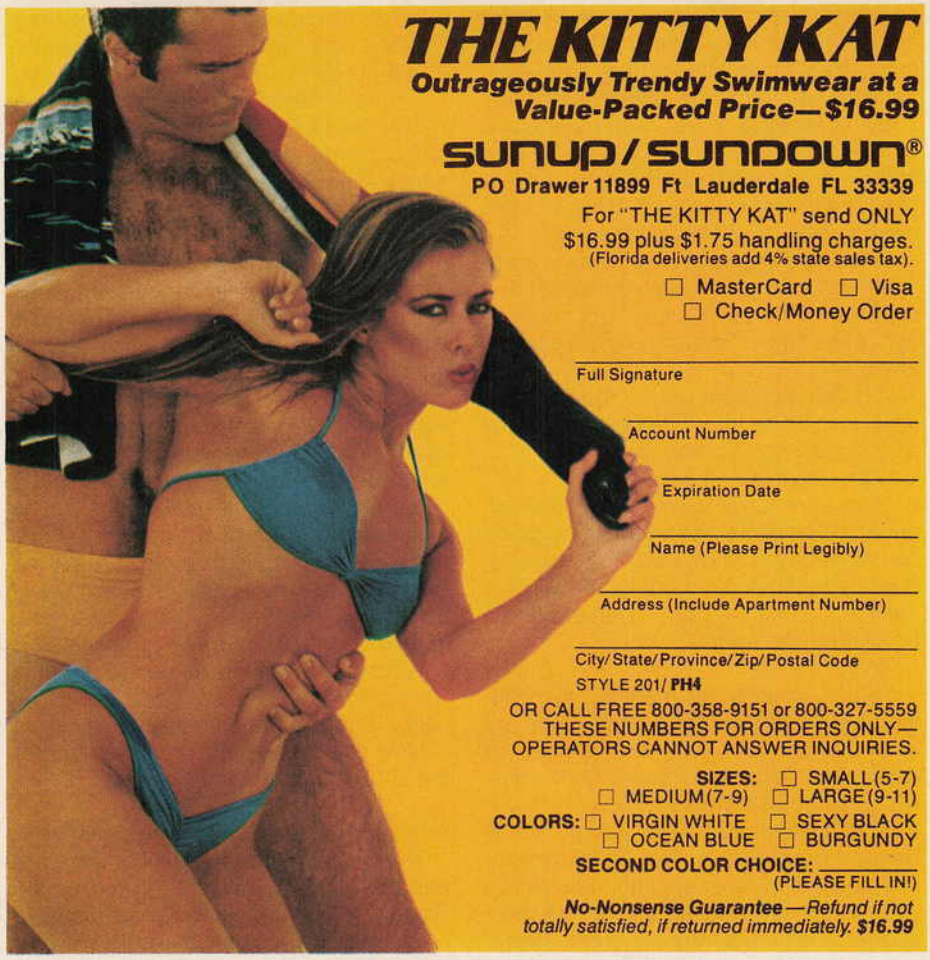
"Plus, when I started my label, I gave a party at the Beverly Hills Hotel that cost a hundred and twenty thousand dollars. I had midgets and fire-eaters and everything," Alma said. She furrowed her brow to look serious. "You see," she said, "the real Alma K. is a woman of many moods, of great complexity, of many contradictions."

"Hmm, I see," the publicist said. Later, when Alma went into her bedroom, the publicist looked at me confidentially. "Alma has the cheapest cocaine in California," he said.

Alma has already been married and divorced since her fortune was made. She married another record promoter. Their wedding announcements were four-color, two-foot-by-three-foot posters wrapped in cardboard tubes. The posters had pictures of Alma and her hubby in jeans and T-shirts, standing in front of two white Rolls convertibles.

Since the divorce, Alma has had a weight problem. Part of the problem is that Alma has a replica of a Baskin-Robbins ice-cream parlor in her house, complete with all 31 flavors. When Alma is depressed, she spends too much time at the ice-cream counter.

"L.A. men," she said. "They give me a



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pain in the ass. Really. They think more about money than anything else. They think so much about deals they can't even get it up half the time. I swear that's true. They're thinking about distribution and gross points when they should be thinking about sex. If half the guys I know got leprosy and their cocks fell off, they wouldn't care, if they could still make deals."

Since she struck it rich, Alma's problems with sex have gotten worse. "I'm a better lover than ever since I got my money," Alma says. "That's true. You can ask anyone."

I nodded appreciatively. "You don't believe me. Some day I'll show you," she said in a soothing voice.

"Oh, I hope so," I said.

"Now, I'm really busy with all this stuff about the possible merger with Polygram, but some day I'll show you. You won't believe it. You'll think you died and went to heaven," Alma K. said. "That's just the problem," she added.

"What's that?"

"Since I made my money, I'm better than ever. But men are scared of me unless they're rich, too, like Warren or Jack," she said. "I just never meet a man who's as good a lay as I am."

Later, last autumn, Alma passed me on Beverly Boulevard in her Rolls convertible. I pulled up to her at a light. She smiled over at me and picked up her car telephone. "Call me on my car phone later," she said. "Here's the number."

When I got home, I called her. (I do *not* have a telephone in my car.) "Hey," she said. "I'm in my car. I'm driving down the Pacific Coast Highway to visit Joan Didion at her house in Trancas."

"Alma," I said, "Joan Didion moved out of that house three years ago."

Apparently the connection was bad because Alma said, "Joan's doing a story on what great lovers young rich women are. She's interviewing me."

The last time I saw Alma was only a few weeks ago at the American Airlines terminal at LAX. She was getting out of her Rolls convertible along with a young Mexican man in a thin leather jacket, wearing thin gold chains. Another Mexican man drove away in the Corniche after Alma and Randy, her friend, put their nine pieces of Louis Vuitton luggage on the curb.

Alma introduced me to Randy. When he went off to buy her some magazines, she told me that he worked for her. "That's the best way to make sure they're always around when you need them," she said. "I learned that from Bruce Springsteen."

When the Mexican came back, Alma went to the ladies' room. "That bitch," he said. "She has the cheapest cocaine."

Next time I see Alma, I will ask her for the $100 she borrowed from me.

A few final notes on young millionaires.

The Census Bureau says that there are about 400,000 millionaires in the United States. Of that number, far more than half are farmers, whose main assets are their farms. Fewer than 50,000 millionaires are under 35. Of that number, only a few thousand have earned the money or "made" the money themselves. The others are heirs and heiresses.

A psychiatrist in Beverly Hills who has made a lucrative career out of treating young millionaires says that they have the same problems almost uniformly.

"They are all obsessed with their mother's opinion of them. They can have the Nobel Prize in literature, and if their mother does not think highly of them or does not show that she thinks highly of them, it does no good at all. They are despairing and depressed. They can have their banker fawning over them constantly, and it will still do no good at all. They can have every inch of property in Beverly Hills. If their mothers do not approve, they will be anxious and miserable. The punchline is that their mothers never do approve. Absolutely never. That's what makes them become young millionaires. That's the fury that hounds them to amass that much money at that young an age.

"The cruel part of it is that they never can put this demon back into its cage by making money. It's like the dogs at the dog track chasing the mechanical rabbit. That rabbit is placed so that dogs cannot get it. That's the way these people are. The money they can get. But the approval they never get."

The psychiatrist told me that young millionaires are so frantic about the withholding of their mother's love that they sometimes become deeply paranoid about their basic survival. "They are desperately fearful of cancer, of abandonment, of personal assaults. They think they're going to die at any minute if they don't get their mother's approval. The money doesn't make any difference at all to them. The only good it does them is that they can spend it all on psychotherapy.

"On the other hand, they would be just as unhappy if they didn't have the money. It's not that money makes them unhappy. It's that their being so unhappy, so driven, forces them to make money—but then the same fears do not leave. Once they start feeling desperate, the money doesn't give them one instant of relief."

For some reason, it all reminds me of Doug Kenney. Kenney was a smart, funny guy who founded *National Lampoon* with a few other smart, funny guys. He sold out his share for several million before he was 30. He went on to write *Animal House* and make another million. Then, at the age of 32, in the midst of writing and producing a major comedy with Chevy Chase, Doug Kenney went to Hawaii. There he fell off a cliff and died. His body was not found for two days. Yesterday I sat with two young millionaire producers who had been friends of Doug's. "Can you believe it?" one of them said, "Fox is still sending him his weekly checks?"

"Why?" the other one said. "He's rich. He doesn't need the money."

In the world of the Young Millionaires, "rich" means more than live or dead, which is why we should not feel so bad that we are poor.

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"Judge him not by the demons that infect his mind and devour his reason... judge him only by that unspeakable crime of lust. In 'Sweet Chastity,' Embleton painstakingly represents every dimension of mortal sin known to god and/or me!"–Reverend Jerry Fartwell, *High Times*

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"Ludicrous, inefficient balance of situational probabilities, wanton socio-sexual, or sometimes psycho-socio-sexual, positional or inter-positional value systems wherein 'lust's labor lost' becomes de rigueur even upon lesser, if not mini-sub-divisional, levels of inter-uterine activity...."–William Buckeye, *Firing Pin*

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TOURING

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 156

"All the rest of the town. It all went away. Can you dig it, man? It just all—went away."

Holly shivered. This woman was crazy! "Look, Miss Joplin," he began. Then the buildings winked out of existence.

He blinked. The buildings had not faded away—they had simply ceased to be. As crisply and sharply as if somebody had flipped a switch. He opened his mouth, shut it again.

Janis was talking quietly, fervently. "I don't know what it is, man, but something *very weird* is going down here." Everything beyond the parking lot was a smooth, even gray. Janis started to speak again, stopped, moistened her lips. She looked suddenly hesitant and oddly embarrassed. "I mean, like, I don't know how to break this to ya, Buddy, but you're *dead*. You bought it in a plane crash way back in 'fifty-nine."

"This *is* 'fifty-nine," Holly said absently, looking out across the parking lot, still dazed, her words not really sinking in. As he watched, the cars snapped out of existence row by row, starting with the farthest row, working inward to the nearest. Only the asphalt lot itself remained, and a few bits of litter lying between the painted slots. Holly's groin tightened, and as fear broke through astonishment, he registered Janis's words and felt rage grow alongside fear.

"No, honey," Janis was saying, "I hate to tell ya, but this is 1970." She paused, looking uncertain. "Or maybe not. Ol' Elvis looks a deal older than I remember him being. We must be in the future or something, huh? Some kinda sci-fi trip like that, like on 'Star Trek'? You think we—"

But Holly had swung around ferociously, cutting her off. "*Stop it!*" he said. "I don't know what's going on, what kind of trick you people are trying to play on me, or how you're doing all these things, but I'm not going to put up with any more of—"

Janis put her hand on Holly's shoulder; it felt hot and small and firm, like a child's hand. "Hey, listen," Janis said quietly, cutting him off. "I know this is hard for you to accept, and it *is* pretty heavy stuff . . . but, Buddy, you're *dead*. I mean, really, you are . . . It was about ten years ago, you were on tour, right? And your plane *crashed,* spread you *all* over some farmer's field. It was in all the goddamn papers, you and Ritchie Valens and . . ." She paused, startled, and then grinned. "And that fat dude at the hotel, that must've been the *Big Bopper*. Wow! Man, if I'd known *that* I might've taken him up on it. You were all on your way to some diddlyshit hick town like . . ." She stopped, and when she started to speak again, she had gone pale. ". . . like Moorhead, Minnesota. Oh, Christ, I think it *was* Moorhead. Oh, boy, is that spooky . . ."

Holly sighed. His anger had suddenly collapsed, leaving him feeling hollow and confused and tired. He blinked away a memory that wasn't a memory of torn-up black ground and twisted shards of metal. "I don't *feel* dead," he said. His stomach hurt.

"You don't *look* dead, either," Janis reassured him. "But, honey, I mean, you really *were*."

They stood staring out across the now vacant parking lot, a cold, cinder-smelling wind tugging at their clothes and hair. At last, Janis said, her brassy voice gone curiously shy, "You got real famous, ya know, after . . . afterwards. You even influenced, like, the *Beatles* . . . Shit, I forgot—I guess you don't even know who they *are*, do you?" She paused uncomfortably, then said, "Anyway, honey, you got real famous."

"That's nice," Holly said dully.

The parking lot disappeared. Holly gasped and flinched back. Everything was gone. Three concrete steps with an iron pipe railing led down from the door into a vast, unmoving nothingness.

"What a trip," Janis muttered. "What a trip . . ."

They stared at the oozing gray nothingness until it seemed to Holly that it was creeping closer, and then, shuddering, he slammed the door shut.

Holly found himself walking down the corridor, going no place in particular, his flesh still crawling. Janis tagged along after him, talking anxiously. "Ya know, I can't even really remember how I got to this burg. I was in L. A. the last I remember, but then everything gets all foggy. I thought it was the booze, but now I dunno."

"Maybe you're dead, too," Holly said almost absentmindedly.

Janis paled, but a strange kind of excitement shot through her face, under the fear, and she began to talk faster and faster. "Yeah, honey, maybe I am. I thought of that, too, man, once I saw you. Maybe whoever's behind all this are *magicians*, man, black magicians, and they conjured us all *up*." She laughed a slightly hysterical laugh. "And you wanna know another weird thing? I can't find any of my sidemen here or the roadies or *anybody*, ya know? Valens and the Bopper don't seem to be here either. All of 'em were at the hotel, but backstage here it's just you and me and Elvis and that motherfucker Blemings. It's like *they're* not really interested in the rest of them, right? They were just window dressing, man, but now they don't need 'em anymore, and so they sent them *back*. We're the headline acts, sweetie. Everybody else *they* vanished, just like they vanished the fucking parking lot, right? Right?"

"I don't know," Holly said. He needed time to think. Time alone.

"Or, hey—how about this? Maybe you're *not* dead. Maybe we got nabbed by flying saucers, and these aliens faked our deaths, right? Snatched you out of your

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SON OF NAMATH

Ron Duguay, the New York Rangers hockey star with the kind of flamboyant bachelor life-style that made Joe Namath a living legend, talks about sex, drugs, and other trappings of professional sports.

DUMB BLONDES

The myth of the Dumb Blonde has probably screwed up more male sex lives than damn near anything. But who came up with the idea that the sexiest women are the dumb ones? Gene Marine explodes an American fantasy.

SEX AND COMPUTERS

Computers aren't everyone's idea of a sex toy, but they may just put *The Joy of Sex* out of business some day, thanks to some hip programmers. Merrill Kaitz discovers how computers learned to talk dirty.

SWINGING IN '81

Now that swinging's got credibility, swingers aren't outlaws anymore. That doesn't mean the thrill is gone, though. *Forum* reports on the state of the swinging art in this month's issue.

ALLERGIES AND IMPOTENCE

"Allergies can interfere with sexual performance or completely take away desire." Ralph Moss diagnoses the problem and offers a solution.

plane, maybe. And they put us together here—wherever here is—not because they dig rock. Shit, they probably can't even *understand* it—but to study us and all that kinda shit. Or maybe it *is* 1959; maybe we got kidnapped by some time-traveler who's a big rock freak. Or maybe it's a million years in the future, and they've got us all *taped*, see? And they want to hear us; so they put on the tape, and we *think* we're here, only we're not. It's all a recording. Hey?"

"I don't *know*."

Blemings came walking down the corridor, cigar trailing a thin plume of smoke behind him. "Janis, honey! I been beating the bushes for you, sweetie pie. You're on in two."

"Listen, motherfuck," Janis said angrily. "I want a few answers from you!" Blemings reached out and touched her hand. Her eyes went blank, and she meekly allowed him to lead her away.

"A real trouper, hey?" Blemings said cheerfully.

"Hey!" Holly said. But they were already gone.

Elvis laid down his guitar, whipped the scarf from his neck, and mopped his brow with it. He kissed the scarf and threw it into the crowd. The screams reached crescendo pitch as the little girls fought over its possession. With a jaunty wave of one hand, he walked offstage.

In the wings, he doubled over, breathing heavily. Sweat ran out of every pore in his body. He reached out a hand, and no one put a towel in it. He looked up angrily.

The wings were empty, save for a kid in big glasses. Elvis gestured weakly toward a nearby piece of terry cloth. "Towel," he gasped, and the kid fetched it.

Toweling off his face, Elvis threw back his head, began to catch his breath. He let the cloth slip to his shoulders and for the first time got a good look at the kid standing before him. "You're Buddy Holly," he said. He was proud of how calmly it came out.

"A lot of people have told me that today," Holly said.

The crowd roared, breaking off their conversation. They turned to look. Janis was dancing onstage from the opposite side. Shadowy musicians to the rear were laying down a hot, bluesy beat. She grabbed the microphone, laughed into it.

"Well! Ain't this a kick in the ass? Yeah. Real nice, real nice." There were anxious lines about her eyes, but most of the audience wouldn't be able to see that. "Ya know, I been thinking a lot about life lately. 'Deed I have. And I been thinkin' how it's like one a dem ole-time blues songs. Ya know? I mean, it *hurts* so bad, and it feels so *good!*" The crowd screamed approval. The band kept laying down the rhythm. "So I got a song here that kind of proves my point."

She swung an arm up and then down, giving the band the beat, and launched into "Heart and Soul."

"Well?" Elvis said. "Give me the message."

Holly was staring at the woman onstage. "I never heard anyone sing like that before," he murmured. Then, "I'm sorry—I don't know what you mean, Mr. Presley."

"Call me Elvis," he said automatically. He felt disappointed. There had been odd signs and omens, and now the spirits of departed rock stars were appearing before him—there really ought to be a message. But it was clear the kid was telling the truth; he looked scared and confused.

Elvis turned on a winning smile and impulsively plucked a ring from one of his fingers. It was a good ring; lots of diamonds and rubies. He thrust it into Holly's hands. "Here, take this. I don't want the goddamned thing anymore, anyway."

Holly squinted at the ring quizzically. "Well, put it on," Elvis snapped. When Holly had complied, he said, "Maybe you'd better tell me what you *do* know."

Holly told his story. "I understand now," Elvis said. "We're caught in a snare and delusion of Satan."

"You think so?" Holly looked doubtful.

"Squat down." Elvis hunkered down on the floor, and after an instant's hesitation, Holly followed suit. "I've got powers," Elvis explained. "The power to heal—stuff like that. Now me and my momma, we were always close. Real close. So she'll be able to help us, if we ask her."

"Your mother?"

"She's in Heaven," Elvis said matter-of-factly.

"Oh," Holly said weakly.

"Now join hands and concentrate real *hard*."

Holly felt embarrassed and uncomfortable. Since he was a good Baptist, which he certainly tried to be, the idea of a backstage seance seemed blasphemous. But Elvis, whether he was the real item or not, scared him. Elvis's eyes were screwed shut, and he was saying, "Momma. Can you hear me, Momma?" over and over in a fanatic drone.

The seance seemed to go on for hours, Holly suffering through it in mute misery, listening as well as he could to Janis, as she sung her way through number after amazing number. And finally she was taking her last bows, crowing "Thank you, thank you" at the crowd.

There was a cough at his shoulder and a familiar stench of tobacco. Holly looked up. "You're on," Blemmings said. He touched Holly's shoulder.

Without transition, Holly found himself onstage. The audience was noisy and enthusiastic, a good bunch. A glance to the rear, and he saw that the backup musicians were not his regular sidemen. They stood in shadow, and he could not see their faces.

But the applause was long and loud, and it crept up under his skin and into his veins, and he knew he had to play *something*. "Peggy Sue," he called to the musicians, hoping they knew the number.

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When he started playing his guitar, they were right with him. Tight. It was a helluva good backup band; their playing had bone and sinew to it. The audience was on its feet now, bouncing to the beat.

He gave them "Rave On," "Maybe Baby," "Words of Love," and "That'll be the Day," and the audience yelped and howled like wild beasts, but when he called out "Not Fade Away" to the musicians, the crowd quieted, and he felt a special, higher tension come into the hall. The band did a good, strong intro, and he began singing.

I wanna tell you how it's gonna be
You're gonna give your love to me

He had never felt the music take hold of him this immediately, this strongly, and he felt a surge of exhilaration that seemed to instantly communicate itself to the audience and be reflected back at him redoubled, bringing them all up to a deliriously high level of intensity. Never had he performed better. He glanced offstage, saw that Janis was swaying to the beat, slapping a hand against her thigh. Even Elvis was following the music, caught up in it, grinning broadly and claping his ring-studded hands.

For love is love and not fade away.

Somewhere to the rear, one of the ghostly backup musicians was blowing blues harmonica, as good as any he'd ever heard.

There was a flash of scarlet, and Janis had run onstage. She grabbed a free mike, and joined him in the chorus. When they reached the second verse, they turned to face each other and began trading off lines. Janis sang:

My love's bigger than a Cadillac

and he responded. His voice was flat next to hers. He couldn't give the words the emotional twist she could, but their voices synched, they meshed, they worked together perfectly.

When the musical break came, somebody threw Janis a tambourine so she could stay onstage, and she nabbed it out of the air. Somebody else kicked a bottle of Southern Comfort across the stage, and she stopped it with her foot, lifted it, downed a big slug. Holly was leaping into the air, doing splits, using every trick of an old rocker's repertoire, and miraculously he felt he could keep on doing so forever, could stretch the break out to infinity if he tried.

Janis beckoned widely toward the wings. "Come on out," she cried into the microphone. "Come on."

To a rolling avalanche of applause, Elvis strode onstage. He grabbed a guitar and strapped it on, taking a stance beside Holly. "You don't mind?" he mumbled.

Holly grinned.

They went into the third verse in unison. Standing between the other two, Holly felt alive and holy and—better than either alive or holy—*right*. They were his brother and sister. They were in tune; he could not have sworn which body was his.

Well, love is love and not fade away

Elvis was wearing another scarf. He whipped it off, mopped his brow, and went to the footlights to dangle it into the crowd. Then he retreated as fast as if he'd been bitten by a snake.

Holly saw Elvis talking to Janis, frantically waving an arm at the crowd beyond the footlights. She ignored him, shrugging off his words. Holly squinted, could not make out a thing in the gloom.

Curious, he duck walked to the edge of the stage, peered beyond.

Half the audience was gone. As he watched, the twenty people farthest from the stage snapped out of existence. Then another twenty. And another.

The crowd noise continued undiminished, the clapping and whooping and whistling, but the audience was *gone* now—except for Blemings, who sat alone in the exact center of the empty theater. He was smiling faintly at them, a smile that could have meant anything, and as Holly watched, he began softly, politely, to applaud.

Holly retreated backstage, pale, still playing automatically. Only Janis was singing now.

Not fade away

Holly glanced back at the musicians, saw first one, then another, cease to exist. Unreality was closing in on them. He stared into Elvis's face, and for an instant saw mirrored there the fear he felt.

Then Elvis threw back his head and laughed and was singing into his mike again. Holly gawked at him in disbelief.

But the *music* was right, and the *music* was good, and while all the rest—audience, applause, someplace to go when the show was over—was nice, it wasn't necessary. Holly glanced both ways and saw that he was not the only one to understand this. He rejoined the chorus.

Janis was squeezing the microphone tight, singing, when the last sideman blinked out. The only backup now came from Holly's guitar—Elvis had discarded his. She knew it was only a matter of minutes before the nothingness reached them, but it didn't really matter. *The music's all that matters,* she thought. *It's all that made any of it tolerable, anyway.* She sang.

Not fade away

Elvis snapped out. She and Holly kept on singing.

If anyone out there is listening, she thought. *If you can read my mind or some futuristic bullshit like that—I just want you to know that I'd do this again anytime. You want me, you got me.*

Holly disappeared. Janis realized that she had only seconds to go herself, and she put everything she had into the last repetition of the line. She wailed out her soul and a little bit more. *Let it echo after I'm gone,* she thought. *Let it hang on thin air.* And as the last fractional breath of music left her mouth, she felt something seize her, prepare to turn her off.

Not fade away

It had been a good session.

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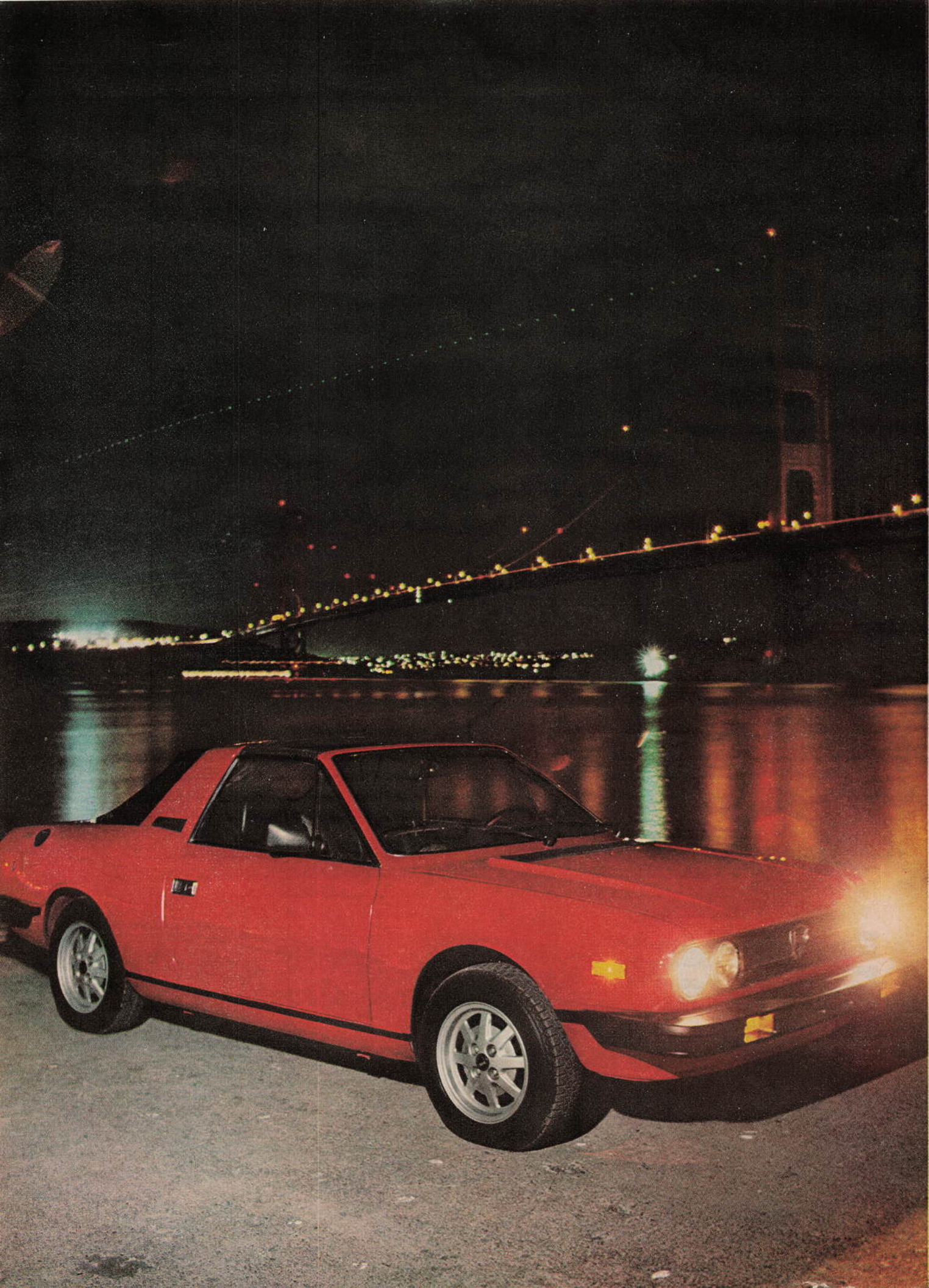

Lancia and Zagato, two of
the oldest names in Italian sports-car design,
have conspired to produce a spirited,
elegant convertible.

VIVA ZAGATO!

BY WADE HOYT

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EARL MILLER

The first thing you have to explain to people, when you tell them that you drive a Lancia Zagato, is who Lancia and Zagato were. Vincenzo Lancia, heir to a soup fortune, was apprenticed to a small manufacturer of bicycles and motor carriages in 1898. The following year the firm was taken over by the growing F.I.A.T. conglomerate. By 1900 a daring—some said foolhardy—young Vincenzo was successfully racing the brutish Fiat juggernauts across the continent of Europe as a member of the factory racing team.

Lancia, who fancied himself an artist among artisans, left Fiat in 1906 and formed his own company to build more sophisticated cars. For 63 years Lancia's firm built relatively lightweight, efficient, innovative, and mildly eccentric vehicles. But by 1969 the small company was in financial trouble and was bought out by that still expanding giant, Fiat.

Fiat then wisely discarded the jewellike but wildly complex Lancia V-4 engine, with its chain-driven overhead camshafts and crisscrossing valves and an angle of exactly 12°, 53′, 28″ between the cylinder banks. A new car was designed around the old in-line, four-cylinder, overhead cam engine from the Fiat 132 sedan. This was placed sideways and drove the front wheels, in the best Lancia tradition. Although this was heresy to diehard Lancia fans, a turbocharged, 400-horsepower version of that very engine has proved itself by winning the 1980 Championship of Makes for Lancia. The lightweight, efficient Lancias simply made fewer pit stops for tires and fuel than did the 700-to-800-horsepower Porsches they were racing against.

Ugo Zagato was a pioneer in the construction of aircraft as well as of automobiles. In 1915 he was building airplane fuselages out of aluminum, at a time when everyone else was using painted fabric. After World War I, he turned to fashioning custom coachwork to fit Alfa, Fiat, Maserati, Lancia, and, later, Ferrari, Aston Martin, and Bristol chassis. Here again, he broke new ground, with such striking innovations as raked windshields, integral headlights, ventilated wheels, and larger window areas. Lancias made during the 1950s and 1960s sported tuberous Zagato bodies exclusively.

After Fiat reestablished the Lancia name in the 1970s with a series of sporty, front-drive, Fiat-engined coupés and sedans, it seemed only fitting to return to Zagato for a convertible sports car. By this time Zagato, like other famous Italian coachbuilders, no longer specialized in the production of handmade, one-of-a-kind specials for the very rich. Instead, Carrozziere Zagato is a medium-sized assembly plant, building Alfas, Bristols, Lancias, and other models on a modern assembly line.

The Lancia Zagato is a cabriolet rather than a true convertible. The rigid fiberglass roof panel over the driver's head can be removed, and the fabric top over the rear passenger seats can be folded down separately. What remains is a sturdy stainless-steel rollover bar that offers outstanding passenger protection. It also effectively blocks rear-quarter vision, making it difficult to enter roadways or intersections from the left. The similar Bristol 412 cabriolet (another Zagato design) has an opera window built into the Targa bar, and this is one elegantly eye-opening innovation that would be welcome on the Lancia.

Otherwise, the car is faultless. The spirited two-liter, twin-cam Fiat engine pulls willingly in all five gears, spinning up to a noisy but exciting 6,200 rpm. The Bosch L-Jetronic fuel injection—new for 1981—makes this one Italian car that is easy to start on a cold morning: one flick of the key and the engine bursts into life. The addition of fuel injection has also increased the Lancia's horsepower by 24 percent, from 83 to 108 horsepower at 5,500 rpm. Torque is also up from 101 to 114 foot-pounds at 2,500 rpm, giving the engine pulling power at low speeds for driving around town or in heavy traffic.

With rack-and-pinion power steering and four-wheel independent suspension, the Zagato's handling is easily controlled by the throttle—give it more gas, and the car runs on a wider radius; let off the gas, and the car tucks in to a tighter radius . . . all very predictable and safe.

Despite the typically Italian, arms-out driving position, the interior is spacious and comfortable up front, but the backseat leg room is cramped enough to make this a 2+2 rather than a full four-seater. Under its high, proud tail, the Lancia Zagato has a trunk that is cavernous for a small sedan, much less a sports car.

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The cause of consumerism seems well served by a three-year anticorrosion warranty as well as an optional 36-month/36,000-mile power train warranty. The cost of all this is $11,880, a small price to pay for 75 years of tradition.

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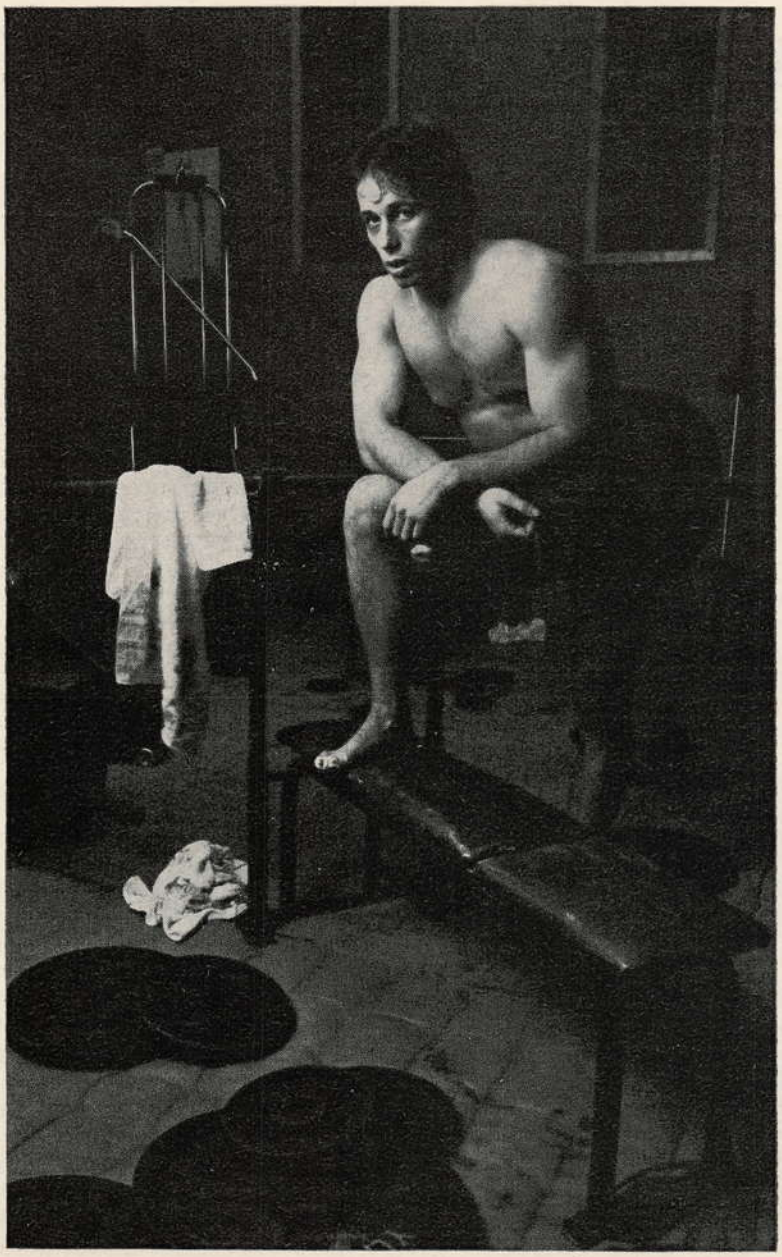

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INTERVIEW

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 138

us from being indigenous to the Western Hemisphere.

Another piece of propaganda has it that Columbus named us "Indians" because he thought he had found the Indies. His journals prove that wasn't true. While I was in prison, I got a letter from a professor at the University of Turin in Italy. He said, "You probably know this, but Columbus was very impressed by the goodness of the native people. They would give away everything they possessed, and they were opposed to war. So he named them "*In-Dios*." *Dios*, in Italian and Spanish, means "God." Together with *in*, it is translated "Children of God." He honored us with that name. I'm so goddamned proud of that!

Penthouse: But then he and his successors ended up enslaving and destroying your people.

Means: Yes, he took that second trip, unfortunately. Did you know that as late as 1715, the majority of slaves in the United States were Indians? But we were economically unfeasible, because we were so susceptible to disease and because we'd split for the woods the first chance we got. It then became an economic necessity for the white world to import black slaves.

Penthouse: How do you respond to the popular image of the Indian as excessively cruel, even in intertribal warfare?

Means: Of course, there was cruelty. But cruelty begets cruelty. For example, we didn't start the scalping. The Dutch started that by paying for the heads of Indian men, women, and children. They paid less for the children's! But it was messy and cumbersome, dragging a sack of heads back to the paymaster. So the English refined it and said, "Just bring back the scalps." In battle, you return atrocity for atrocity. We thought scalping had some spiritual significance to the white man.

Penthouse: How did Indian tribes make their laws?

Means: We ruled by the unanimous vote of small clans and societies, which were autonomous. As long as we didn't infringe on the rights of other clans in the tribe, we lived as we liked. At certain times the clans would assemble, with the entire nation, for religious and social and economic purposes. We didn't have majority rule. When disagreements could not be resolved, the minority quietly left the majority and then formed their own autonomous community.

The United States government, for 200 years, acknowledged the Indian nations as sovereign. They made more than 300 treaties with us but then broke every one.

The most important, to me, was the 1868 treaty affecting South Dakota. It just sticks in my gut. Everything we wanted was in that treaty. It reserved western South Dakota for our land. It created a buffer zone where no non-Lakota could trespass. The U.S. agreed to enforce that

with their military. But gold was discovered in the Black Hills, and the treaty was broken. Then the white man swarmed in.

Penthouse: The government has now offered the Indians a $106 million settlement for the Black Hills. The offer is considered an insult to the Indian people. Why?

Means: Because we're getting $17.5 million for the Black Hills. The rest of it is 100 years' interest. Seventeen and a half million! They spend more than that on an aircraft! *Millions* more. Think of the gold bullion they have already stolen from those hills. But most important, the agreement would confirm the right for the U.S. to unilaterally violate all treaties and therefore the Constitution of the United States!

Penthouse: You are one of the council of ten who run the Black Hills Alliance, a group dedicated to keeping the multinationals away from your land. What does your group want to do with the land?

Means: Well, the Black Hills Alliance is a coalition of Indians and non-Indians in Western South Dakota. It's a coalition of sorts between white ranchers and Indians. In other words, the cowboys and the Indians are getting it together so that we can fight the rape of the Black Hills! How do you like that? We want to stop the genocidal march of industrial society.

We are deeply into alternative energy and renewable resources. We are definitely into self-sufficiency. We are rebuilding the Dakota nation.

Penthouse: What renewable resources are you referring to?

Means: The Northern Plains are rich in wind and solar energy potential. We are building underground or earth-covered homes. The architecture is solid wood. We can build a two- , three-bedroom house for $1,500, guaranteed to last for a minimum of 70 years before you start replacing the wood. Underground homes save 60 percent on conventionai energy costs. Solar and wind energy will make up the rest. In fact, we should be able to generate, just from the sun and the wind, enough energy to sell some back to the utilities.

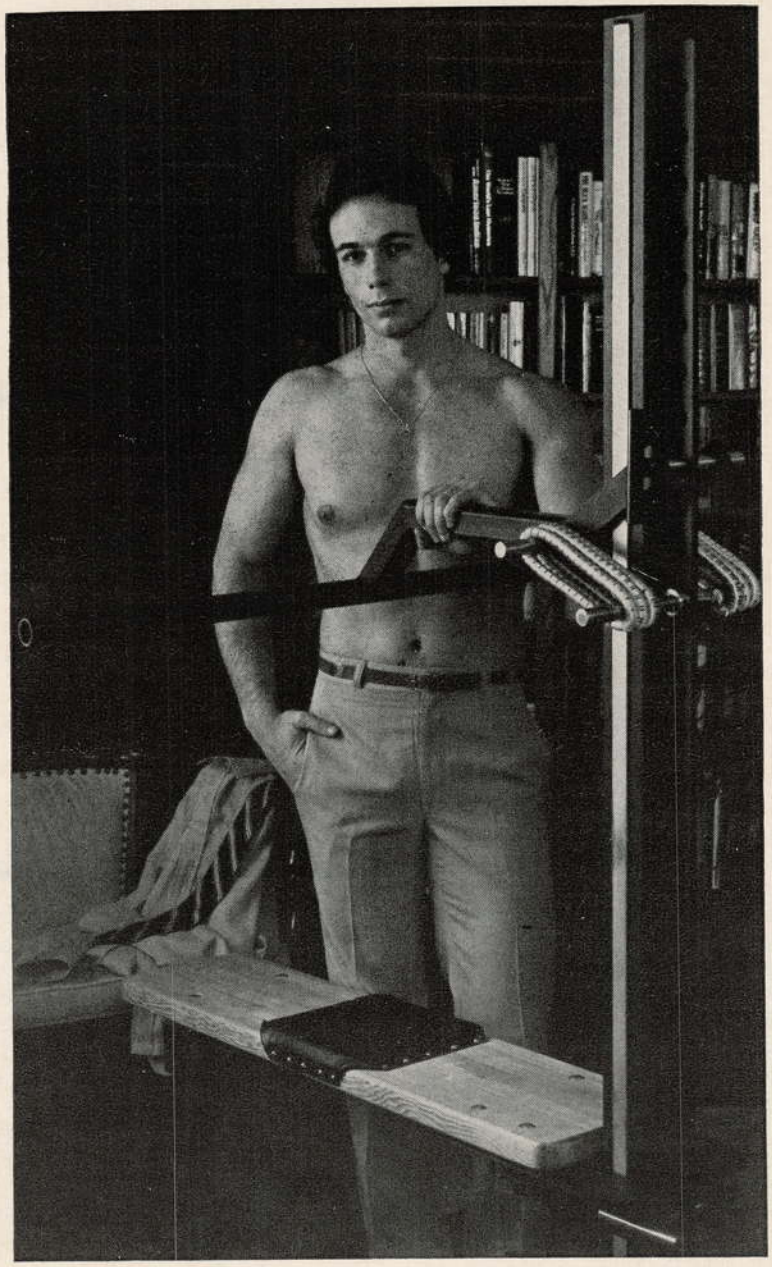
We are going to build a community separate from the rest of the reservation. A self-sufficient community, the first self-sufficient, sober, and straight Indian community in the Northern Plains.

We are doing all of this because we recognize that the colonial power of the U.S. has forced people of color, and all poor people, to live in a crisis situation. Every day is a crisis of existence. When that is the case, you don't have time to look back to yesterday and learn or to look toward tomorrow to plan. You are living in constant tension.

Penthouse: What are you doing with your own land?

Means: My brothers and I inherited 190 acres. It's in what they call a range unit, which includes anywhere from four to seven sections. We own a quarter of a section, held in trust by the federal government. We can't do anything with

AFTER



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that land without the express consent of the secretary of the interior. We can't sell it, rent it, lease it, till it, work it, without his consent. And if we leased it, we could be shot as trespassers on our own land. Now, our little quarter of a section is not leased to the BIA because of our involvement with AIM. Nevertheless, because it's in a range unit that a white rancher is leasing, he grazes on it.

Penthouse: Are you getting paid?

Means: No. The rancher pays no one. He's just got it free. This is our punishment for joining AIM. In 1969, when we joined, it was taken out of lease.

Since the federal government is the trustee for our land, it sees to it that nobody screws the Indians except friends of the BIA. Government programs do not benefit the Indians except in the initial phase. They grant monies to these Vichy Indians, who have relatively astronomical salaries and who administer to a destitute people. They must keep us dependent or they would have no more jobs. They cannot permit economic development on the reservation, because we would become independent of Uncle Sam's handouts.

In the state of South Dakota, we represent less than six percent of the population; and yet, because of the federal monies that come to South Dakota for Indians, we represent 25 percent of the tax base. But these millions of dollars that come onto the reservations immediately go out again into the surrounding white communities. Every economist will tell you that a dollar, to make a community economically viable, must turn over four to seven times before it leaves the community. On the reservation, it doesn't turn over once! It leaves on the first bounce, because there is no business sector in which it can circulate.

So we intend to build a food cooperative, a sewing factory, a dairy, an animal farm, that will all be geared strictly to the local economy. No profit motive.

Penthouse: Why do you think that American Indians remain so misunderstood by white civilization?

Means: Because yours is an arrogant civilization, based on an inferiority complex. You've had the finest minds, down through the centuries, studying the American Indian, and not one, with all their tape recorders and cameras and research, can see past a piece of pottery. That's the value you put on people.

Penthouse: How would you explain the Indian way of life?

Means: The red philosophy is that all living things come from one mother. Eons ago we looked around and saw that every living thing had a direction and a role to play in life except the two-legged creature—the human being. The red people decided that human beings were the weakest things on earth and were *cursed* with the power of reason. So we decided to learn from our superiors, and that is how we built our civilizations. We listened to what the eagle and the sparrow had to say. We listened to the evergreen and the cottonwood. We listened to the snake and the spider and the deer. We found our place in life. And that is why these powerful superior beings that surround us show such generosity by giving us their bodies, their lives, for our well-being. The only way we can pay them back is to be buried without a coffin and to return to the sacred mother earth to fertilize her, to feed her and, therefore, to feed all her children.

Now, eons ago when the *white* man looked around, he said he was *blessed* with the power of reason, and that's when he blew it. He said, in effect, that he was superior to all other life, that he was a god and that he had the license to exploit and manipulate. Look at your filthy water and air. Look at the tasteless manufactured foods and pills that cause cancer. To prove that he was a god, the white man created science. From the sciences came the ethnologist, the archeologist, the psychologist, all the "ologists." They were the white man's gophers, digging up, colonizing, imprisoning, inspecting, disrupting all of life in order to bring back information so that the white man could tell himself that he had justification for feeling superior.

> The United States government, for 200 years, acknowledged the Indian nations as sovereign. They made more than 300 treaties with us but then broke every one.

Penthouse: What is it then, after this history of bad faith, that you want the white man to do?

Means: Recognize our right to self-determination, abolish the Bureau of Indian Affairs, take away our trust status, protect our existing borders from encroachment by anybody. Assist us in a generous loan program and allow us to develop our economy. In short, live up to the treaty plus get us into the United Nations.

Penthouse: Who is your primary enemy standing in the way of these aims?

Means: The multinational corporations. A well-fed, economically viable community will not permit its resources to be taken away. So it is against the interests of the multinational corporations to allow us to be self-sufficient. In order to get the land, the corporations exploit and manipulate the people who own it. Virtually every landowner in the U.S., whether he's in debt or not, is materially well-off—except for the Indian.

Penthouse: The Indians are directly controlled by the Bureau of Indian Affairs. In recent years Indians have headed up that bureau. So, some of your enemies must be Indians.

Means: There ain't no such thing as an Indian in charge of the Bureau of Indian Affairs. He might have Indian blood, but that does not make him an Indian. I get tired of that white-man cop-out. Look at Billie Mills, all his life treated as an Indian: looked down upon, discriminated against in the Marine Corps. But when he wins an Olympic gold medal for running, the white man made sure to say he was three-eighths white. Before and since, he's always referred to as an Indian.

I don't care how much Indian blood they've got running through them. If they're neo-colonialist Vichy Indians, they're not Indians; they've been colonized to the maximum, and they're our biggest enemy. At any rate, Indians don't argue degrees. It's more spiritual than racial. And that's why non-Indians are so easily adopted into our nations. It's what's in your heart, not what's in your blood.

Penthouse: What's wrong with the reservation-tribal government system operated by the BIA?

Means: It was shoved down our throats. In 1924 they "gave" us citizenship. Who wanted it? We were supposed to be sovereign, independent peoples. Now we have over 4,000 laws that govern *us* that do not govern *you*. And then you get into over 20,000 more rules and regulations from the different agencies of government, government agencies that control us. And yet I hear the multinationals and the truckers crying about their rules and regulations. An Indian can't even stand up and act like a human being. If you do, you're sent to prison or you're assassinated. Or they make sure you're ostracized.

Nobody's in charge except the courts. And when the poorest of the poor are continually forced into using the judicial system of the U.S., which is designed for the rich, how long can we last? We're being drained, physically, mentally, morally, and spiritually, in the fight for our rights in courts, because that's the *only* place where we have received any semblance of justice.

Penthouse: That's the lower courts. But what happens when your big issues—the breaking of treaties, for example—are carried to the Supreme Court?

Means: Ambiguous decisions are handed down. They say, "Yes, you've been violated, but sorry, we can't do anything about it." The Supreme Court copped out by giving Congress absolute control over Indian people when there is no legal precedent in a certain case. In effect, it abrogates all treaties made with the United States.

We're not asking the U.S. to change. We're not asking that it be overthrown. We're only asking the government to live up to what the Founding Fathers allegedly intended for this country. Article Six of the

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Constitution states that treaties are on a par with and equal to the Constitution and therefore are the law of the land. But this doesn't seem to apply when it comes to the Indian treaties. It boggles the mind of any right-thinking person: more than half a million people continually subjected to the whims of those in power. And the national news media refuse to report what's going on in Indian affairs.

Penthouse: What is an example of the media's inattention?

Means: Remember back in 1974 or 1975, when two black girls in Atlanta were sterilized without their consent? It was national news. But when the General Accounting Office discovered that, during a four-year period, 24 percent of the Indian women of childbearing age in four area hospitals were sterilized, did the national media care? The majority of those girls were below the age of consent.

Penthouse: How were the sterilizations performed?

Means: By all types of trickery. There were many instances of their going in for an appendectomy and coming out sterilized. Going in to give birth, coming out sterile. Getting their tonsils taken out, coming out sterile. We couldn't get anyone to listen.

Penthouse: Are there other examples of the media failing to report Indian stories?

Means: Many. Look at the revolution in Nicaragua. Over 90 percent of the original fighters were Indian people. They suffered the brunt of the repression of Somoza before the Sandinistas made the big offensive. But do you read anything about the "Indian revolt"? No.

Or take this example. Down in Farmington, New Mex., there was this all-white high-school club back in 1974. The way they got membership in this club was to bring back the fingers of a Navajo. In other words, they had to go out and kill a Navajo and cut off his fingers and bring them back. These were high-school kids, big, six-foot juniors and seniors. They were busted for the murders of several old Navajo men or drunks. They got their wrists slapped—sent to juvenile facilities. That didn't impress the national media, either.

Penthouse: How did you come to join AIM?

Means: I met AIM at a meeting in San Francisco. At that time I was into mod clothing: the ascot ties, the bell-bottoms, cream-colored loafers, all of that. So I went to this meeting in my black suit, with my rose-colored dress shirt, white tie, and patent leather shoes. I looked at the AIM leaders. Dennis Banks had a wave in his hair. Clyde Bellecourt had a flattop. They wore moccasins and belts and sashes and Indian jewelry. I thought, "So they're Indians. What are they trying to prove?" They were dressing ridiculous! A couple of weeks later I got a call from Dennis Banks. He said that they were going up to the National Council of Churches' tri-annual convention in Detroit to present the churches with a list of AIM challenges. He wanted to know if I would support them.

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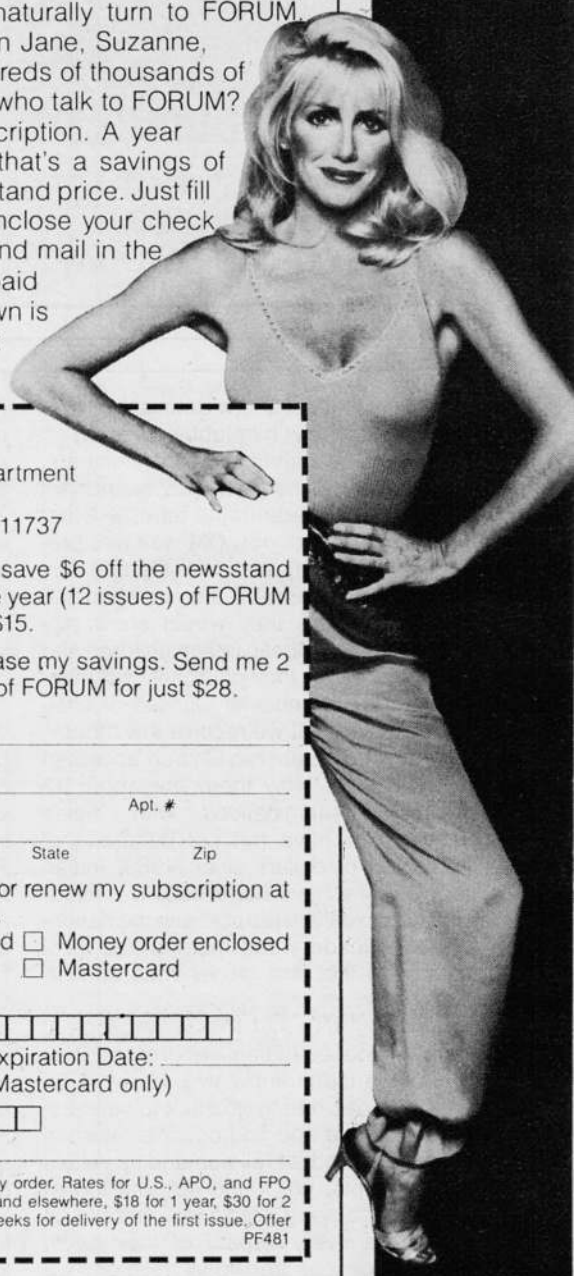

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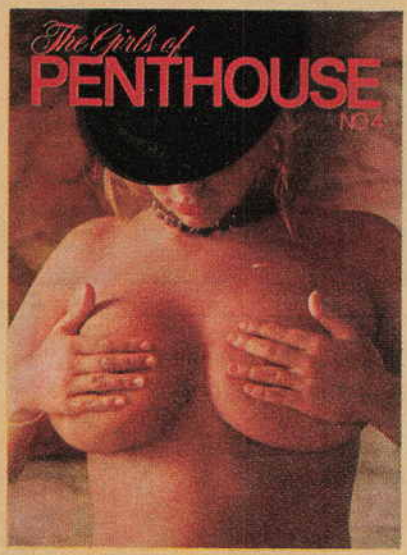

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I flew up there and saw Dennis take over the podium. I saw him lobbying down on the floor of the convention and in the bars. It seems that some of the most important decisions are made in the bars, whether you're Christian or not. AIM was well prepared; everything was well thought out. Prior to the AIM assault, the churches had programs where they would show pictures of these pathetic Indian children and solicit money for *their* churches! No money went to the Indians! Our list of challenges asked that we receive this money. The American Lutheran Church accepted the challenge. Now there are about 12 Christian denominations with Indian desks. They have put out hundreds of thousands of dollars since 1969. Indian people alone have benefitted. We established an excellent rapport with the national church leaders and many of the local ones. And that is a stupendous accomplishment.

Then, in 1970, AIM took a long look at itself. We looked Indian, we dressed Indian, but we didn't know *why* we were Indians. We decided to go back to seek out the old people and find out. We returned to traditional Indian religion and its values and concepts. We found out that Indian spirituality among traditional people is what rules every aspect of their lives. Based upon our traditional religion, we then devised a short-range plan of action for the American Indian Movement. We had watched and learned from the labor movement, the women's movement, the civil-rights movement, the antiwar movement. After 1972, after the Trail of Broken Treaties March, we knew that white men didn't know anything about the Indians and that the only way they could learn was by exposure. And the only way in this country to get exposure and to fight for your rights is confrontation politics. But we didn't devise a long-range policy at that time, which was a mistake.

But then the repression by the federal government and law enforcement agencies put us in court for a long time and wasted us. The feds succeeded in splintering the American Indian Movement.

Penthouse: So AIM was disbanded?

Means: No. There are strong bastions of AIM in South Dakota and Minnesota. Also, on the Navajo reservation and in Alberta, Canada. There's an AIM in Oklahoma and California. What has happened is that instead of a formal organization, there has been a rippling effect, whereby people are standing up for their rights more on their own rather than identifying with a group.

Penthouse: Do you feel any optimism about the future?

Means: Well, I *am* optimistic, even though I haven't sounded like it in this interview. I believe the white people are beginning to see that the corporations and the government do not care about human beings.

Penthouse: But what if you're wrong? What if we don't end our love affair with consumption and technology?

Means: Well, I'm reminded of this old Hopi man down in the Southwest. An anthropologist was questioning him, you know, with his tape recorder and his sandals and his Bermuda shorts and his camera hanging around his neck. He asked the old Hopi what he thought of the new militancy among young Indians. The Hopi thought for a while and then said, "Let me tell you this way. The Spaniards were here for four hundred years, and they're gone. You've only been here two hundred years."

With that attitude the Indian will survive. He will cling to the earth and make it. If the white man can't do that, he will perish.

Penthouse: Why do you live the way you do—on a reservation, with all its misery, oppression, and deprivation?

Means: I once tried the white man's way and was pretty successful pretending I was white. Materially successful, that is. But I've learned where I belong. I stay here with my ancestors. I stay with everything that is meaningful to my life.

To walk with one of those old people of the Lakota is to walk in beauty. To listen to them speak. To observe their dignity, their understanding of life. They are our last testament to what we were as a people. These old native Americans have touched and lived with yesterday. I would live on the reservation for no other reason than to be with them.

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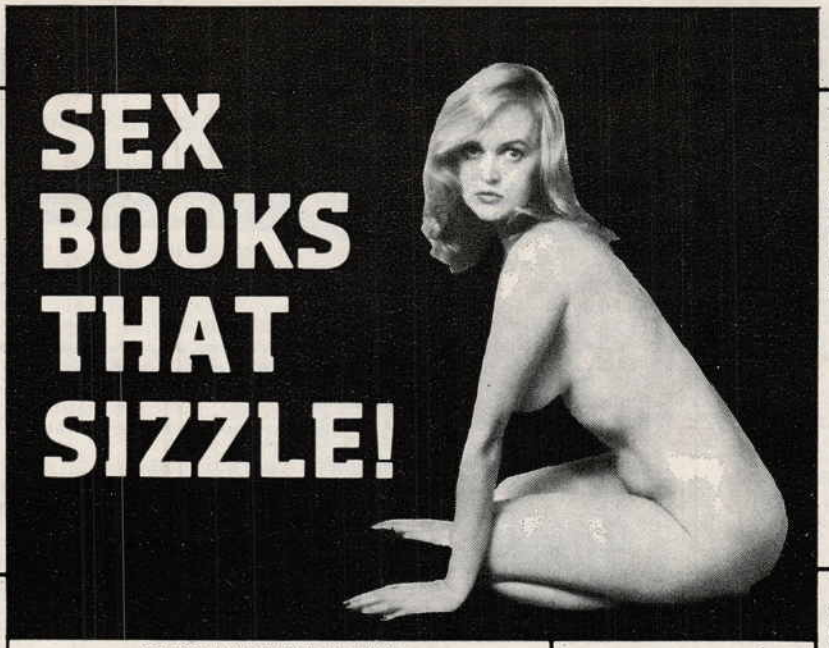

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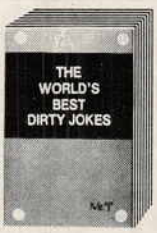

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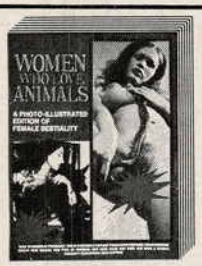

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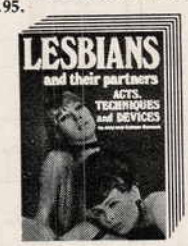

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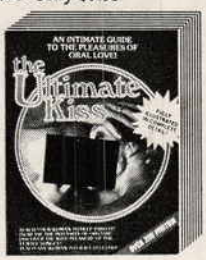

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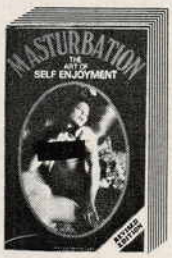

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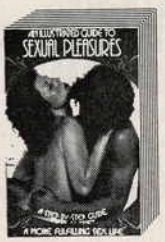

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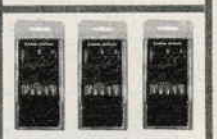

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FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

alized he had already fired his warm semen down her throat. I began pumping faster and harder than ever. Then with one big thrust I exploded my elongated member, which could only be matched by the fireworks on the Fourth of July. Feeling the burning sensation inside Tonia caused Chip to blow a wad, which made Tonia shake and quiver until she passed out from exhaustion. After wasting ourselves, David, Chip, and myself blew another joint and went to sleep. We awoke at 4:30 A.M. and told Tonia she had better leave before people became suspicious. We thanked her for a thrilling experience and promised to do it again sometime. The new navy is an adventure.—*Name and address withheld*

Delayed reaction

I would like to share with other *Penthouse* readers an experience I once enjoyed with my former lover, Pam. Pam is a petite, slim woman with big, dark bedroom eyes and long auburn hair that cascades down well past her bountiful tits. She has very long, lithe legs and one of the hottest, tightest little asses I have ever seen.

One evening we were sitting around at home, mellowing out on a couple of joints, and Pam was starting to feel a little frisky. She bet me that she could suck my cock for five minutes for every inch of its length. As she ran off to look for a tape measure, I could feel my cock grow another inch from the anticipation. She soon returned, peeled my jeans away from my stiff rod, and stroked it gently with her hand, cupping my balls in her other hand. When she decided I was sufficiently aroused, she quickly slipped her tape along me, playfully announced "forty minutes," and flung the tape measure into the far corner of the room.

We wandered off to the bedroom, where she propped me up comfortably on a couple of pillows so that I could watch the fun. Sliding down beside me, she wrapped herself around my left leg, rubbing her hot pussy against my ankle and eyeing my dick hungrily, like a feast about to be devoured. Her enthusiasm for cock-sucking was exceeded only by her expertise at it. She popped my purple glans into her mouth, running her tongue around it and poking the tip of her tongue into its tiny opening. Then she began mouth-fucking me rapidly; before long the entire length of my prick was glistening with her saliva.

By this time I was getting kind of wet myself, from the opposite direction. When she tasted the first drops of my love juice, she became extremely excited and vigorously milked my cock with her hand, lapping my juices up greedily as they splashed into her mouth. She paused to look up at me, her eyes burning with passion, and licked her lips. She smiled a slightly wicked smile and said, "My, how generous you are!" She moved her body slowly back and forth above me, letting the ends of her long hairbrush gently over my stomach, legs, and groin. Then she dived back down onto me with renewed fervor, massaging my thighs with handfuls of her hair. She would also tease me by wrapping the ends of her hair tightly around the base of my pulsing pole and tugging at me gently.

I don't know just how long she continued to tease and tantalize me; by this time our original bet was all but forgotten, as we were both completely caught up in our own passion. Somewhere amidst the haze I do recall that she brought herself to orgasm just by her dry-humping against my leg; as she squeezed my leg between hers, she continued to slurp and suck me. Throughout this she would not allow me to come, and not for lack of trying, either. From the way my prick pulsed and throbbed in her mouth, she could tell how close to the edge I was getting. When she felt those last few desperate spasms, as I was just about to shoot my load, she would squeeze the base of my shaft just hard enough and long enough to begin to bring me back down to reality. Then she would continue where she left off. She must have brought me to the next-to-last

throb, to the absolute brink of the abyss, about five or six times, and my brain was starting to disintegrate. The pleasure she was giving me was so exquisite that I wanted it to continue indefinitely; at the same time I was getting more and more desperate to unleash the flood of my steaming semen. As the tension became unbearable, I went wild, begging and pleading with Pam. She responded by plunging my cock deeper and deeper into her mouth, until she had taken my full eight inches. I could now feel my turgid glans jammed so far into her tender, yielding throat that it was touching the walls on both sides at once. The sensation was more than I could stand; as my hot cream literally exploded down into her throat, my mind damn near exploded, its fragments careening madly off into some far corner of the galaxy. The whole room seemed to dissolve from around me; the only reality left was the spurting of my juices and the warm, wet mouth that caught and savored and swallowed every last drop of them.

It seemed like an eternity before I finally stopped coming and an even longer time afterwards before I finally regained my senses. As the world came back into focus, I found Pam sitting on my face. The perfume she'd dabbed on her inner thighs was mixing with the stronger, headier scent of her own natural perfumes. Her sweet honey box was dripping wet; I tickled her divine little pubic hairs, just barely touching them with the tip of my tongue and lapping up the droplets of her honey. Then I slowly worked my tongue down into her, lovingly licking and sucking on her moist labia. She was so hot and horny by this time that when the tip of my tongue touched her clitoris, she came instantaneously. The bed almost shook as I felt her body shudder twice, and her muscular legs tightened around my head. I kept my face buried in her, continuing to tongue and suck her clit, and she soon had two or three more rapid, violent orgasms in quick succession. Her body was shaking so violently that it was all I could do to hang onto her; I grabbed her by her hip bones and clung to her torso for dear life as she bucked and writhed uncontrollably above me.

When the cataclysm subsided and Pam began to settle down, she slid back down alongside me, and our drained, sweat-drenched bodies pressed against each other. She kissed me long and slowly, licking the traces of her juices from my mustache and lips. As our tongues touched, I could still taste my own come in her mouth. We rested in each other's arms for a while and then treated ourselves to a nice, slow, deep, hard fuck for a nightcap.

We have since gone our separate ways, and I no longer see her, but for all the time and distance between, I have yet to find another lover who can give head the way Pam could. She really was the best that I ever had.—*Name and address withheld*

A tour guide's special tour

Last summer I was lucky enough to visit the West Coast and travel up to Vancouver. I had such a great experience that I just had to write and tell you. Also, it gives me a chance to write indirectly to a special friend.

After checking into a hotel, I decided to take a local sightseeing bus tour. The best tourist attraction was my tour bus driver, Janet. Janet was the most beautiful girl I had ever seen. The bust on Janet almost didn't fit inside her uniform. I should have been looking at the sights, but I was watching her through the interior mirror. There was a break in the tour at Grouse Mountain, and the group went up the Sky Train to the top, leaving Janet and myself to get to know each other over coffee.

It seemed that we hit it off right from the start. We spent the half hour laughing and telling stories. After the tour finished and as Janet was letting every one off the bus, she suggested we get together for a drink.

Janet was waiting for me at a new cowboy's bar in Gastown at the appointed time. We drank, had dinner, and went to a disco. At the end of the evening I suggested that Janet come over to my hotel for a nightcap. Well, she gave me the big letdown but suggested instead that we go to the beach the next day.

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The next morning Janet picked me up and took me to Wreck Beach. I thought I had been cool by putting my swimsuit on under my jeans. But I could have saved the effort. Wreck Beach is a nude beach. To get to the beach, you have to walk down sandy cliffs to a totally secluded area. There must have been nearly 10,000 people there. All nude! I had never seen boobs and cocks in so many shapes and sizes. Sexy women all around caused me problems. It is hard to be cool if you are walking around with your tongue hanging out.

Soon Janet and I found a place to lie down in the sun. I was a little worried about dropping my suit, but with every one else nude, I felt odder with my clothes on. I stood by a log as Janet spread out a blanket and started to strip. I stared at her body as she revealed those large tits to me and the world. I noticed that her tan just didn't stop—no tan line anywhere. Janet had been here before. She laughed at me standing there fumbling with my zipper.

Once I was in my birthday suit, lying beside Janet, she leaned over, kissed me, and told me she was going to rub suntan oil over my pale white parts. As her hands smoothed out the oil on my body, I was sure she was not going to look after my pole, but she surprised me by giving it extra attention. Well, that just about blew my mind, and I had desires that were hard to act on in such an open place. Janet's hands glided over my body, stirring forces in me that caused me to have to turn over to hide my rising sundial. The rest of the morning was spent watching hundreds of sexy girls walking by. I even noticed two shaved pussies!

Later, friends of Janet's joined us, and I was introduced to three of the most open-minded people I have ever met. We spent the afternoon with Bill, Mary, and Lia. Everyone agreed that going nude is the only way to suntan. Both Lia and Mary asked me to apply some suntan oil on them. Both of these babes were as sexy as Janet. I was very sure to put the oil on their supple breasts and in those hard-to-reach places between their legs. Lia winked at me as if I had just hit the jackpot.

Before we all left, we went in to the cold ocean to have a swim. While I was splashing around, Lia came up behind to give my balls a little squeeze. Lia wanted to give me some of my own medicine.

We all packed up and went to Mary's sister's home for a shower and a jump into a hot tub. As soon as we arrived at the house, everyone stripped and took turns in the shower. Both Janet and I decided to take our shower together. Janet soaped me up, and soon my prick grew to a respectable six inches. Janet took extra time cleaning my organ and then deep-throated me. With the water showering down on me fanning the lust that had been building inside me over the past day, I finally found release. Janet gulped my come down. She got up, smiled, and said we better get out into the hot tub before everyone thought we were doing some fucking! Janet led me outside to a patio, where the hot tub was located. It was tight when Janet and I crowded in. As soon as we were settled, Janet told everyone about our shower. Well, soon Lia and Mary moved their bodies closer to me to see if they could get me excited again.

Bill suggested that we move inside, and everyone agreed. I paired off with my bus driver and drove my tool into her cunt. She bucked against my thrusts, causing her boobs to shake. Meanwhile Mary, Lia, and Bill were going at it. I could not help watching as Bill dug his tongue into Lia's cunt. He licked her clit, causing her to moan out for more, which Lia's friend Mary provided by slipping her finger into Lia's ass. Bill then moved down to Lia's thighs and then moved around to allow Lia to suck him off.

Janet was not aware of what was going on next to us. She just wanted me to bring her to a climax. She was yelling out, "Fuck me—fuck me hard. Drive that prick deep. Don't stop." I attempted to hold back, to slowly bring her that desired climax.

All of a sudden Lia and Mary joined us and started to suck on Janet's large, full breasts. I watched as they bit and licked her tits. This soon had its desired effect, and I shot my load deep into Janet's wet pussy. Just as I came, I could feel her cli-

max, and her cunt squeezed my cock repeatedly.

I collapsed and rolled over, and just as my prick slipped out, both Lia and Mary started to lick the come out of Janet's twat. Bill now eyed Mary's cute bum and started to put some Vaseline on her rosebud. Very slowly he forced his prick into her ass. Mary asked me to move over so she could suck me off. Janet and Lia moved into a 69 position while Mary was being serviced by both Bill and me. Soon Mary's mouth closed on my prick, biting me. I soon realized that she was in pain. Bill's seven-inch cock was now pumping hard into her bum. I was worried that I was going to be chewed up and Bill was going to break Mary in half. I was thankful when Mary soon started to enjoy the butt fucking she was receiving.

Mary soon continued her loving motion, which was much more enjoyable. I was soon back to full strength, and Mary now asked me to enter her hot hole from the front while Bill continued to ride her from behind. Soon Bill and I were thrusting together into her body. She soon shook with a powerful quake that caused her cunt lips to tighten around my cock and massage it to climax. I was now ready to let loose. But Lia wanted to make sure that I came like never before. She lubed her finger with Janet's cunt juices and then drove it straight into my ass. I came like never before, shooting my come into Mary's cunt. Lia continued to finger-fuck me while Bill finally let loose with his load. Mary watched Lia and then asked me if I would take Bill up my ass. Well, the day had opened my mind to a lot of new ideas, but I decided not to try that.

The rest of the evening was spent fucking and sucking like mad. Bill soon led Karen, Mary's sister, out to the hot tub. A little while later Janet said she had to go home, since she had to work the next day. I went outside to say good-bye to Bill and Karen, but I don't think they heard me, as they were fucking doggy-style.

Janet and I had a great discussion about life on the way back to my hotel. I was leaving in the morning for home, Baltimore, so she kissed my cock good night, and we promised to get together again next summer. I plan to take another tour next year, but this time right to Wreck Beach.—*Name and address withheld*

Merry gentlemen

I am a male college student, 19, and I would like to relate a very important experience that occurred this past winter during my freshman year at a large university in the East. I had been thoroughly heterosexual all my life up until last Christmas, when I met a guy named Jeff.

Jeff got a job shortly after I did at the fast-food joint in town. I didn't pay too much attention to him for a few weeks, but when we started working together in the kitchen, we got to talking and achieved that weird kind of impersonal familiarity that's so ridiculously fake. Jeff had a short,

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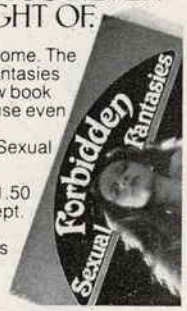

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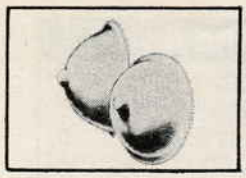

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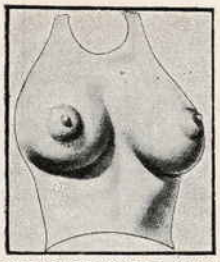

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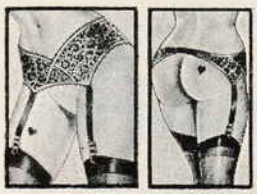

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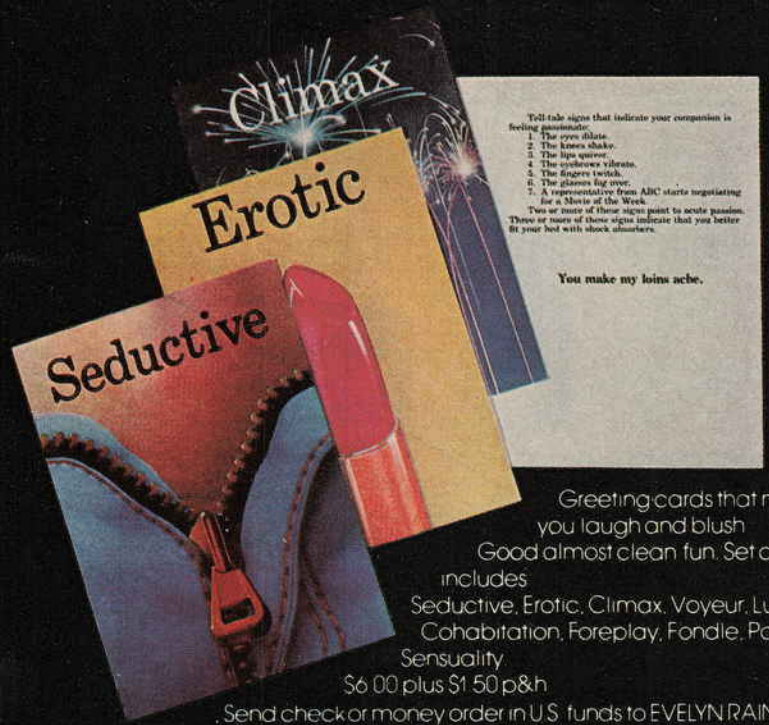
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compact, fairly muscular body and the most perfectly sculpted face I'd ever seen. I assumed that he was the local stud, and since I never liked that type, I wasn't overly friendly. Three nights before Christmas, however, I realized that I was going to be virtually alone in my dorm over the holidays. (My parents were vacationing in Europe, and I couldn't go home for Christmas anyway, because I would have lost my job.) I had managed to secure permission to stay in my dorm over the vacation, and I had also secured quite a bit of holiday cheer. Filled with Yuletide goodwill and a desire for companionship—and also not wanting to drink alone—I invited Jeff over for a few drinks.

He agreed readily, and a few hours later we were sitting by my window, watching the snow fall and getting steadily more buzzed on vodka, beer, and the pot he had brought along. Eventually our slurred conversation turned to girls, and I started pouring my heart out about Sharon, my girl back home. When I asked Jeff what kind of ass he was getting pieces of, he shrugged and said, "None." When it became clear he wasn't joking, I began preaching about how he could have any fox he wanted with his looks. Just as I finished, the electricity went out, but neither of us really noticed. Jeff shrugged again and said, "Girls just don't interest me." There was a long silence, and then he reached out in the near-total darkness and touched my hand. "Guys do," he said.

An indescribable rush went through my body. My bombed-out brain was going every different direction. At first, after I had managed to deny that his touch felt enjoyable, I wanted to punch his fucking lights out. A millisecond or so later it occurred to me that he was at least twice as strong, so I discarded that idea. At the same time, with most of my inhibitions gone (along with motor coordination), my mind just said, "What the hell." His hand was trembling on mine, and I could picture his face in the dark, looking at me with his huge black eyes, waiting for some form of cruel rejection. Instead, he found acceptance.

I closed my hand over his and spilled my vodka under the chair, not giving a flying fuck about it. I stood up and led him over to my roommate's enormous beanbag chair, and we collapsed on it in the pitch-blackness. Suddenly our arms were around each other, and for the first time in my life I kissed another guy. It was so different from any embrace I had ever had with a girl. Jeff had me turned on to the max; all of my six and a half inches were straining against my pants. I jammed my tongue into his mouth and squeezed him with all my might as his hand ran over my ass. After a minute he pulled away and suggested that we go to bed rather than flop around the floor. A moment later we were kneeling on my bed, our clothes strewn all over the place. Outside, a streetlight had been restored, casting an orange light into the room and highlighting the snow, which had begun to fall furiously.

I filed that image away for future reference and went back to Jeff. I'll never forget the peculiar charge that hit me as I touched another cock for the first time. Jeff's tool was about six inches long, a bit thicker than mine, and circumcised. I started to jack him off, but he lowered me onto the bed, leaned down, and took my cock in his mouth. I almost shot my load right then, but Jeff was able to hold me off. I was experiencing the most intense desire I'd ever had for another person. As he sucked away in the most marvelous fashion, I caressed his face and back, until he swiveled himself around so that we were in a nice, tight position. I grabbed his cock and hesitated only for an instant before taking him in my mouth. I expected to gag, but his prick turned out to be delicious. I'm not an expert at cocksucking, and my teeth got in the way a few times, prompting a grunt from Jeff, until I stretched my jaw fully and used only my tongue and lips.

Shortly I felt a whopper of an orgasm approaching. As Jeff squeezed my balls hard, making me writhe with pain and ecstasy, I thrust upward into his mouth. Suddenly I fell off a cliff and exploded a gigantic load into his mouth. He swallowed it all and bit and nipped lightly at my testicles until I felt his cock twitch, and then I tasted a warm, thick fluid gushing down my throat. I swallowed it eagerly and released him from my embrace.

We rested for a while, drunk and high, kissing and fondling. While I watched the snow pile up on the windowsill and listened to an occasional plow scraping along below, Jeff gently eased a finger up my ass. It felt great, and in a moment I was hard again and wanted him up there. He smeared spit on his cock, and I rolled over on my back, facing him. He slowly slid his prick into my hole, stopping to shove a couple of pillows under my back to create the proper angle and to keep my balls from being crushed. Then, without warning, he shoved it all the way in. A sharp pain hit me, but it quickly disappeared, and I found myself kissing and caressing this beautiful boy whose stout little cock was being pumped furiously in and out of me. Finally he put his head on my shoulder, moaned softly, and came inside me. After Jeff pulled out, he crouched down on all fours, and I mounted him from behind. The sensation was unbelievable, far tighter than any pussy I'd ever encountered. In less than a minute I was ready to burst. At the crucial moment I withdrew from his ass and spurted my semen all up and down his back, then quickly slid my cock back inside as he lay down flat. We slept that way for a few hours. When I woke up, it was still dark, about 4:00 A.M., and I was no longer coupled with Jeff. I saw his shadow hovering above me; he was just staring at me, running his fingers very lightly up and down my face. He saw my eyes open and whispered, "I love you, man." I answered the same way without hesitation.

We spent the entire day in bed, fucking away like mad. Of course we had to go to work later on, and Jeff had to spend time with his family. But all during the vacation we got it on as often as possible, and despite my deeply ingrained puritanical inhibitions, I fell genuinely in love with Jeff. He brought a couple of his friends over on New Year's for an orgy of sorts, but I didn't enjoy it nearly as much as I liked being alone with Jeff. He spent a month at my place this summer, under the safe pretext of being merely a college friend, and when I go back to school, we'll be spending quite a bit of time at his house. And as for Sharon, well, I haven't lost my lust for ladies, but right now I care only for one person.—*Name and address withheld*

Rites of a virgin

I recently had an experience I thought your readers would like to hear about. I've always been fascinated by bondage, but up until now it was always a fantasy. Not any more!

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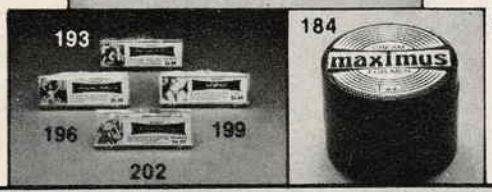

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night. She was curious and wanted to know more. All I told her was that we were going to play "The Story of O" game and that she would have to comply with my conditions—that she trust me, be obedient, and ask no questions. She agreed, and I hung up.

When we got to my place, she was shaking with anticipation. After a few drinks we went to the den. She noticed my barbells on the floor, so I said I had been "working out." After some teasing on the couch, I asked her if she was ready to play the game, and she managed a shaky yes.

I told her to stand between the two barbells, which she did. As I blindfolded her from behind, I told her there was to be no more talking. I then slowly took her clothes off and pushed her to the floor, where I tied her hands to one weight (over her head) and staked her feet out. Just behind her head is a huge fireplace, which I had covered with lit candles. It looked almost like a ceremonial altar. I put on the "B" side of *Tubular Bells*, dropped my clothes, and proceeded with the game.

I started by kneeling between her spread legs and tickling her inner thighs with a peacock feather, causing her to squirm in anticipation. Continuing to do this, I began to rub her belly in slow, ever-widening circles. When I found her pubic bone, she began to buck and hump against my palm and make catlike whimpering sounds. But I was determined to make her pleasure last all night, so I soon moved my hand away. I coated her size-38 tits with whipped cream and slowly began to lick it off.

By now she was wild with desire, and my cock was straining for her hot pussy. She was begging me to fuck her, so I coated the end of my eight-inch cock with K-Y jelly and aimed for home. I drove the length of my hot desire up her womanly tunnel, and we engaged in some of the hottest fucking ever. She swung her head from side to side, screaming with passion. After she came three times, I withdrew my cock and proceeded to eat her out. Eventually we were both spent. I stood up and dressed, leaving her staked out and blindfolded. Then I cut one hand loose and, leaving the knife by her free hand, left the room.

She found me later playing the piano in another room. She told me how much she'd loved playing my game and after enjoying some more drinks and talking about our experience, I took her home. If your sex life becomes boring, try a little bondage on your lady (or man). It just might do the trick!—*Name and address withheld*

Obeying the law

I never thought that I would be writing to you about an experience, mainly because I felt that most of your "Forum" letters were made up. I am glad to see other female contributors, though!

The first time I saw Jerry (not his real name) was about three or four months ago. It was my first day on the job as cashier in a small neighborhood grocery store. I had accidently set off an alarm, for no one had told me about it, and this ruggedly handsome blond cop came in to answer the call! I was 20 shades of red, and I could only apologize. The second time he appeared was to answer a call when we had trouble with two drunken males.

About a month later, on a Saturday night, I went to the store as a customer . . . and there he was!

By Monday night, the suspense was killing me. I had to meet this guy. So, during dinner, I called the local precinct. The officer said he'd find out for me and give him my phone number. The next night I got a call from this hunk, and he met me after work. He was *so* nice, not at all like the nerd I was afraid he'd be. We talked for half an hour in the squad car before he had to return to the precinct. We agreed to meet at a small restaurant nearby the following day, since it was his day off.

A few days later we met at the same café for a couple of beers (we had only chatted previously), and I started to feel a bit giggly. We went back to his truck (it was 9:00 P.M. and continued our conversation. Sensing that nothing would happen unless I made the first move, I told him that I was tipsy enough to ask him for a

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kiss. He asked, "Well, what's stopping you?" Having never made a first move before, I felt as clumsy as a bear. He kissed me finally! It was the most tender, gentle kiss that I had ever been given! I think he wanted me as badly as I wanted him, so I told him. But I didn't know where we could go!

Since the area is his beat, he knew of a wooded place where we could go, and it *was* lovely! The moon was full, illuminating everything! The trees were a canopy over us. He turned out the headlights and backed into a niche that fit the truck perfectly. Again his kisses were so sweet, tender, so gentle, that I could feel myself melt into him! Every pore opened, my heart raced, my head exploded, my twinkie was getting soaked! He moved slowly, which only made me want him more! His caresses and touch finally made their way to my 34-inch bust; he groped for a front fixture, so I told him that my bra unhooked in the back.

"I didn't think they made them like that anymore," he said. "Only if you have to wear a thirty-four-D that will give support!" I said.

He was delighted! I could feel his lovely hard penis through his farmer jeans, and I let him know how much I wanted to go down on him, and he didn't stop me. His body fragrance smelled so good, and he tasted so good! He pulled me up and gently kissed and licked my clitoris so that shivers went all through me! He then gently guided me into his lap with my back to him. We were in the front seat of the truck, the windows fogged, moonlight refracting through the beads of water, his rugged hands gently caressing me, knowing just where and how to touch me! His lovely cock felt so wonderful. It was too good to be true! We finished in a missionary position (at my request). His shoulders were broad and strong and very beautiful! I felt so safe with him around me!

We got together again, about a week or two later, this time going to his father's apartment. There we chatted briefly as he showed me around, finally sitting on the couch. I snuggled closer to him and kissed him on the cheek; he returned my kiss sweetly, and again I melted. After about five minutes he tenderly caressed my breast after unhooking my bra. His hands, which experience the most base, crude, grotesque things in life, were so gentle, opening every part of me!

After slowly pulling his shirttail out of his jeans, I went straight for that beautiful cock! His skin was like silk and smelled so good. His strong arms were so loving to be in! He suggested that we adjourn to the bedroom. We were pulling our shoes and clothes off when he reached over and lifted me up into the bed and wrapped us under the blankets and sheet. His kisses and touching continued to show his maturity and expertise. He rolled me on top of him, at which point I kissed his neck and shoulder, chest, tummy, and he groaned with delight (I hope!), which was music to

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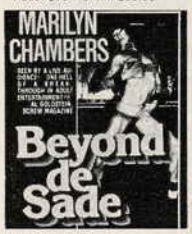

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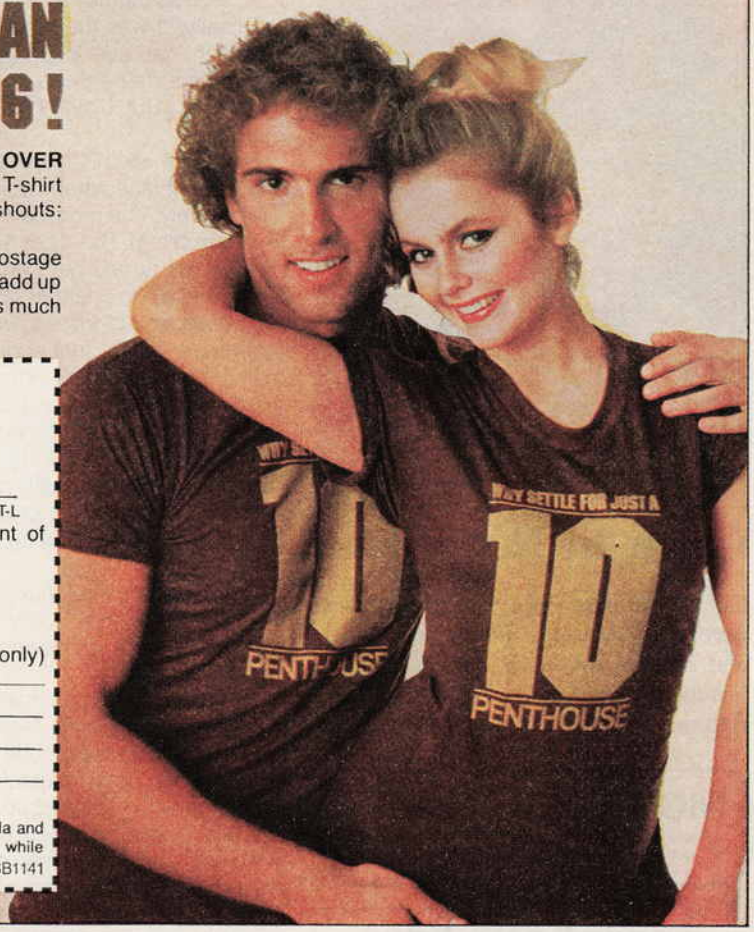

my ears! His cock tasted *so* good! I kissed and licked his lovely oval balls. His pubic hair was a lovely dark blond, which I loved to bury my nose in! The skin on his cock was so smooth—I loved running my lips and tongue over it, caressing his balls, sucking on the head, then finally taking all of his lovely appendage into my hungry mouth! Oh, it was heaven! His ass was so round and tight and a sight to behold!

After I had all of him in my mouth, he reached down to play with me—he gently took my panties off (I love undies that feel good 'n' satiny; I think he liked it, too!) and with his expertise played with my clit until I could no longer suck his gorgeous cock. With his strong arms he lifted me to him, kissed me, rolled me on top, and finally entered me. Ah! Heaven! His movements showed that his aim was to give me pleasure, not just to get his own gratification.

Then he did something that *no* one has ever done successfully—he rolled me over without withdrawing his cock! I was truly impressed! His lovely ass and thighs moved and pumped, rolled and pushed, upward, downward, round 'n' round! He sent shivers up and down me that I had no control over, and we both finally exploded; his cock pulsated. We continued to kiss each other, to hold, caress, nibble, with his lovely cock still inside of me. I could feel him start to get hard again; then round two proceeded! Again, he was the first man I had been with that could do that without withdrawing.

I sure hope that I see this wonderful police officer again and we get an opportunity to use his pistol! He's the best I ever had! Occasionally he drives by, and we chat, or he'll shine his spotlight on me . . . but it's sure nice to know that there are some gentlemen left on this planet in an age of selfish, sensationalist sex—because this man was the most considerate and tender!—*Name and address withheld*

Aggressive, but never more content!

I've had the experience of my life and would like to share it with your other readers.

I just have to think of my most recent experience and I become ecstatic. Marc and I had known each other for almost three years. We talked about sex openly to one another and could carry on some pretty horny conversations at times. While we talked, little did he know I was picturing the two of us wildly engrossed with each other in bed.

At first I was leery about what he would do if I came on to him. I guess I was afraid of what I'd do if I made the first move and he ignored it, not taking me seriously. I have always been an aggressive person, and the truth of the matter is I was dying to see what that massive bulge in his jeans really looked like. Well, time passed, and all I could think of day and night was the two of us together.

Finally, one morning I gave him a wake-up call at 7:00 A.M. I blurted out something like "I've been thinking about us a lot and would really like to go to bed with you. Would you consider it?" He was in shock and said he had to pinch himself to make sure he wasn't dreaming. Much to my surprise he accepted. No messing around. Lickety-split it was arranged. We'd meet at his place that afternoon.

I was shocked at my nervousness when I arrived at his place but was soon overcome by a relaxing high from the couple of joints we smoked when I got there. There wasn't much conversation between us. I mean, what needed to be said? We both knew what we wanted. I could hardly wait to see his gorgeous, muscle-bound, six-foot body undressed, but I suffered, and we took our time. I don't even remember how I got to the bedroom, but I found myself completely undressed on the bed, our tongues entwined in a kiss. His lips were moist and gentle, and his tongue darted so furiously in my mouth that I almost climaxed just at the thought of what he could do with it when he reached my wet, awaiting pussy. Our bodies seemed to take over our minds completely, and the feelings were just out of this world.

While cupping my breast in his large, strong hands, he moved his lips to my neck and ear and kissed me over and over again. I could hear his breathing quicken and grow deeper and knew he was sat-

isfied with the offer he had chosen to accept. With his lips still teasing my neck, I could resist no longer. I had to see what this beautiful hunk of man had kept hidden from me for so long. Reaching down his body, I gently took this mystery in my hands, and much to my delight, I was amazed at its hardness and size. No wonder he had always had a hard time keeping that bulge tucked in his jeans. I estimated it to be seven inches.

Slowly he pulled away, teasing me with that seductive tongue of his, which he used so well over my breasts and down on my black patch of fur. Not stopping, he headed on down my inner thighs right to my toes. I thought I would float away, but this feeling was too good for me to want to. He positioned his head between my legs and teased me lightly, passing my dripping snatch over and over again until I thought I'd go mad. Then slowly he began lapping at the juices he could no longer ignore. He controlled his tongue so well, not missing a drop. His hands could no longer resist. He had to explore my inner depths.

While giving me the tongue-lashing of my life, he found my magic button and massaged it gently. My clit was erect and eager for his touch. Fingering my hot wet cunt, he sat back watching me and I reached the greatest orgasm I have ever experienced as far as masturbation goes. Seeing I had been quite satisfied, he decided to go even further and explore yet another opening, one which no one ever had. This was the icing on the cake. I mean, just having his fingers up my love tunnel is one thing, but when he moved both fingers in and out of each hole, well, that was a feeling I just can't put into words. I never wanted him to stop, but I felt kind of selfish at the thought of me being the receiver of all this enjoyment and him not feeling anything.

I positioned myself in a manner to take his hardness in my hot, awaiting mouth, but yet in a way that he got full view of my already twice-satisfied snatch. Slowly I licked my way up and down his inner thighs, teasing his balls and cock tremendously. They almost seemed to scream at me to take them in my mouth. I've always believed that the slower your actions the better the feeling, so that's just what I did. I licked his hard, pulsating cock up and down, and he wriggled and moaned in pleasure. I made my way down his bag to his fantastic, firm ass and back up, encircling the head of his cock with my wet tongue. I thought he'd go wild. Holding the cheeks of his ass in both hands, I licked his shaft up and down till I could feel the tension in it. I knew he would erupt any minute if I didn't stop, so I detoured, circling his bag and the jewels in it. Milking him with one hand, I took each gem individually into my mouth and gently massaged it.

I could tell by his moans that he was enjoying every bit of it and decided I'd do a little exploring of my own. Knowing how

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OUR FATHER

Our Father, Who Art in Hell—James Reston, Jr., details the last days of Jim Jones, starting with Congressman Leo Ryan's ill-fated trip to Jonestown and ending with the fatal drinks of poisoned Kool-Aid. Reston gained exclusive access to Jim Jones's tape recordings and interviewed survivors and relatives of the Jonestown dead. Through his meticulous investigation he has made understandable for the first time one of the most horrifying and bizarre events of our times. Of Jones's surviving followers, Reston says: "They are far from the robots they are portrayed to be. In their grief they are angry, some with Jones, most with the U.S. government. Jones touched their core of belief in an age of cynicism and thereby made them vulnerable. . . ." An exclusive look at what will be one of the most talked-about books of the year.

The Energy Department Mess—After four years and after spending nearly $10 billion of taxpayers' money, Jimmy Carter's Department of Energy has managed to accomplish exactly nothing—except making things worse. President Reagan promised during last year's campaign that he would dismantle the department and start all over again. But according to contributing editor Ernest Volkman, this is easier said than done. In the first article in a series of investigative reports on federal regulatory agencies, Volkman writes that this most powerful agency—which affects the lives of us all—has consistently overlooked new, innovative solutions to our energy problems in favor of massive bureaucratic paperwork and a dependence on the horribly expensive and dangerous development of nuclear energy . . . a dependence that President Reagan has pledged to continue.

The Gnomes of Bilderberg—Every April some 100 of the Western world's most influential people gather somewhere in Europe or the United States for a secret, two-and-a-half-day meeting. For the last 27 years these meetings have been the object of wild speculation and curiosity. No reporter has ever infiltrated them . . . until now. *Penthouse* sent Craig S. Karpel to the 1980 Bilderberg meeting in Aachen, West Germany. In the May issue Karpel reveals the horrifying truth about the people who run the world.

Heavy Sand—"Mother saw Father's corpse hanging." For Boris Ivanovsky his father's death is the start of a three-day reign of terror in the Jewish ghetto where his family and friends have been forced to live. After a courageous struggle the small Ukrainian community is annihilated by the Nazis. In this exclusive excerpt from the novel *Heavy Sand* (to be published by Viking Press), Anatoli Rybakov recounts, through the eyes of the narrator, Boris, the systematic extermination of Russian Jews by the Germans during World War II.

Good Sports—Making a pitch for action sportswear will be a lineup of the fittest fellows on television commercials—the Miller Brewing Company's Lite Beer All-Stars. Guys like Billy Martin, Bubba Smith, and Frank Robinson show us the latest in jogging, cycling, and tennis wear. Get some pointers from the pros on what it takes to have the look of a winner!

he enjoyed having the underside of his sac licked, I knew if I went further down, he would only enjoy it more. Tonguing his anus while milking him, I thought he would come at any second, but his control was unbelievable. Obviously he was no rookie at this. When I could lick no more, I took his rock-hard seven inches into my mouth and sucked ever so gently to give him as much pleasure as possible. It was not only a turn-on for him but for me as well. I get off on the moans and different sounds of pleasure and satisfaction. Not being able to hold back any longer, I sucked and milked his cock till he reached the most intense orgasm I have ever seen a man have. This wasn't the first blowjob I had given, but it was the first time I had not withdrawn from a guy shooting his load in my mouth. Unbelievably enough, I swallowed every drop and couldn't believe the wild, masculine, yet mild taste it had. I loved it. Licking my lips and relishing the taste of every drop of his hot come, I could hardly keep my mind off what was to happen next. Only one thing could happen, I was certain.

I had to feel his hard, throbbing cock between my thighs. He must have read my mind, because there were no words spoken until he spread my legs open and lay between them with nothing between us but his manhood. I could feel it beating against my clit. With my legs at their widest point, he guided his missile gently into my tunnel, not knowing what awaited him. My muscles began sucking him in like a vacuum, first slowly and then quicker until we were both moving in perfect rhythm. He was amazed at how nice and tight I was, and, from the look in his eyes, I could tell he was impressed. I could feel his bag slapping against my ass, and his hardness grew with every stroke. We pumped in rhythm, bringing each other as much satisfaction as was humanly possible. I could feel every inch of his shaft penetrate me, and I slowly lost all control of my actions and began pumping furiously.

I felt my clit standing erect for the oncoming thrusts of his body. His thrusts became quicker and deeper, and I heard his breath quicken and knew that his time was almost at its peak. I remember telling him I wanted him deeper and deeper inside me, and then I reached the orgasm of my life. Reaching down, I milked the bottom of his cock with my hand while still moving with him. I wanted to rid him of every drop of love juice his body concealed. When our bodies stopped convulsing and we regained our normal breathing, he rewarded me with a long, loving kiss and then asked why I hadn't propositioned him months ago. I really wish I had.—*Name and address withheld*

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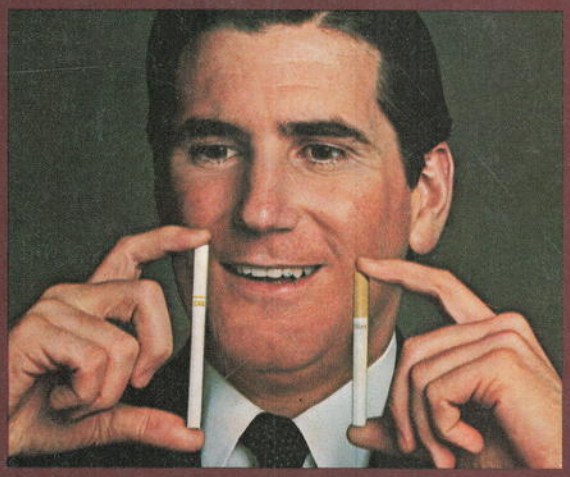

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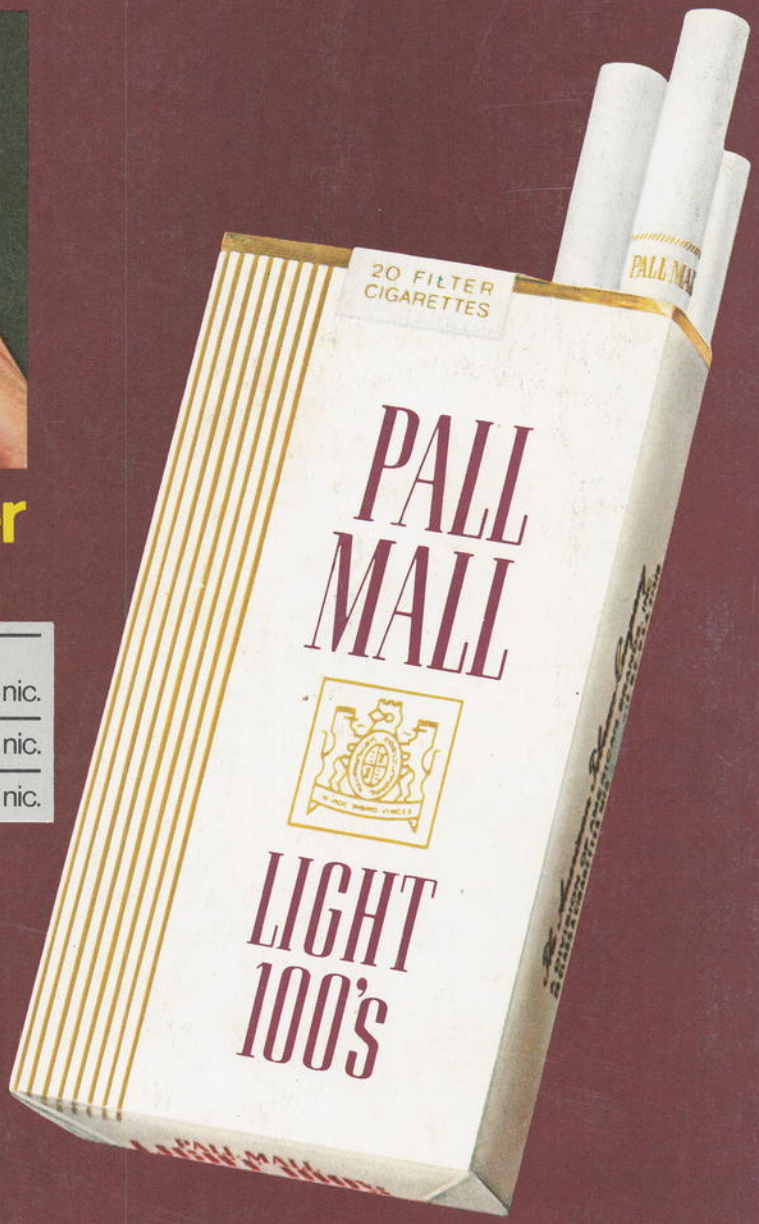

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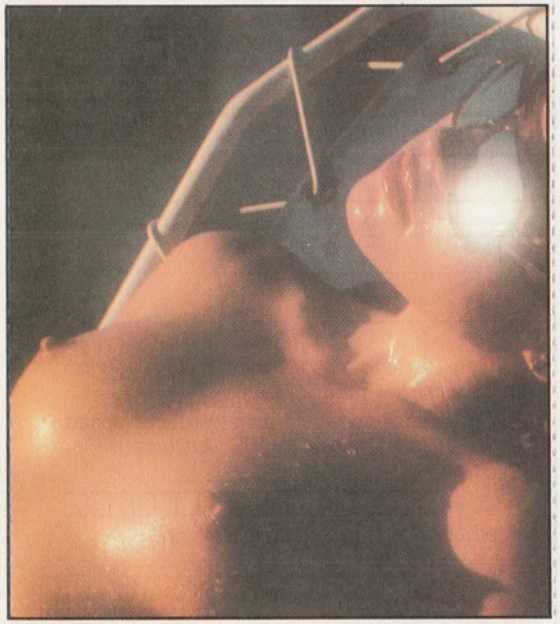

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